

The *New York Times* Best-Selling Author of

*The Graveyard Book* and *Coraline*



BEAUMONT BRANCH

AND MAN

Neil  
Gaiman

volume 9  
the  
Kindly  
ones

mart Hempel

richard Case

d'Israeli

glyn Dillon

kevin Nowlan

dean Ormston

741.5  
G127s  
v.9  
2012

Kristiansen

charles Vess

FULLY REMASTERED EDITION



# "The Fool"

that willingly provokes a woman  
has made himself another evil angel,  
and a new hell to which all other torments  
are but mere pastimes."

Beaumont & Fletcher

## "Cupid's Revenge"



John Webster

## "The White Devil"

"Alas, do

1612

the dead do, uncles? do they eat,  
hear music, go a-hunting and be merry,  
as we that live?"

"no, coz, they sleep."

"lord, lord, that I were dead,  
I have not slept these six nights."





1968  
S A



The Illustrated Version of  
**THE SANDMAN**

Written by

**Neil Gaiman**

Art by

**Marc Hempel**

Richard Case, D'Israeli,  
Teddy Kristiansen, Glyn Dillon,  
Charles Vess, Dean Ormiston,  
Kevin Nowlan

Colored by

**Daniel Vozzo**

Separations by

**Android Images**

Lettering by

**Todd Klein**  
**Kevin Nowlan**

Covers and Design by

**Dave McKean**

\*Photo of Ruby on page 72 by permission of Sheila Metzner.

Introduction by

**Frank McConnell**

THE SANDMAN featuring characters created by  
Gaiman, Klein and Dringenberg.





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gaiman has said repeatedly that the sandman would conclude when the story begun in the first issue was completed; to many who have followed the book through its five-year development, that often seemed a heroic, but rather rash, claim. "the kindly ones" ends with monthly issue #69, and with that issue, he makes good his promise: in the first issue, dream is imprisoned (in 1916) by a black magician in england, only to escape and reclaim his kingdom in 1988, the year, of course, when sandman first appears. one of the endless, one of the seven more-than-gods who are, in fact, the constituents of human consciousness itself, has been trapped by a mere mortal; has been taught painfully that he is not only a transcendent projection of human consciousness, but that he is, after all, dependent upon human consciousness for his existence. and in "the kindly ones," dream, five years after his escape (gaiman is meticulous about time-frames), acknowledges his dependence on the ordinary stuff of human life and accepts - oh engineers! - his death and transfiguration into a new dream, into a version of himself more human - the new dream is the exaltation of the child, daniel - than he thinks he could be.

that's the basic plot of "the kindly ones," and that's the plot of sandman altogether: dream's dawning realization of the poignancy of mortal life, and of his own inescapable implication in that poignancy; the kindly ones, the erinyes, the furies, the eumenides, chase down his life throughout this book because he has killed his son, orpheus; at orpheus's request, to be sure, but nevertheless he has killed him; and with that act dream has entered time, choice, guilt, and regret - has entered the sphere of the human. in chapter eleven, after he has left the security of the dreaming, the fancy suala, who has summoned him, asks him the question that may be the central secret of the tale: "you . . . you want them to punish you, don't you? you want to be punished for orpheus's death," and the next frame, dream's response, is simply a wordless, tight close-up of his tortured face. (that's an effect, by the way, that neither a novel nor a film could achieve with the same force, since a novel would have to describe his face, and a film could only give us an actor trying to imitate that bleak mask of regret; the comic, in marc hempel's brilliantly seductive drawing style, gives us the thing itself.)



i mentioned the inevitability of the tragedy, and inevitable it certainly is. of all gaiman's story arcs, this one has the clearest and most driven momentum of plot. we begin and end with the kindly ones, the furies themselves, but in their aspect not as the furies but as the fates: young clotho, who spins the thread of life, maternal lachesis, who measures it, and old atropos, who cuts it off. this is the archaic triple goddess, who has appeared in sandman from the second issue, and whose power is even greater than that of the endless.

it's absolutely characteristic of gaiman's imagination, though, that these all-powerful goddesses are represented as three women of varying ages, spinning yarns and having tea in a cozy english cottage - even though the oldest does have a dead mouse instead of a cookie with her tea. that layering of the mythic and the everyday is what gives the book its inimitable tone, the tone you also catch in joyce, faulkner, and thomas pynchon.

but there's more. notice that the conversation among the ladies at the opening is deliberately constructed to refer to the act of telling the final major tale in the sandman series. "what are you making him them," asks clotho of lachesis in the third frame of the first chapter. "i can't say that i'm terribly certain, my popsy," she replies. "but it's a fine yarn, and i don't doubt that it'll suit. go with anything, this will." the story begins as a story about storytelling, but also as a story - one of almost mythic simplicity - in its own right: without, sorry for the pun, dropping a stitch. in fact, eight of the thirteen chapters begin, in the first frame, with a thread of some sort running across the panel, and with a comment that applies equally to the telling of the tale and to the tale itself: "well? how long is it going to take (chapter two)?" "i think it's going to be bigger than i planned (three)." "i wish i could be sure i was doing the right thing (four)." and so on, and so on.



now, this is the kind of writing literary critics like to call "postmodern": letting the reader know you're conscious of what you're doing at the very time you do it. and a writer like gaiman is smart enough to realize that kind of performance is about as "modern" as the odyssey or the divine comedy. the great storytellers have always wanted to tell us as much about the business of storytelling as about the stories themselves. gaiman's opening frames, with their running threads and their comment upon the tale itself, are simply his way of emphasizing that the tale possesses him as much as it does us - and that the thread of story will lead to its inevitable end, however many knots and snags develop in its unweaving, and knots and snags do develop. frank god, approximately the first forty issues of sandman, brilliant as they are, appeared desultory stories of genius, but without a clear center, without a clear direction. and then, beginning with "nuef lives," the whole thing began to take on an overwhelming speed and shape: the byways and digressions of the early tales began to coalesce into one, stunning, final movement: a comparison to symphonic structure isn't inappropriate here.

and that final movement is the book you're about to read.



gaiman has invented so many characters, so many storylines, over the course of this okay, i'll say it epic, he has reintroduced feutonic, greek, egyptian and japanese gods, all of them with absolute accuracy and respect; he has made up delightful characters from the realm of dream, like the pum, livabann, lucien, the smart-ass pumpkin mervyn; and he has introduced us to falliate human beings, from the feckless rose walker to the arrogant, quasi-immortal non-godling to the bitter, half-crazed lyta hall; all these, and more, appear in "the kindly ones" just the way a symphony's fourth movement should include themes from the first three; there's something seriously and a little scarily dickensian in all this. like dickens, who also wrote for serial publication (which means you can't go back and revise your last chapter, because it's already in print), he throws an impossible number of balls in the air, keeps them all aloft during the act, and then gathers them all into his arms as he takes a bow. "what did we make? what was it, in the end?" asks clotho of lachesis, in their cozy home, at the very end. "what it always is," lachesis answers, "a handful of yarn, a little weaving, and stitching, some embroidering perhaps, a few loose ends, but that's only to be expected." if there's a more satisfying end to a recent work of fiction, or a better definition of what fiction is, i'm sure i don't know it.

does this mean gaiman is a mind like mozart, who hears every detail of a composition clearly from the first note, or like charlie parker, who would begin to improvise and then weave his random phrases into a perfect pristine whole? i can't get a straight answer out of him on this, and maybe he doesn't know himself. no matter if you don't realize that wolfie and bird are equally great souls, then you shouldn't be listening to music at all. (try kenny g.)

the point is that this story is a magnificent parable about the humanization of myth; about how the values of regret, responsibility and the awful duties of love outweigh even the power and majesty of the gods we invent and then worship. the very last story arc, "the wake," introduces the new dream (daniel that was, morpheus that is no longer) to the family of the endless: destiny, death, destruction who has left his post, desire, despair, and the wonderful delirium who was once called delight. it is a coda, a graceful, solemn, melancholy farewell to gaiman's astonishingly original blending of myth, folklore, comedy, and human striving and human confusion. we can't talk about its intricacies, its plots within plots, its wit, of above all its rich, inexhaustibly allusive language; there's no space.



ON THE THIRDCENTH DAY, FALLS  
 ONE IT AND THE  
 HAVE IT DOWN CORNERS  
 FOR  
 Shelly Roeborg  
 Alvin Kurney  
 SANDYAN  
 CH  
 Koren Berger  
 L  
 NOBBS AND SUTHER  
 1981

Introduction by  
**Frank McConnell**

Frank McConnell goes back a  
 number of years and has been at Yale  
 the year since and pepper some of  
 the stuff of which literature itself  
 is made. He is a complex  
 straightforward, funny, serious  
 and essentially unassuming.

the year before  
 the wall came down. He claims no  
 knowledge of the local social  
 scene. He is a detective  
 novel of all better than the  
 secret testament of Clapham (written  
 by the synchrotron). Some not  
 one thing, know what came of  
 the last Halloween night thirteen  
 eighty-five and was not get the  
 gamen to have a quality and how  
 shaped before. He is a

THERE'S A DREAM IN WHICH HUGE FACELESS WOMEN WITH WOLVES AS TAILS ARE CHEWING AT MY ENTRAILS AND LEGS. THEY HAVE SHARP TEETH



ALTHOUGH THIS IS PAINFUL AND UNPLEASANT IT IS NOT HORRIFYING.

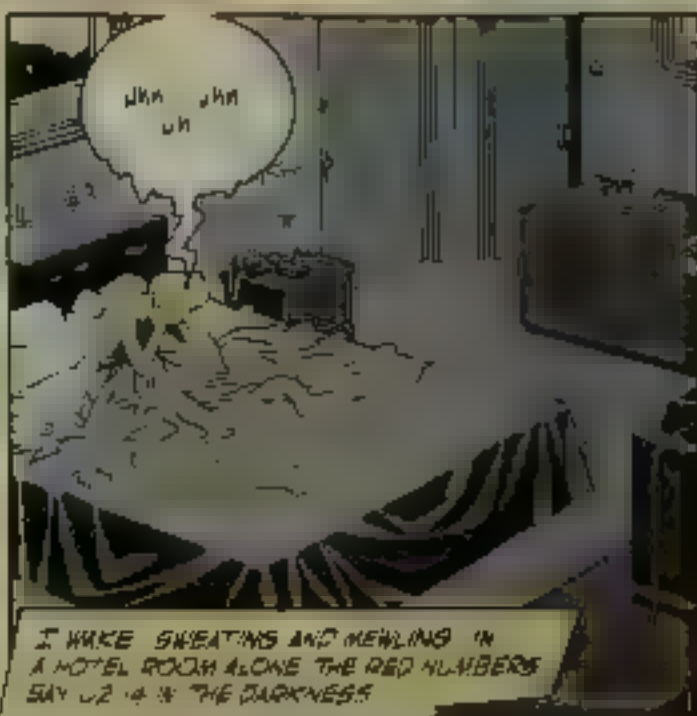
SHE HAS NO BRAIN AND WHEN I REALIZE THIS I BEGIN TO THRASH AND SCREAM DESPERATELY



THERE'S A MOMENT OF FEAR IN THE RETURNING TO SLEEP A HESITATION: THERE ARE DARKNESSES BEYOND THE CURTAIN OF WAKING, AND THE SHADOW-PLAYS CLUTCH AT MY HEART



IT BECOMES HORRIFYING WHEN I FLUMBLE AT ONE OF THEM, TRYING TO GET HER TO LOOSEN HER GRIP HER HEAD IS HUGE AND BLANK AND MY HAND GOES THROUGH THE FLESHY THIN SKULL OF IT, HAIR AND GOOP STICKING TO MY FINGERS WHICH FLAIL IN THE EMPTINESS.



I WAKE SWEATING AND MEWLING IN A HOTEL ROOM ALONE THE RED NUMBERS SAY 02:43: THE DARKNESS

TOO LATE

I'M GONE

# the Castle

SANOMAN

Featuring characters created by Neil Gaiman, Mike Dringenberg and Sam Kieth

NEIL GAIMAN  
writer

KEVIN NOWLAN  
artist and letterer

DANIEL VOZZO  
colorist

KELLY NORMER  
assistant editor

KAREN BERGER  
editor









LUCIEN? HAVE YOU SEEN THE FASHION THINGS ANYWHERE? THE MY AFTERNOON OFF TONORROW AND SHE WAS GOING TO LEND ME A COAT.

OH, I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU HAD A GUEST.

I SHOULD HAVE, PROBABLY. I SHOULD HAVE INTRODUCED MYSELF. MY NAME'S NIALA. I'M A FAIRY.

NO, REALLY I AM.

I USED TO LOOK...

PRETTIER...

I WAS A PRESENT, OR A BRIBE, OR A WAY OF REMOVING A PROBLEM, OR...

I'M SORRY.

ANYWAY, THESE DAYS I'M DOING MOST OF THE HOUSEKEEPING IN THE THRONE ROOM. THAT'S WHAT I DO.

I POLISH THE THRONE, AND CLEAN THE STEPS, AND JUST THE STATUES, AND WIPEDOWN THE WINDOWS.

SP? AND SPAN THAT'S HOW I KEEP IT.

I'M VERY PROUD OF IT.

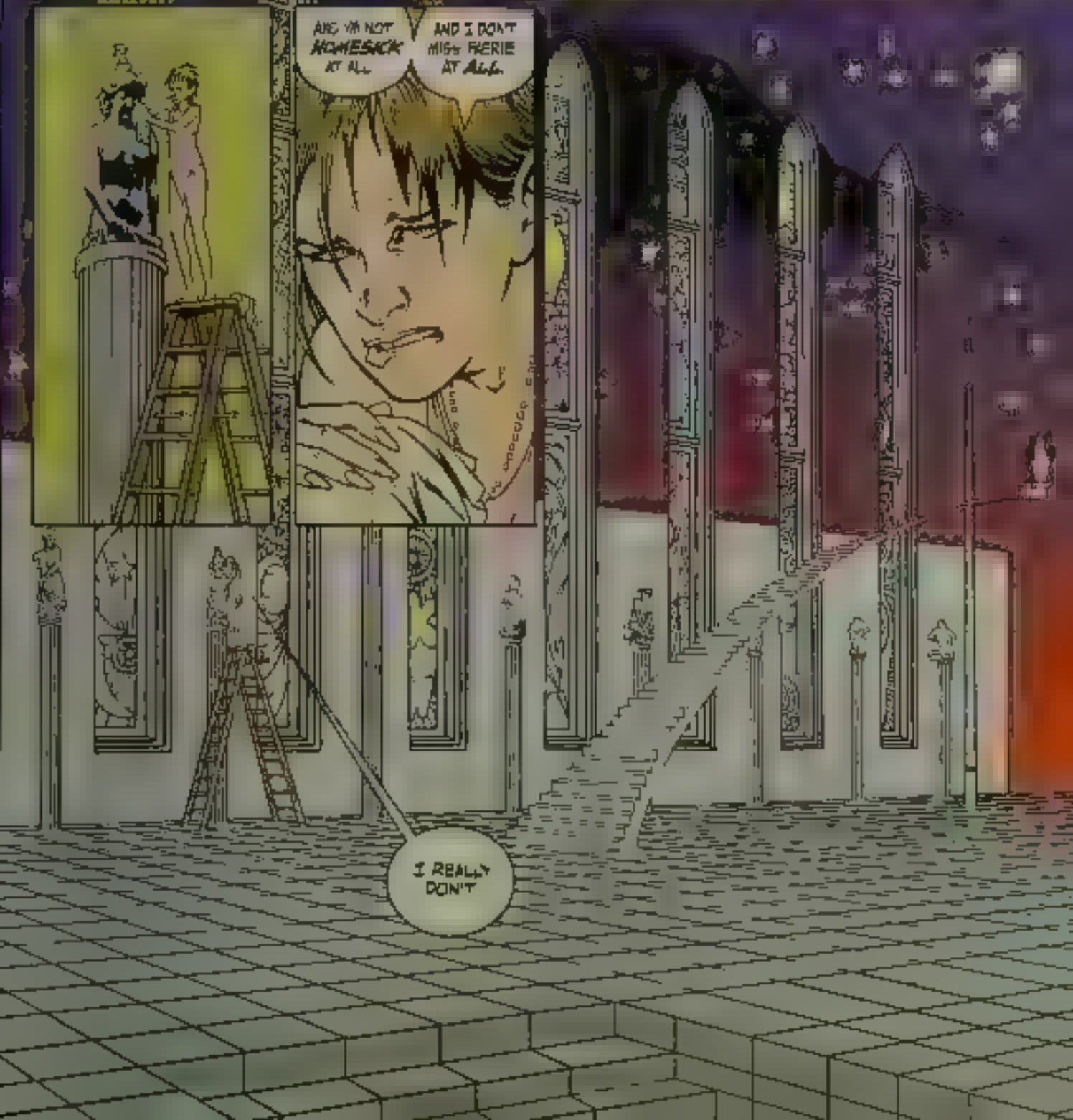


AND I'M NOT HOMESICK AT ALL.

AND I DON'T MISS FAIRIE AT ALL.




I REALLY DON'T.






GREAT  
VIEW,  
HUN?

NOW YOU'RE A  
NEW FACE WORKING  
WITH LUCIEN HUN?



OOPS MY GOOF 'M MATTHEW 'M THE  
RAVEN NOT A RAVEN-- **THE** RAVEN  
THAT'S ONE OF THE WEIRD THINGS  
ABOUT THE DREAMING--IT'S A KIND  
OF ONE RAVEN-KEA-TIME  
SORT OF PLACE




I WASN'T  
**ALWAYS** A RAVEN  
BUT PEOPLE CHANGE I  
GOT A CHOICE AND JESUS.  
THAT'S MORE THAN  
**MOST** PEOPLE  
GET

LOOK SEE  
THAT **MOUNTAIN**?  
WELL, HALFWAY UP THERE'S  
A LITTLE CAVE AND THAT'S  
WHERE I LIVE WHEN I'M  
NOT HERE WITH MY  
LADY EVE

I'M HER  
RAVEN


BUT I'M THE  
**BOSS'S** RAVEN  
TOO-- HE WAS THE  
GUY WHO LET ME STAY  
HERE AND HE'S NOT A  
**BAD** BOSS, ALL THINGS  
CONSIDERED

I ASKED EVE ONCE WHAT HAPPENED  
TO THE **OTHER** RAVENS OF DREAM  
OVER THE YEARS. 'M NOT THE **FIRST**  
UN-LH. NOT BY A LONG SHOT



DON'T  
THINK I  
**EVER** GOT A  
STRAIGHT  
ANSWER  
OUTTA  
HER

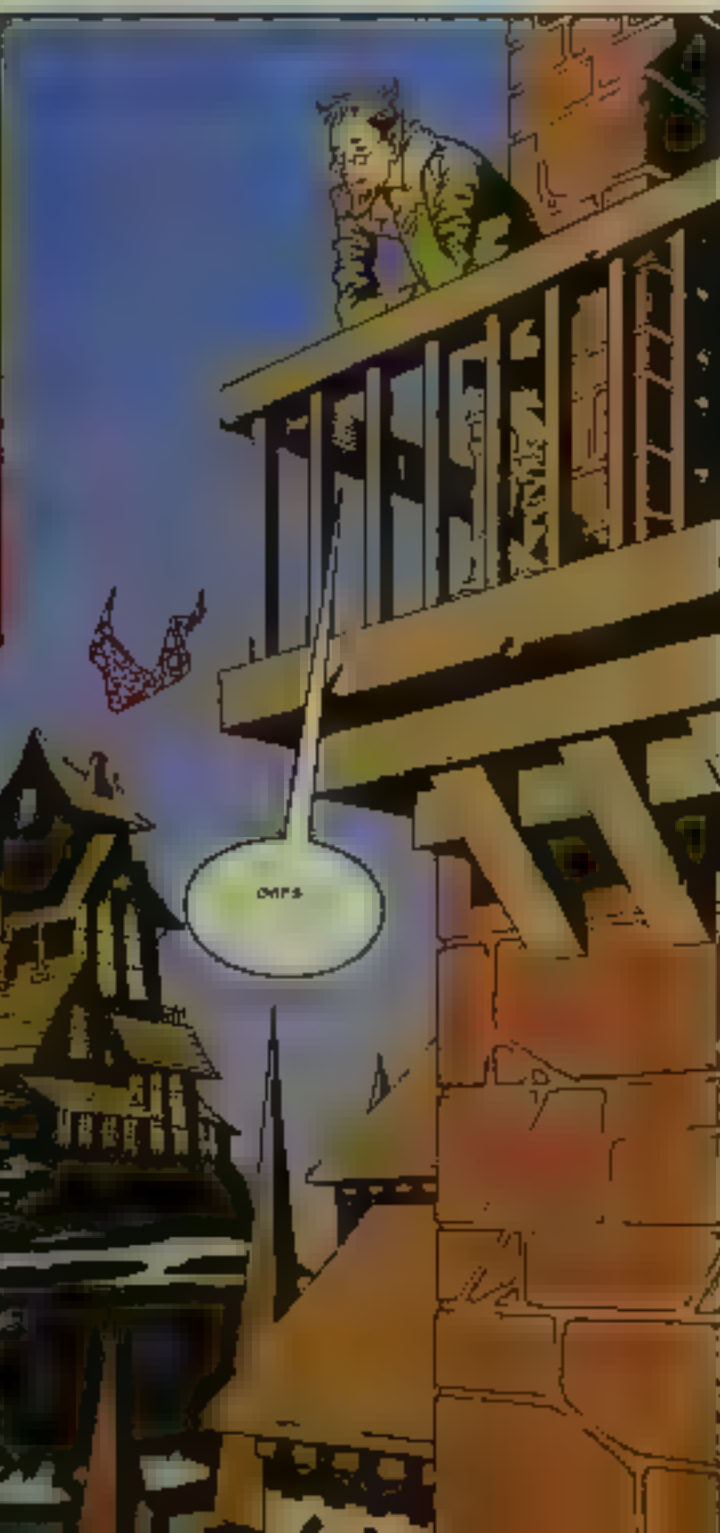
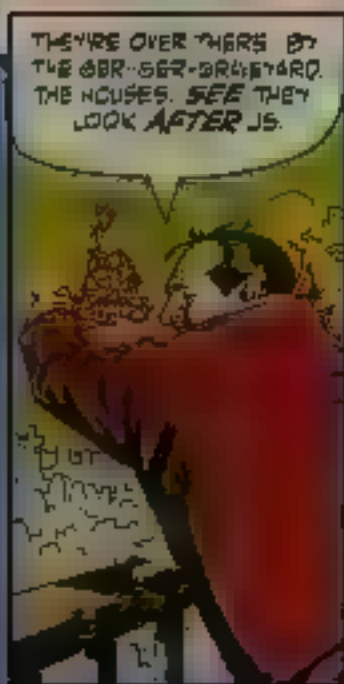
NOT  
**REALLY**



IT HATE  
TO BE AGAIN.  
KNOW? IT REALLY  
**HATE** THAT

I WISH  
SOMEONE WOULD  
**TELL** ME





THE PALACE STAFF IS FAIRLY LARGE. ALTHOUGH THE POPULATION OF THE DREAMING IS QUITE SMALL, EVERYTHING CONSIDERED.

WE'RE HOPELESSLY UNDERSTAFFED.

NOW, WE COULD VISIT FODDER'S GREEN, OR WE COULD—



WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU ASKING?

I AM SHOWING YOUR GUEST AROUND THE PALACE AND ITS ENVIRONS, MY LORD.



YES, LORD.



Does this look like my guest to you, Lucien?



Ah.

Oh dear.

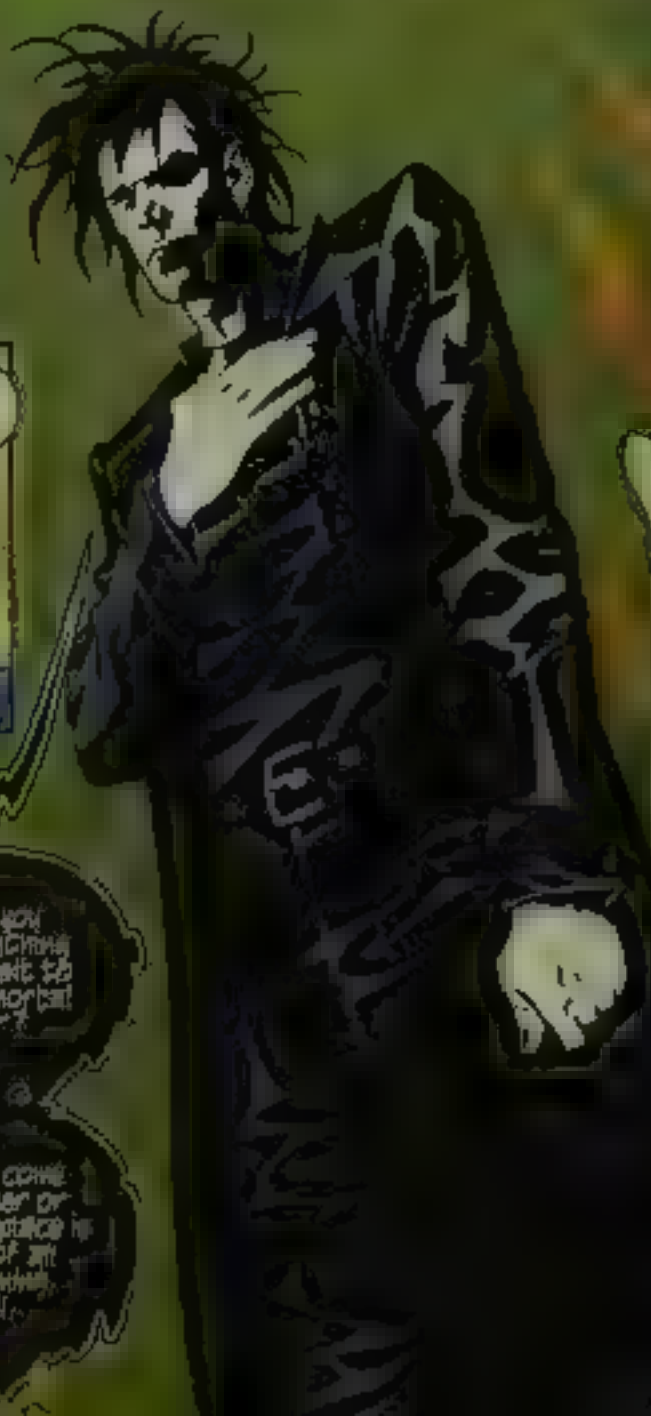


Well, no matter. So you have shown a dreamer the castle. It will do no harm.

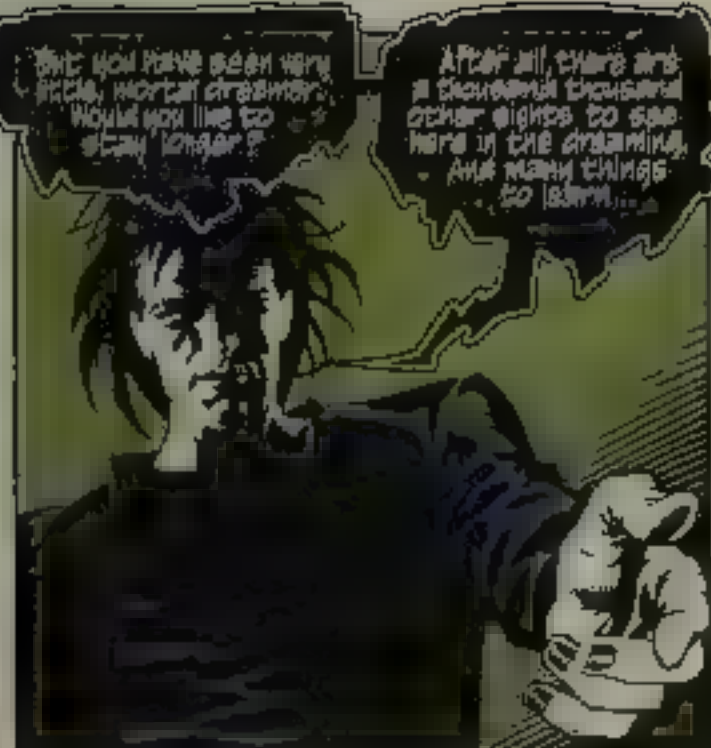
And have you learned anything from your visit to my palace, mortal dreamer?

No.

Well, all of you come here, sooner or later. This place is the heart of all your dreaming, after all.

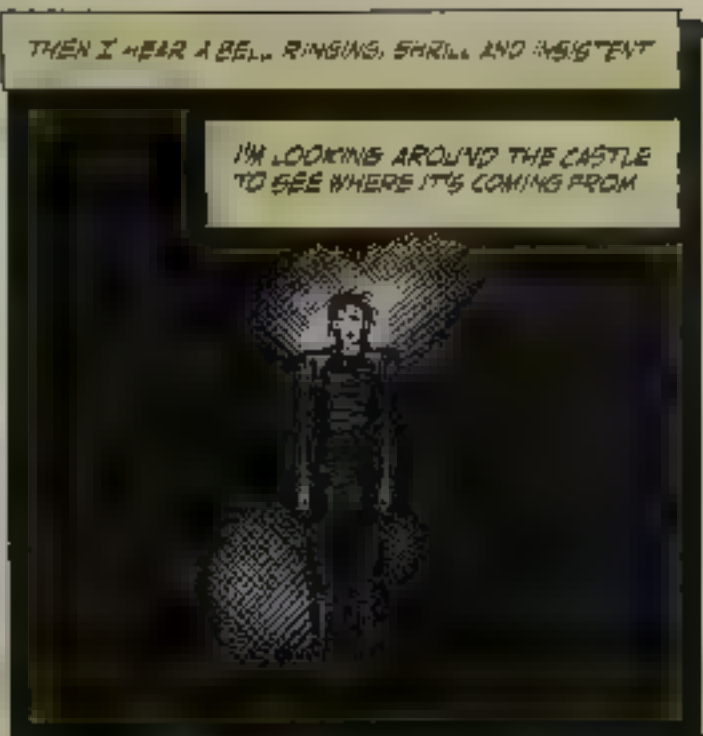






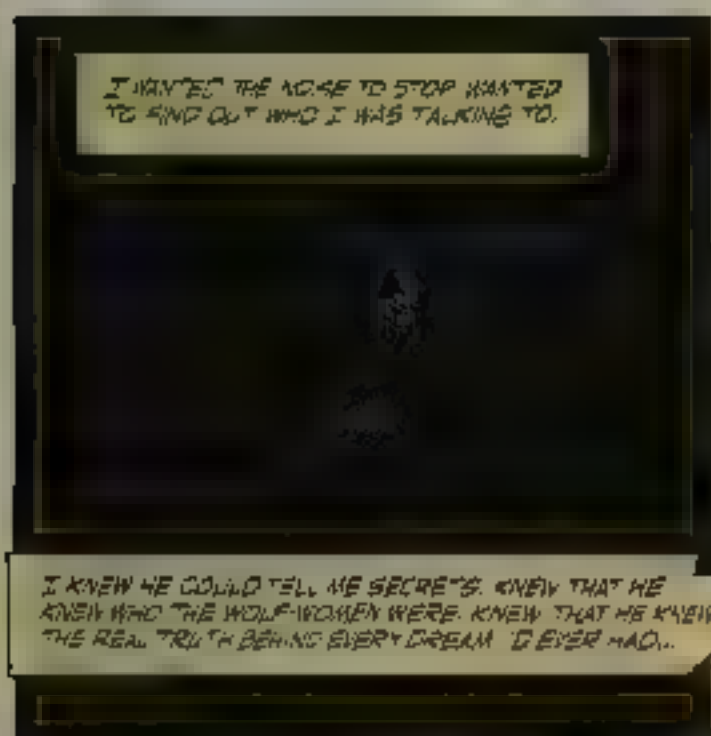
ONE YOU HAVE BEEN VERY  
RICH, MORTAL DREAMER.  
WOULD YOU LIKE TO  
STAY LONGER?

AFTER ALL, THERE ARE  
A THOUSAND THOUSAND  
OTHER SIGHTS TO SEE  
HERE IN THE DREAMING.  
AND MANY THINGS  
TO LEARN...



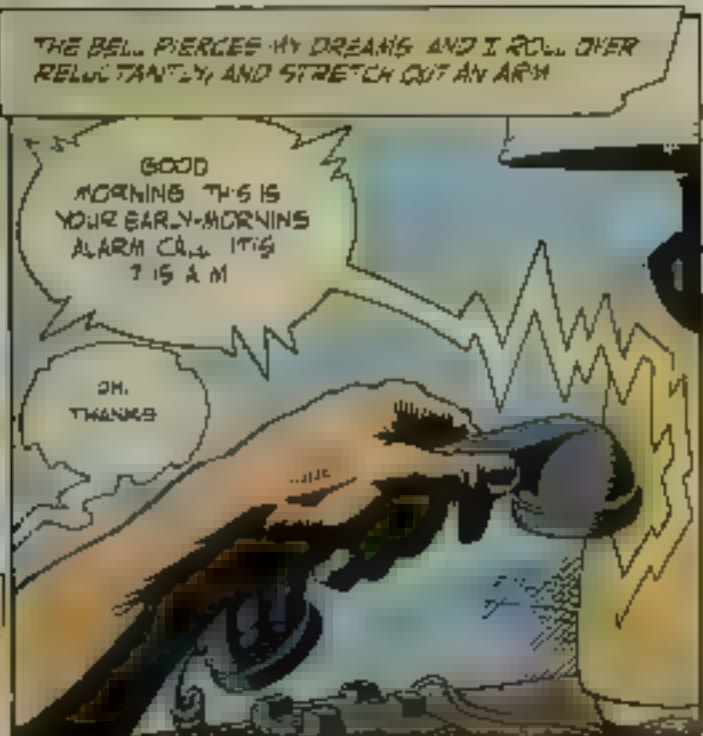
THEN I HEAR A BELL, RINGING, SHRILL AND INSISTENT

I'M LOOKING AROUND THE CASTLE  
TO SEE WHERE IT'S COMING FROM



I WANTED THE NOISE TO STOP. WANTED  
TO FIND OUT WHO I WAS TALKING TO.

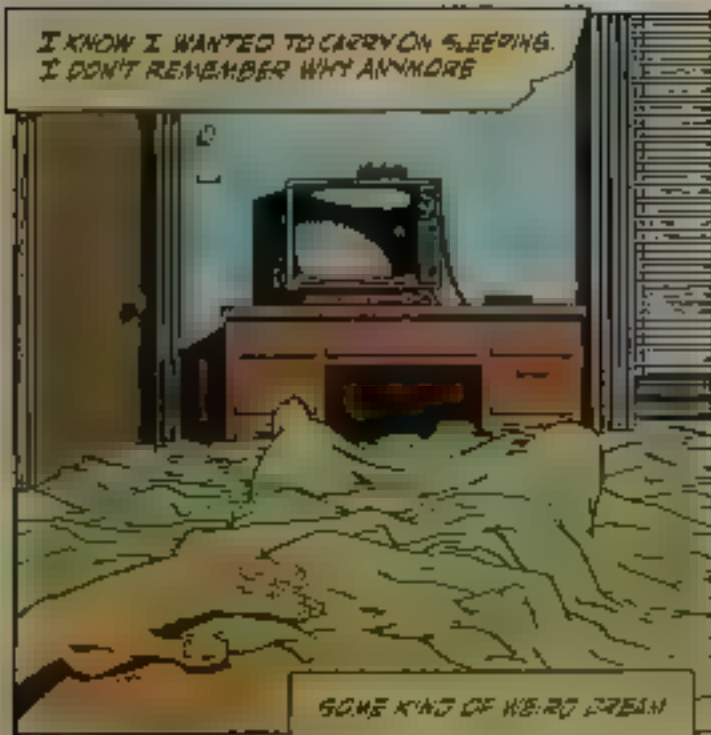
I KNEW HE COULD TELL ME SECRETS. KNEW THAT HE  
KNEW WHO THE WOLF-WOMEN WERE. KNEW THAT HE KNEW  
THE REAL TRUTH BEHIND EVERY DREAM I'D EVER HAD...



THE BELL PIERCES MY DREAMS AND I ROLL OVER  
RELUCTANTLY, AND STRETCH OUT AN ARM

GOOD  
MORNING. THIS IS  
YOUR EARLY-MORNING  
ALARM CALL. IT'S  
7 IS A.M.

OH.  
THANKS



I KNOW I WANTED TO CARRY ON SLEEPING.  
I DON'T REMEMBER WHY ANYMORE

SOME KIND OF WEIRD DREAM



I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER  
WHAT IT WAS NOW.

OH WELL

IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN THAT IMPORTANT.

IT WAS ONLY A DREAM. AFTER ALL

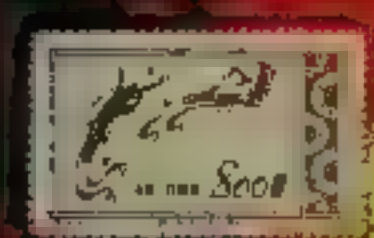
END



# WINTER

## WINTER





# part OVL

te 3

kei

Edlen Leuband anwerfen ich...

die an alle erbeyt die noch bei ge...

tragen der bey! kg sepi in co...

bro fchnen leb könnst fuchde in truma schon begriffen. u. Bor

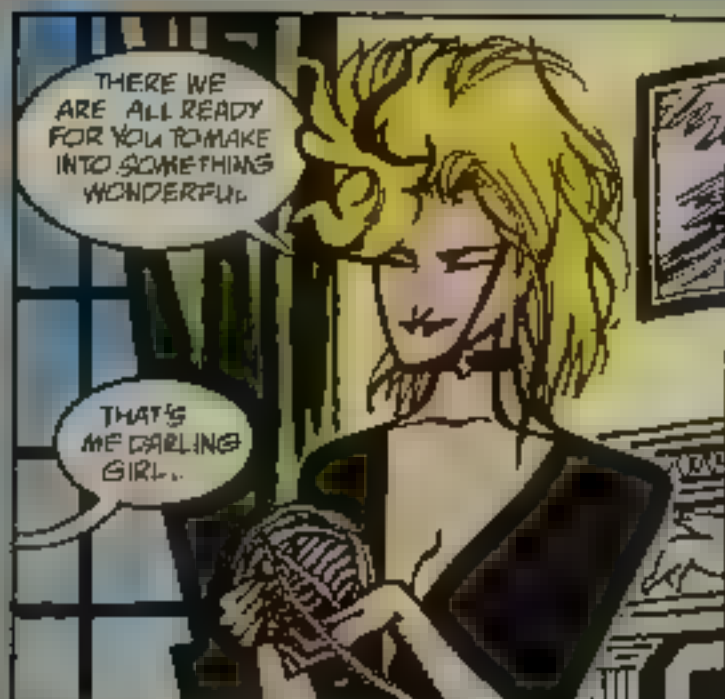
und die ewig...





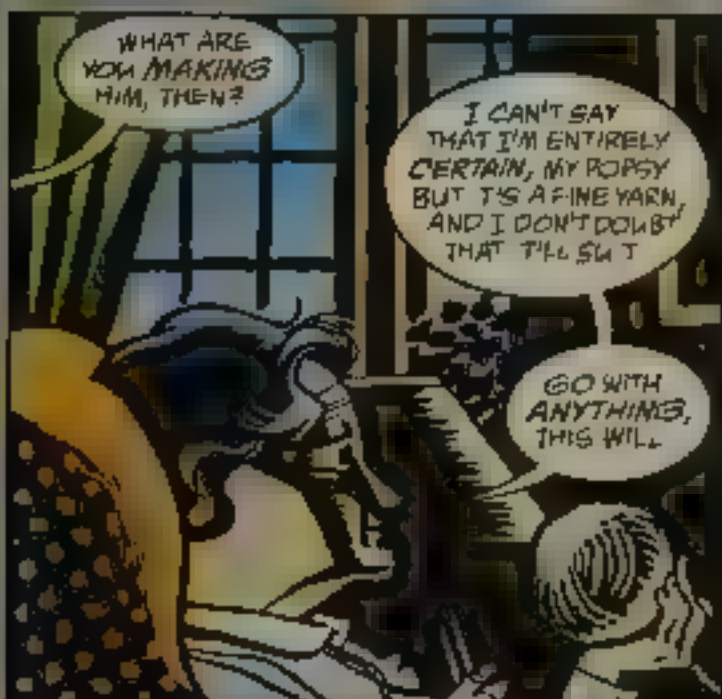
IS IT  
READY YET?  
ARE YOU  
DONE?

NEARLY  
THERE WE  
GO



THERE WE  
ARE ALL READY  
FOR YOU TO MAKE  
INTO SOMETHING  
WONDERFUL

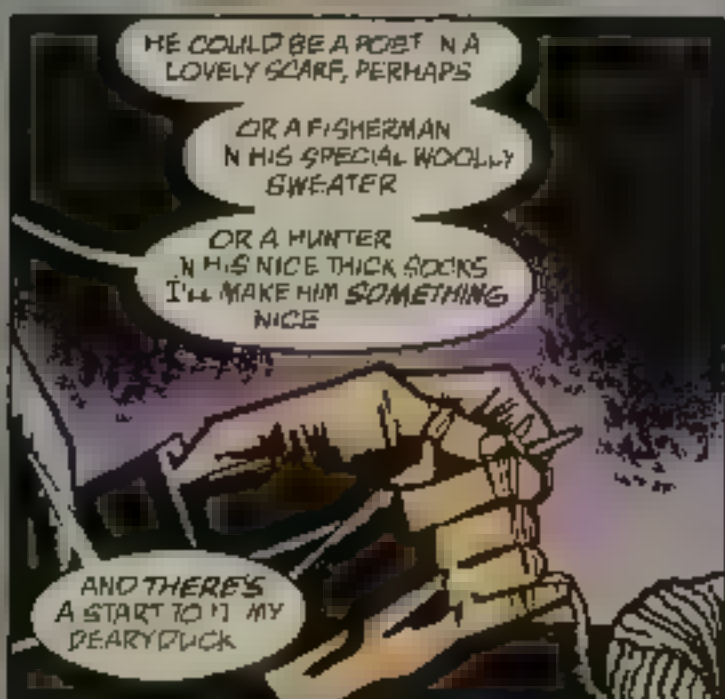
THAT'S  
ME DARLING  
GIRL..



WHAT ARE  
YOU MAKING  
HIM, THEN?

I CAN'T SAY  
THAT I'M ENTIRELY  
CERTAIN, MY PORSY  
BUT IT'S A FINE YARN,  
AND I DON'T DOUBT  
THAT IT'LL SUIT

GO WITH  
ANYTHING,  
THIS WILL



HE COULD BE A POET N A  
LOVELY SCARF, PERHAPS

OR A FISHERMAN  
N HIS SPECIAL WOOLLY  
SWEATER

OR A HUNTER  
N HIS NICE THICK SOCKS  
I'LL MAKE HIM SOMETHING  
NICE

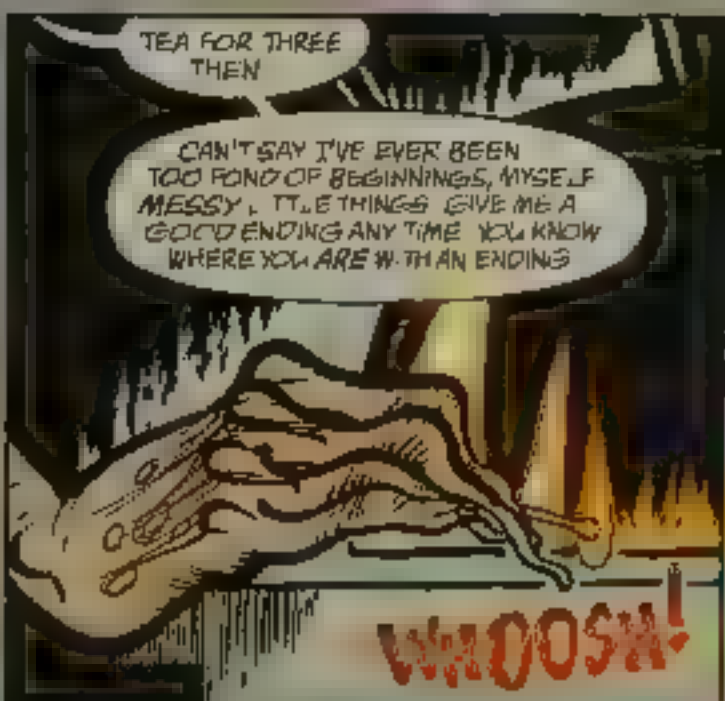
AND THERE'S  
A START TO IT MY  
DEARYDUCK



TEA?

I'D LOVE  
A CUP MY  
DOVE

AND  
FOR ME



TEA FOR THREE  
THEN

CAN'T SAY I'VE EVER BEEN  
TOO FOND OF BEGINNINGS, MYSELF  
MESSY LITTLE THINGS GIVE ME A  
GOOD ENDING ANYTIME YOU KNOW  
WHERE YOU ARE W. TH AN ENDING

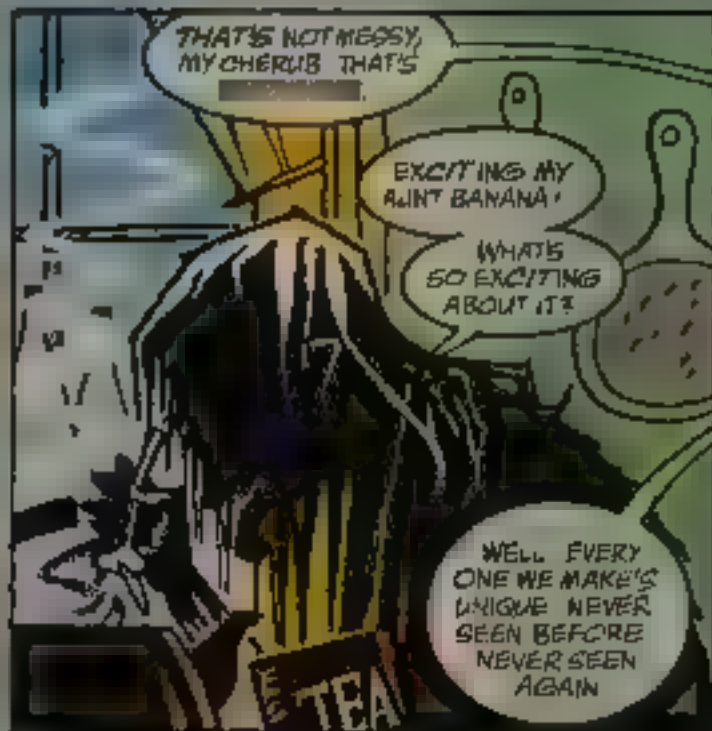
WHOOSH!



NOW THEN, YOU  
MUSTN'T SAY THINGS  
LIKE THAT YOU KNOW  
YOU DON'T MEAN  
THEM

PURL ONE, FLAIN  
ONE, PURL TWO  
TOGETHER.

WHY, THAT'S  
WHAT I LIKE ABOUT  
MAKING THINGS FOR  
PEOPLE YOU CAN  
START OFF IN  
BIRMINGHAM AND  
FINISH N. WELL  
TANGANYIKA OR  
SOMEWHERE

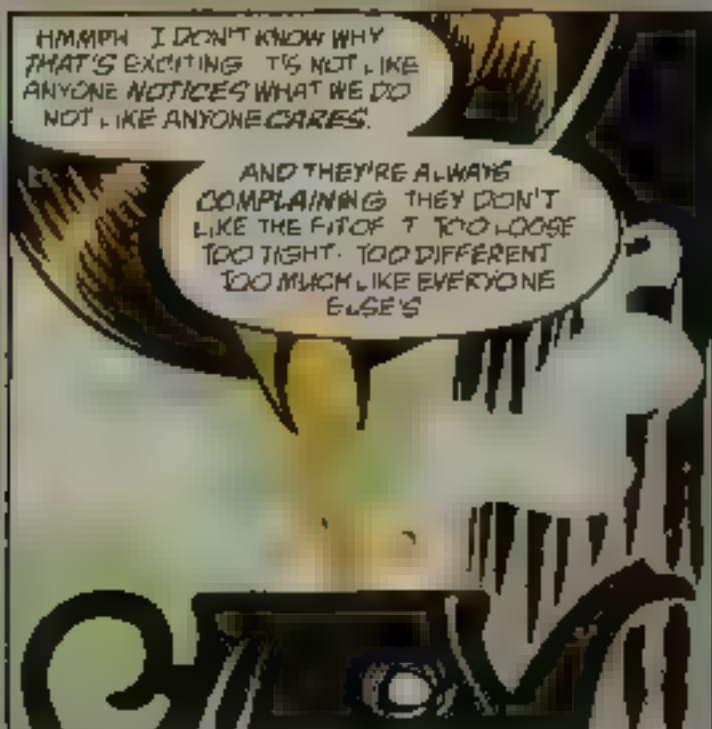


THAT'S NOT MESSY,  
MY CHERUB THAT'S  
[REDACTED]

EXCITING MY  
AJINT BANANA!

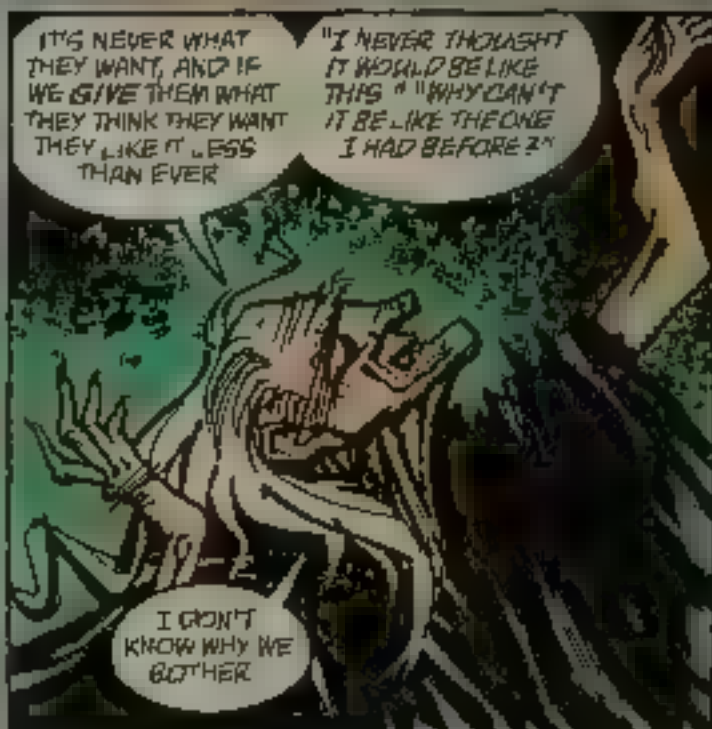
WHAT'S  
SO EXCITING  
ABOUT IT?

WELL EVERY  
ONE WE MAKE'S  
UNIQUE NEVER  
SEEN BEFORE  
NEVER SEEN  
AGAIN



HMMPH I DON'T KNOW WHY  
THAT'S EXCITING T'S NOT LIKE  
ANYONE NOTICES WHAT WE DO  
NOT LIKE ANYONE CARES.

AND THEY'RE ALWAYS  
COMPLAINING THEY DON'T  
LIKE THE FIT OF T TOO LOOSE  
TOO TIGHT. TOO DIFFERENT  
TOO MUCH LIKE EVERYONE  
ELSE'S



IT'S NEVER WHAT  
THEY WANT, AND IF  
WE GIVE THEM WHAT  
THEY THINK THEY WANT  
THEY LIKE IT LESS  
THAN EVER

"I NEVER THOUGHT  
IT WOULD BE LIKE  
THIS "WHY CAN'T  
IT BE LIKE THE ONE  
I HAD BEFORE?"

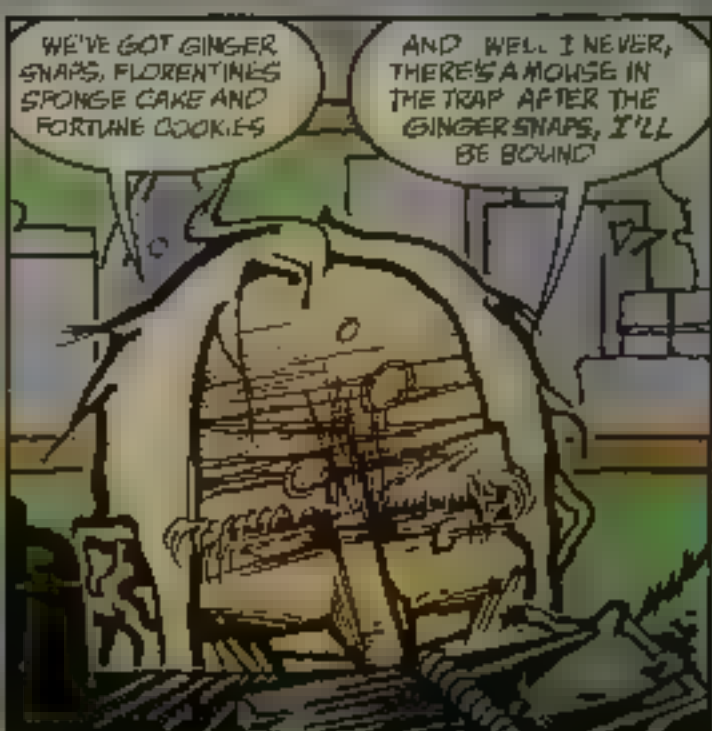
I DON'T  
KNOW WHY WE  
BOTHER



WE BOTHER BECAUSE WE  
HAVE NO CHOICE BECAUSE  
THAT IS WHAT WE ARE,  
IN THIS ASPECT

HMMPH  
WHO WANTS WHAT  
WITH THEIR TEA,  
THEN?

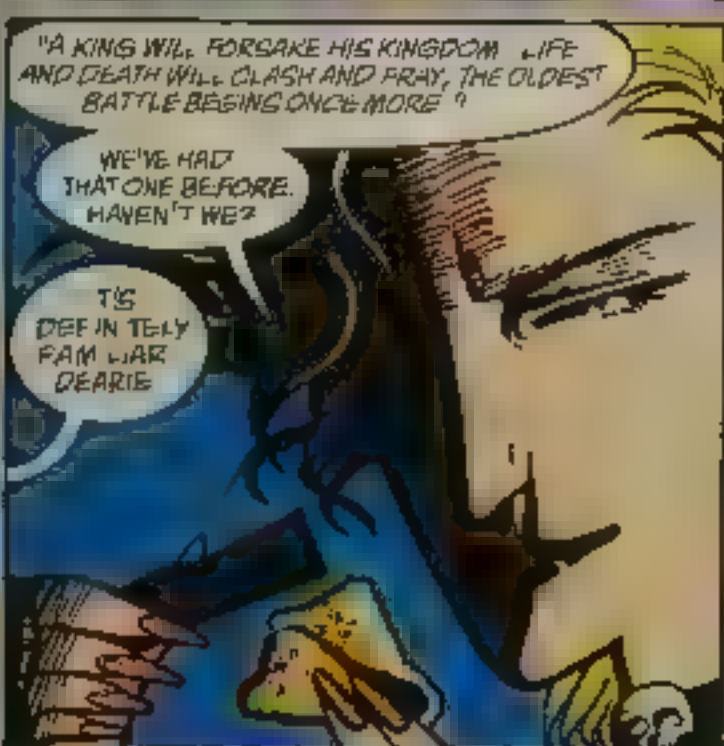
WHAT  
DO WE  
HAVE?

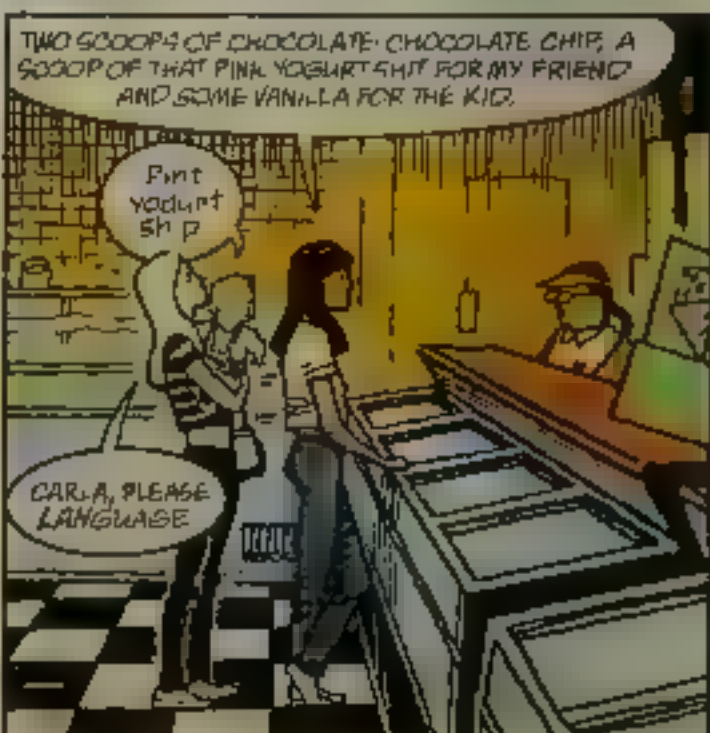
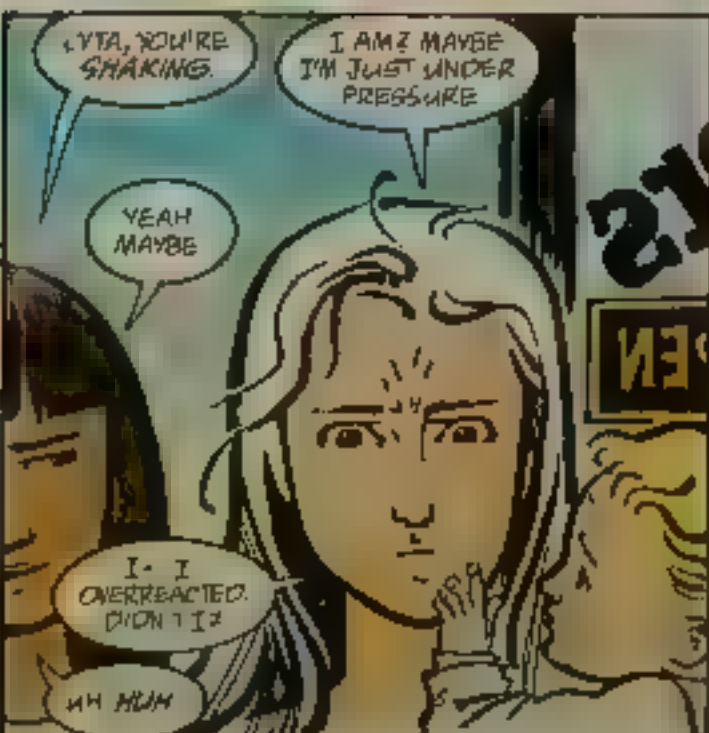
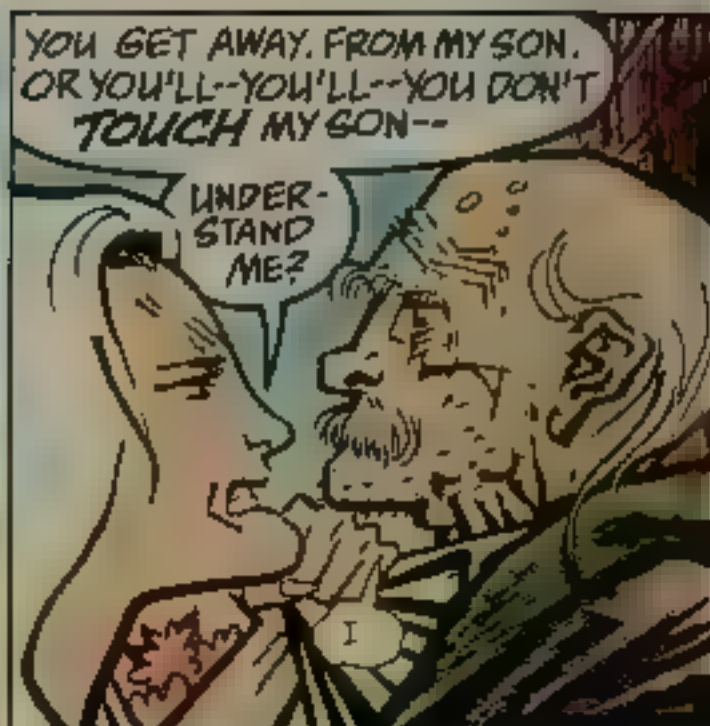
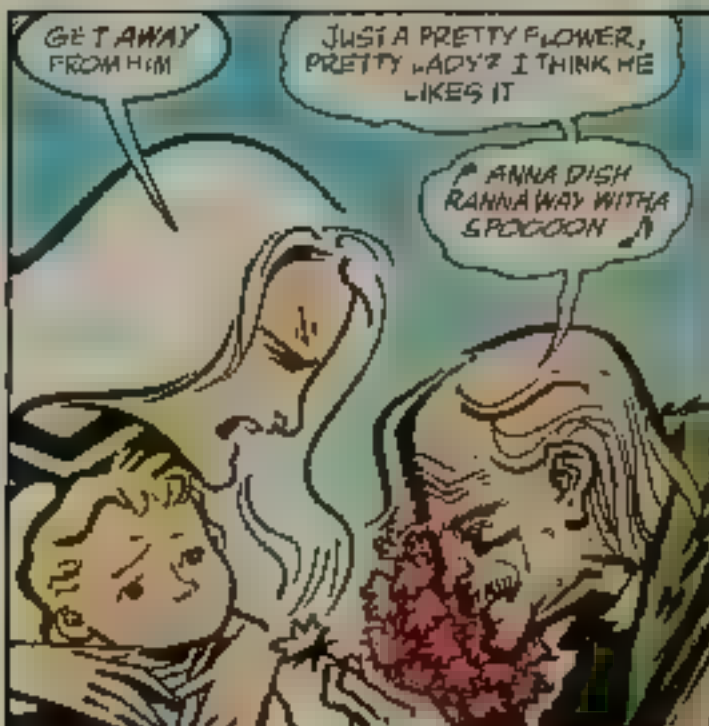


WE'VE GOT GINGER  
SNAPS, FLORENTINES  
SPONGE CAKE AND  
FORTUNE COOKIES

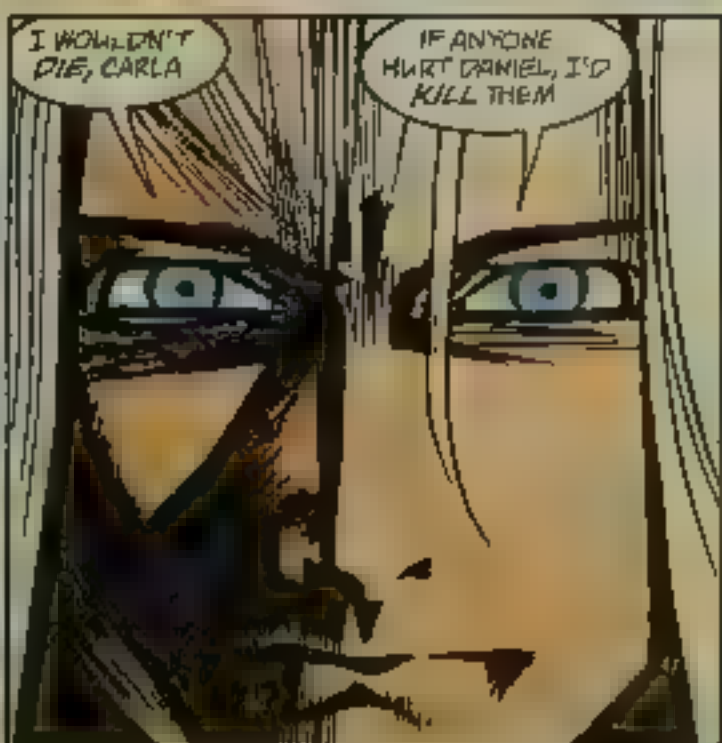
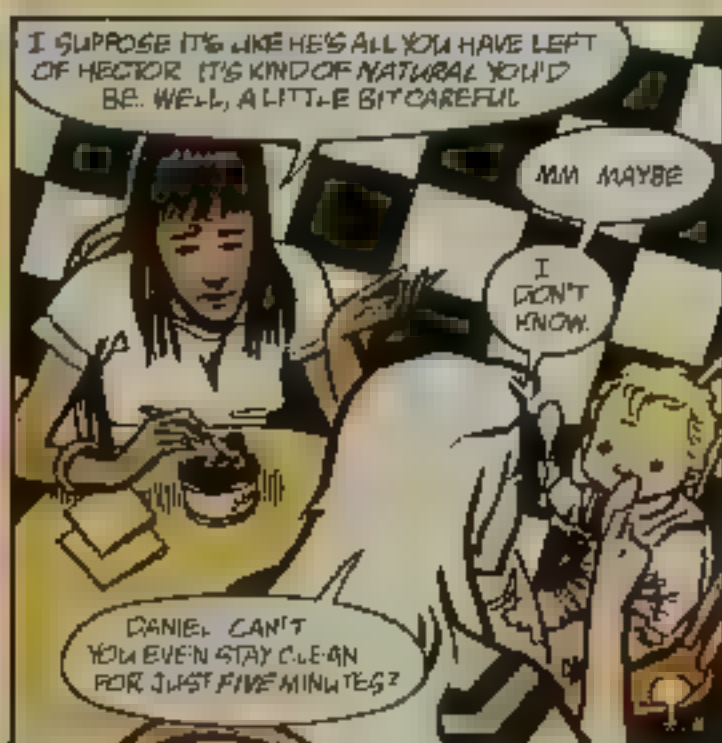
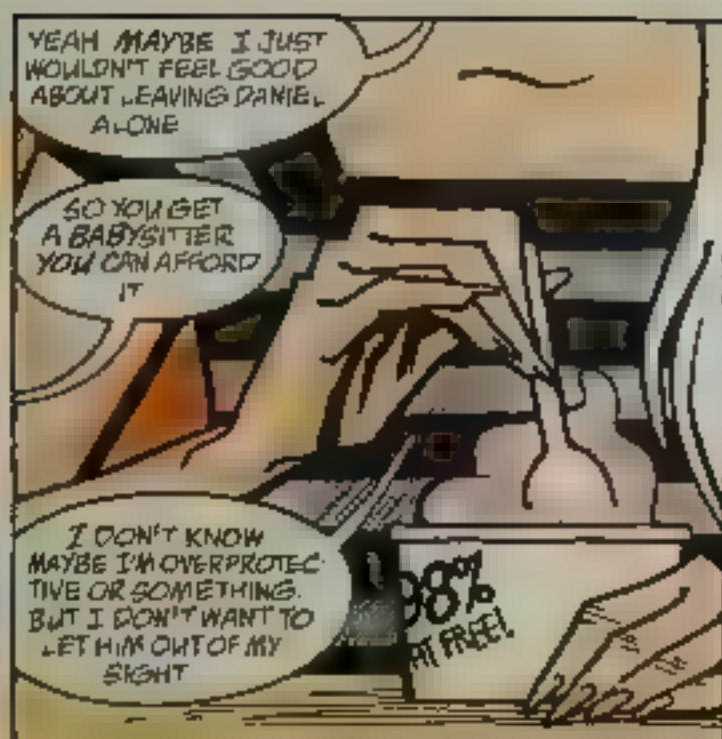
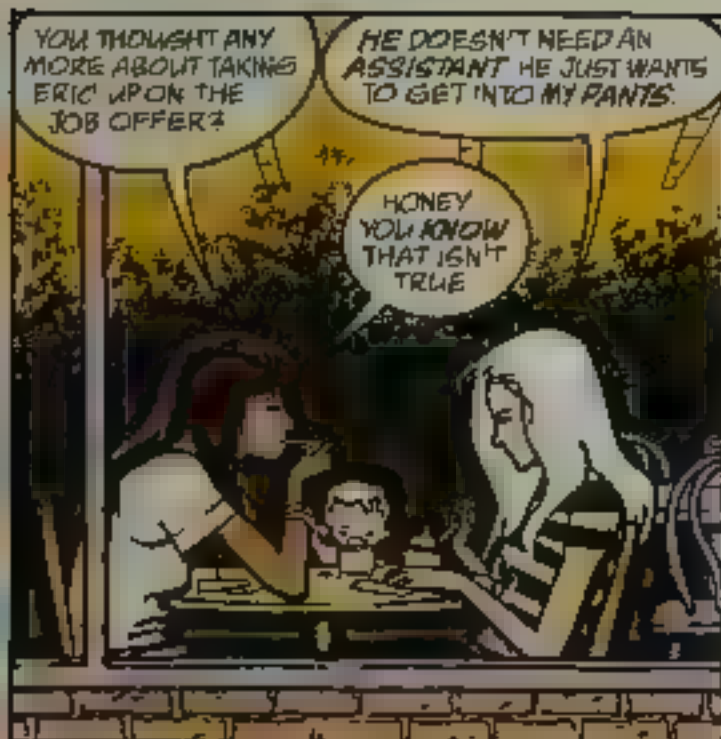
AND WELL I NEVER,  
THERE'S A MOUSE IN  
THE TRAP AFTER THE  
GINGER SNAPS, I'LL  
BE BOUND











# THE KINDLY ONES

WRITTEN BY  
NEIL GAIMAN

DRAWN BY  
MARC HEMPEL

LETTERED BY TODD KLEIN  
COLORED BY DANIEL VOZZO  
EDITED BY KAREN BERGER  
ASSISTED BY SHELLY ROEBERG  
SANDMAN CHARACTERS CREATED  
BY GAIMAN, KIEBH & DRINGENBERG

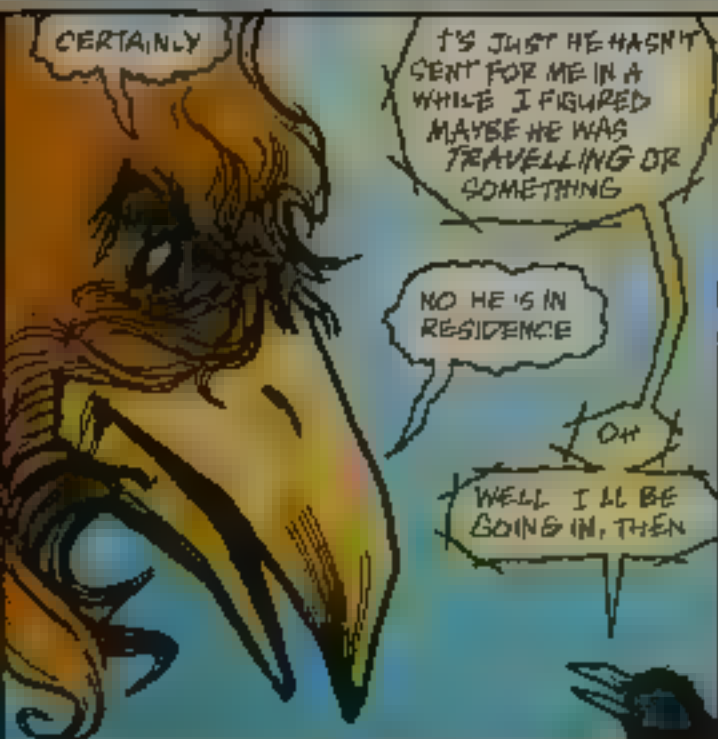


H, GUYS

HELLO,  
MATTHEW

IS  
THE BOSS  
HOMER





CERTAINLY

IT'S JUST HE HASN'T  
SENT FOR ME IN A  
WHILE I FIGURED  
MAYBE HE WAS  
TRAVELLING OR  
SOMETHING

NO HE'S IN  
RESIDENCE

OH

WELL I'LL BE  
GOING IN, THEN



THE DOOR WILL  
OPEN FOR YOU,  
MATTHEW YOU  
ARE WELCOME  
HERE

HEY

Y'KNOW

I WAS  
WONDERING

HOW LONG HAVE YOU  
GUYS BEEN DOING THIS  
GIZ? THIS GUARDING  
THE DOOR BIT? I MEAN,  
HAVE YOU ALWAYS  
DONE THIS? OR DID  
YOU DO ANYTHING  
BEFORE?



I MEAN WERE  
YOU PEOPLE OR  
SOMETHING?

WE WERE ALWAYS  
AS WE ARE A  
GRYPHON, A WYVERN  
A HIPPOGRIFF

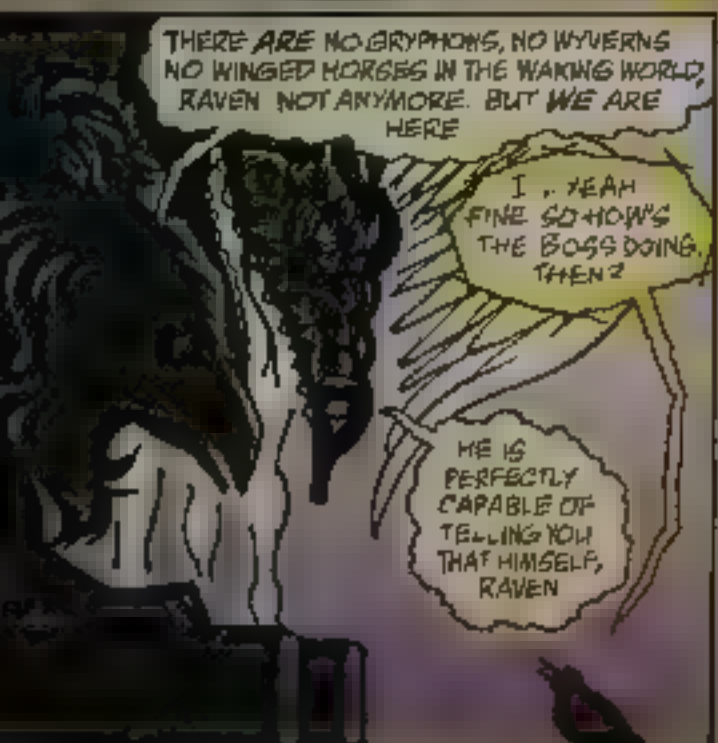
YEAH? SO  
YOU'VE ALWAYS  
GUARDED THE  
DOOR TO THE  
CASTLE?

WE ARE  
DOORKEEPERS,  
MATTHEW



WE TAKE OUR STRENGTH AND OUR AUTHORITY  
FROM OUR LORD WHEN HE WAS IMPRISONED  
AND POWERLESS, SO WERE WE,

THAT WASN'T QUITE  
WHAT I MEANT I WAS  
WONDERING MORE ABOUT  
HOW YOU GOT INTO THIS  
GAME

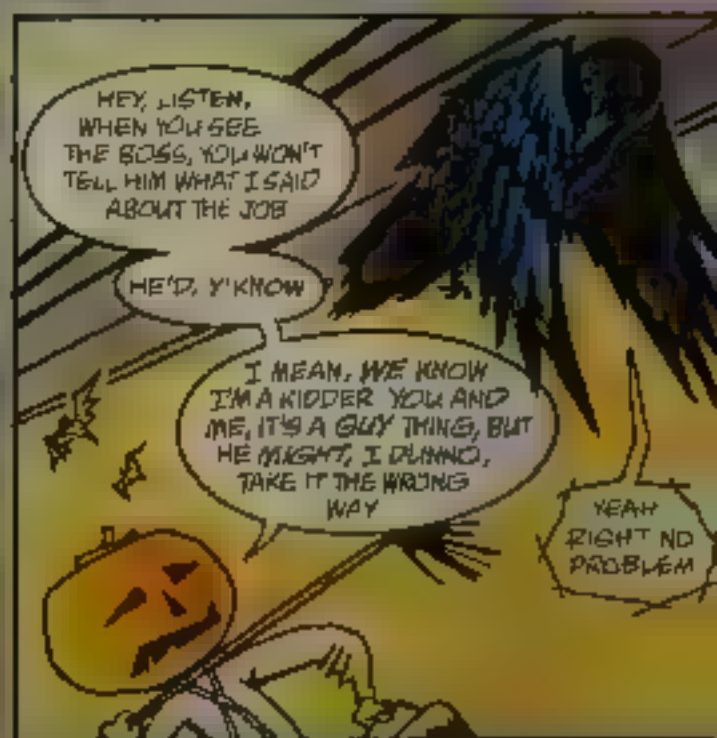
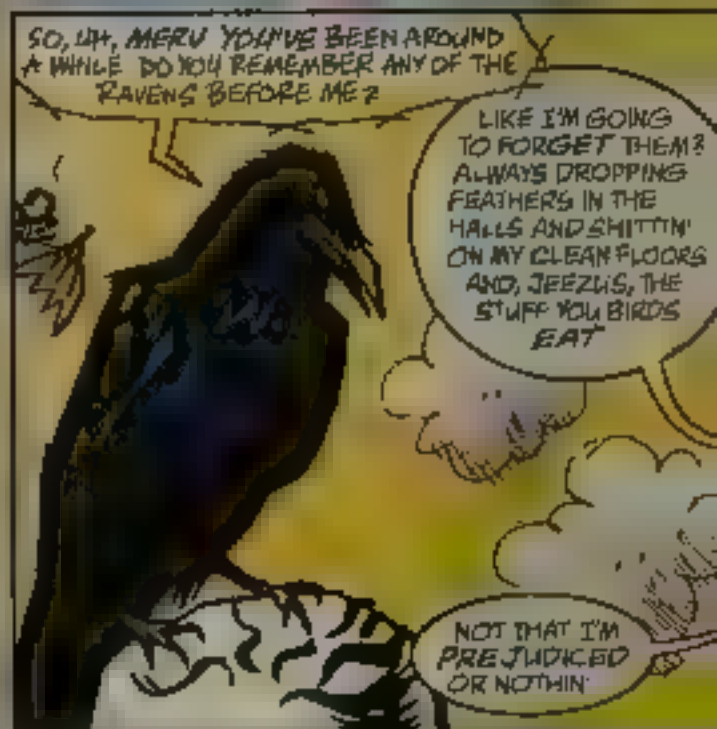
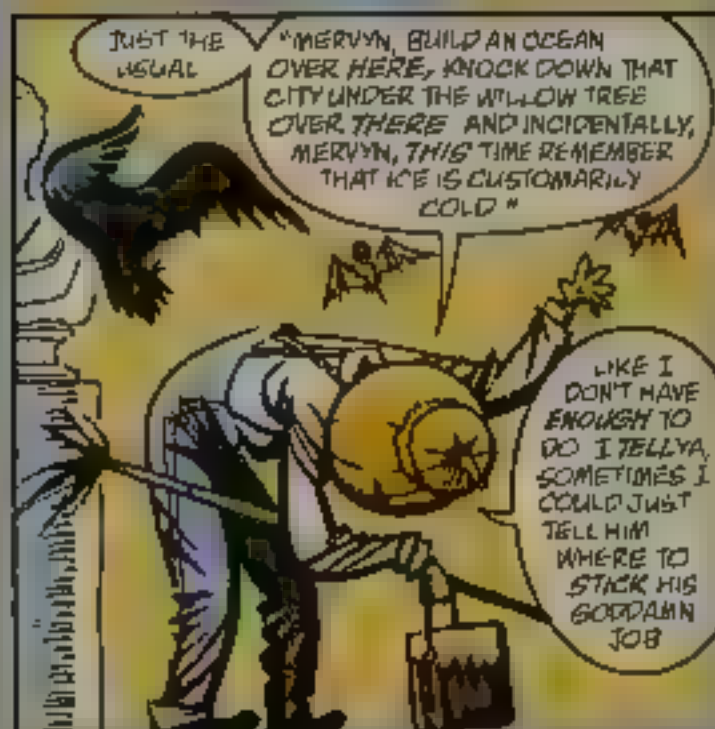
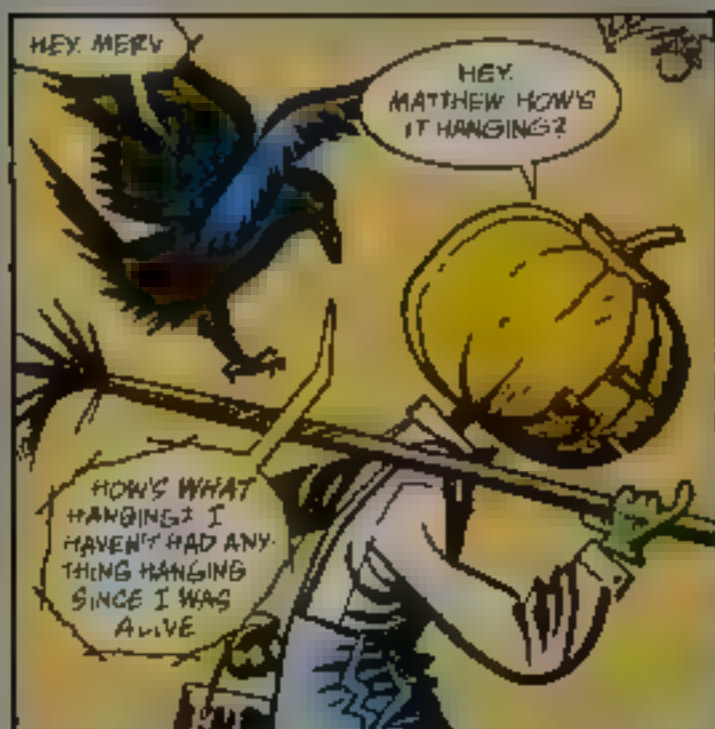


THERE ARE NO GRYPHONS, NO WYVERNS  
NO WINGED HORSES IN THE WAKING WORLD,  
RAVEN NOT ANYMORE. BUT WE ARE  
HERE

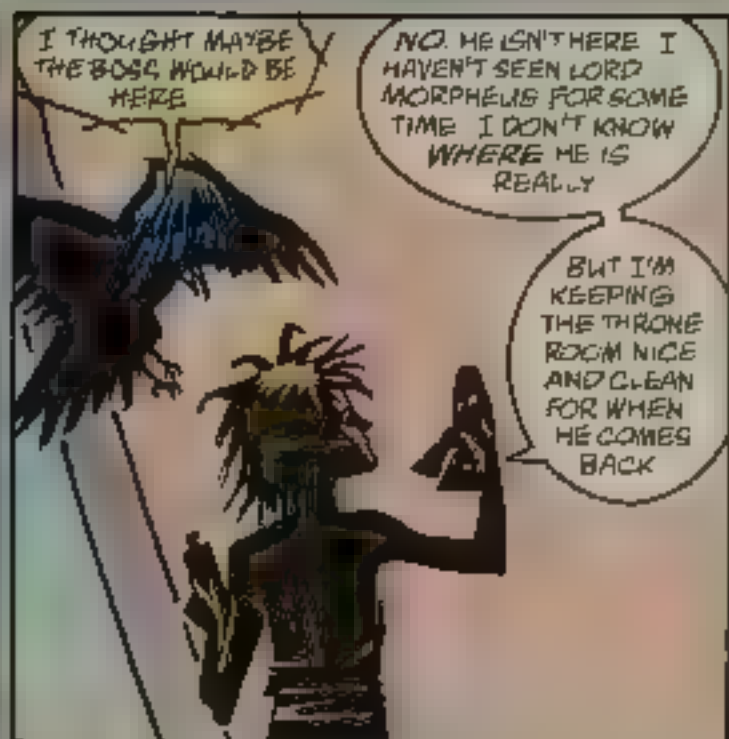
I, YEAH FINE SO HOW'S  
THE BOSS DOING  
THEN?

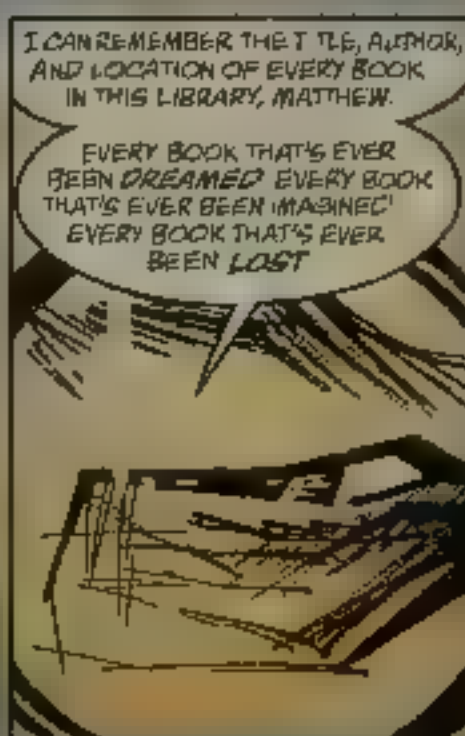
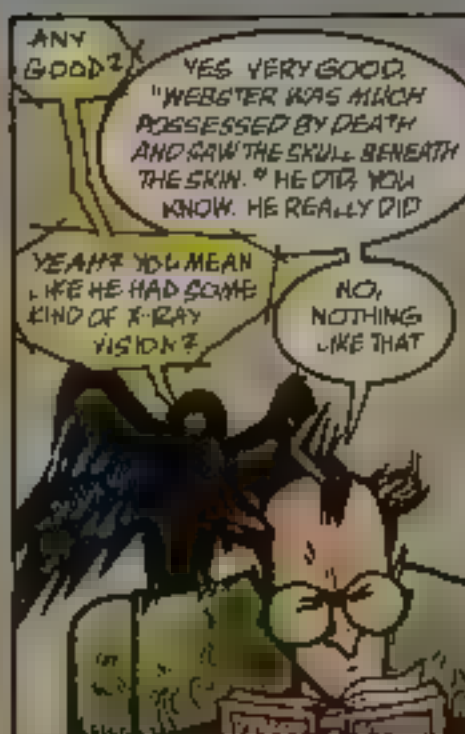
HE IS  
PERFECTLY  
CAPABLE OF  
TELLING YOU  
THAT HIMSELF,  
RAVEN



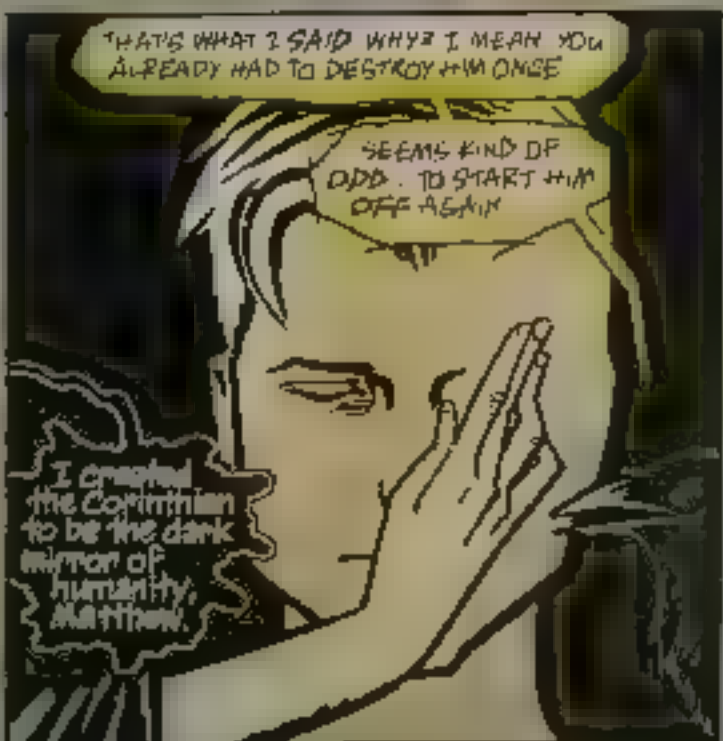
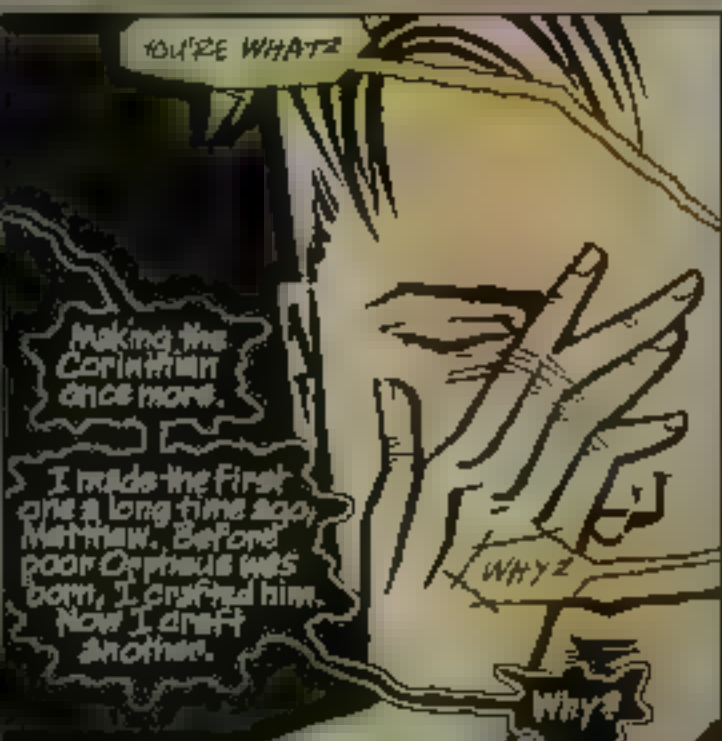
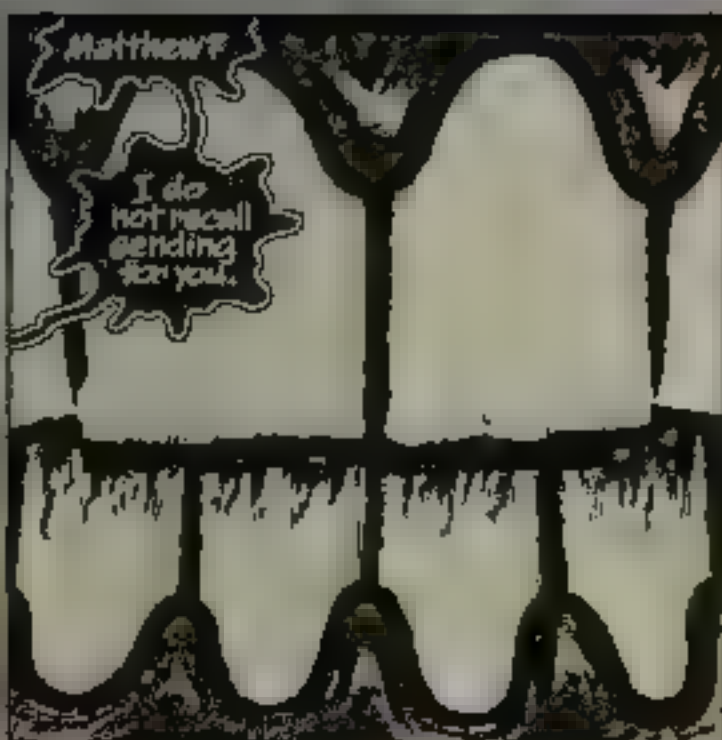


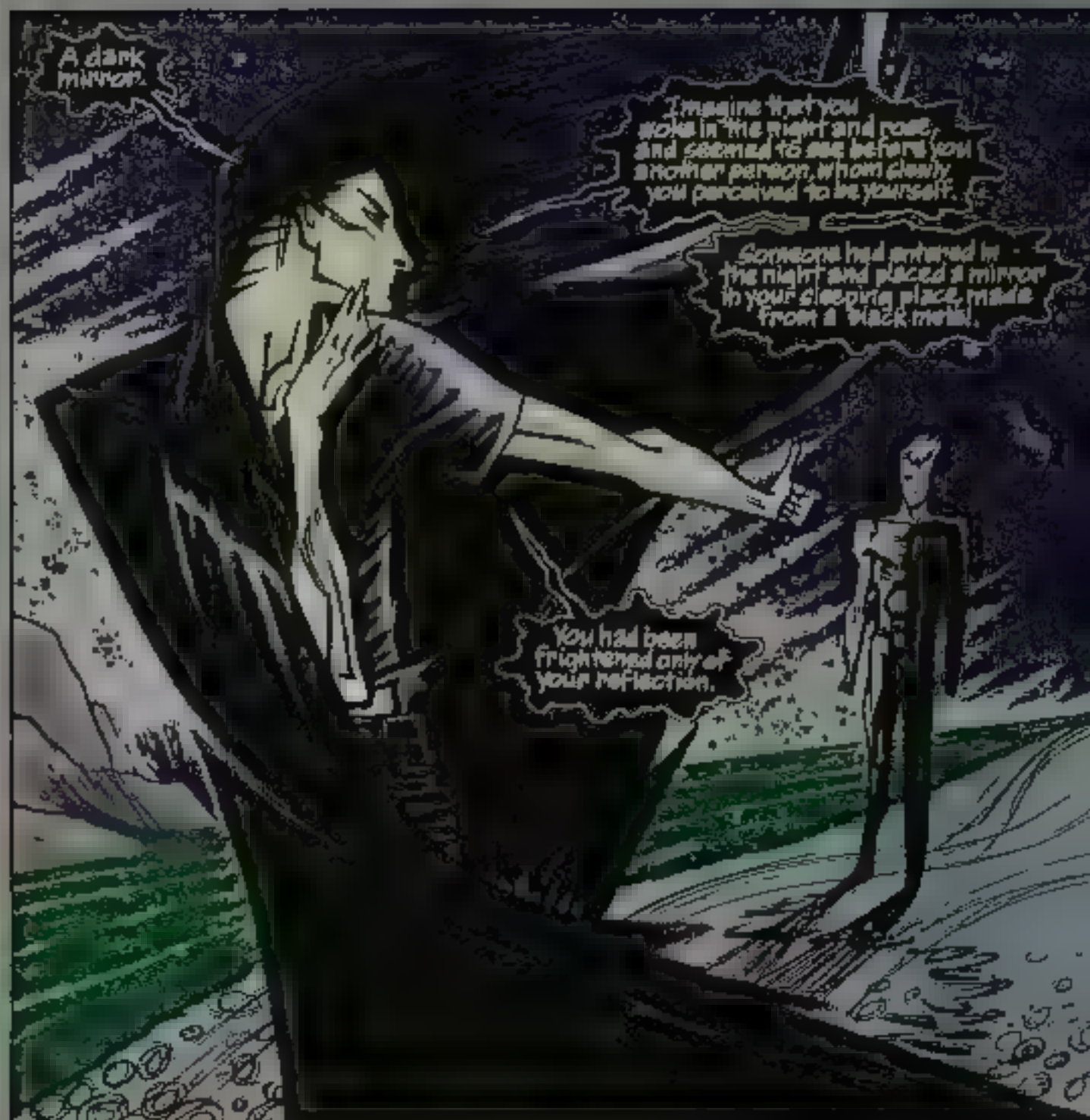












A dark mirror.

Imagine that you woke in the night and rose, and seemed to see before you another person, whom clearly you perceived to be yourself.

Someone had entered in the night and placed a mirror in your sleeping place, made from a black metal.

You had been frightened only of your reflection.

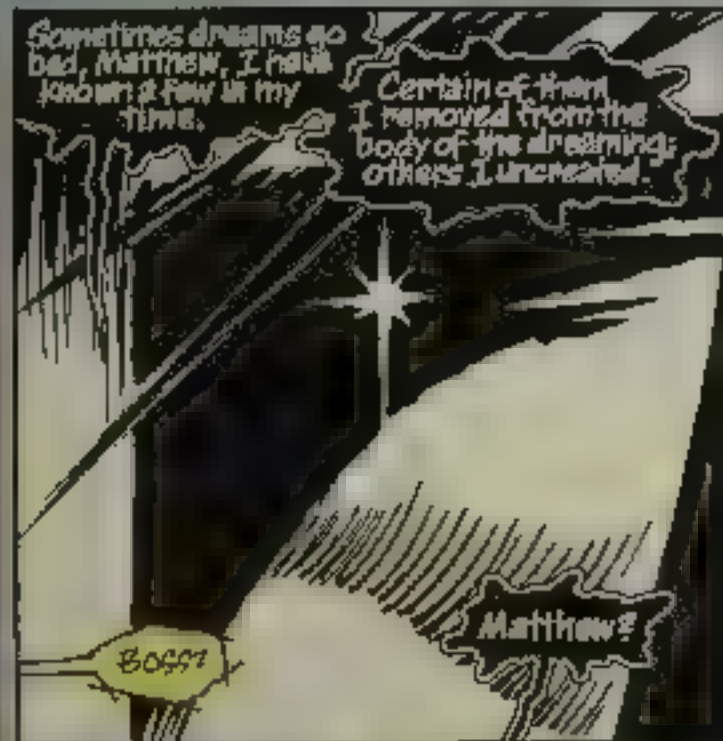
But then the reflection slowly raised one hand, while your own hand stayed still...

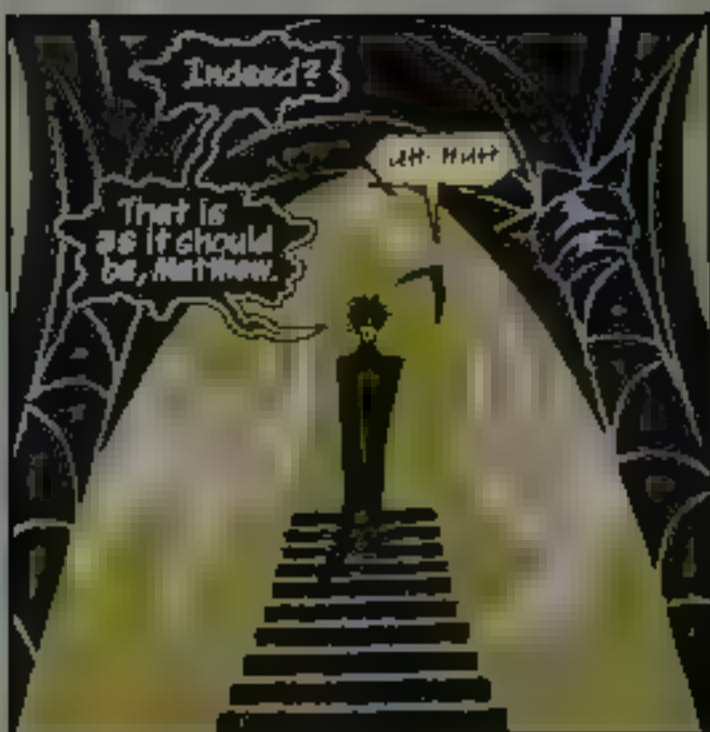
A dark mirror...

That was always the intention...

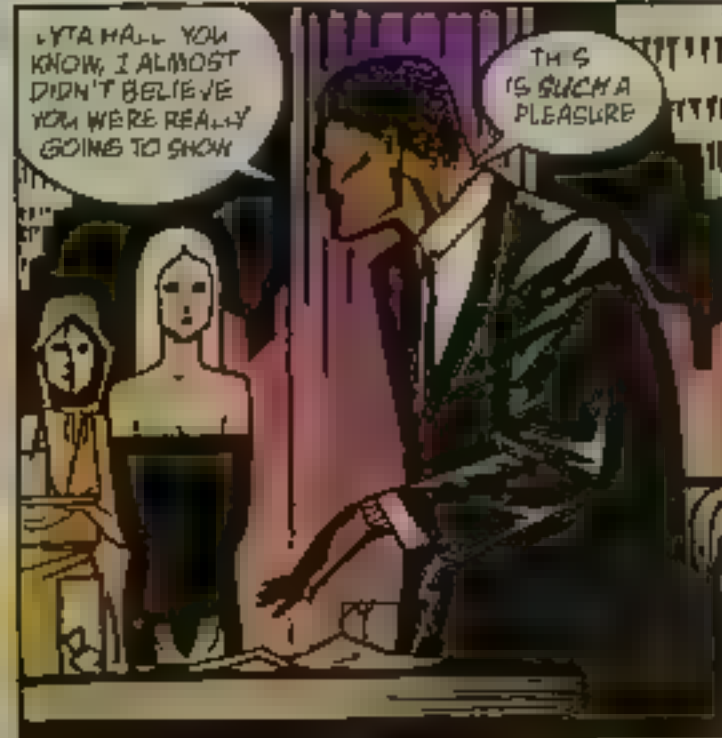
But the gap between conception and execution is wide, and many things can happen on the way.

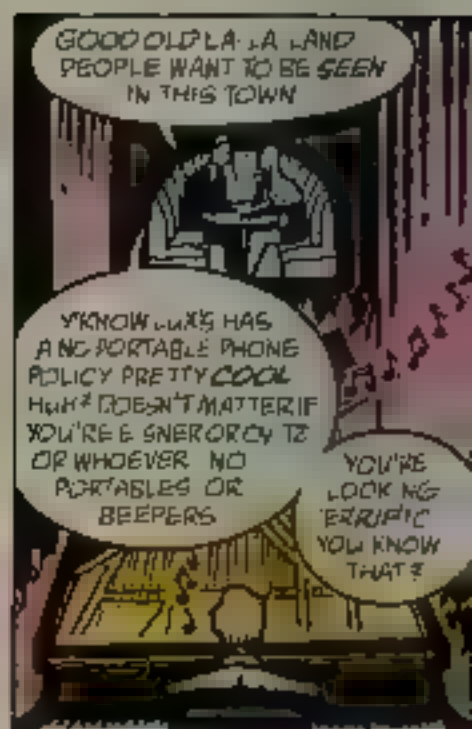
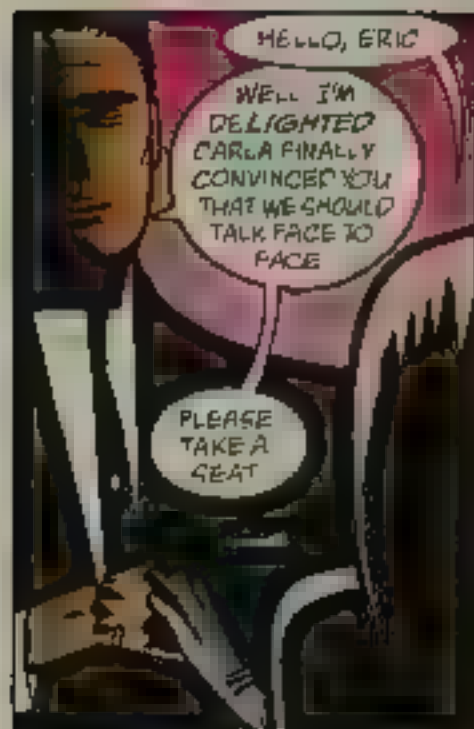






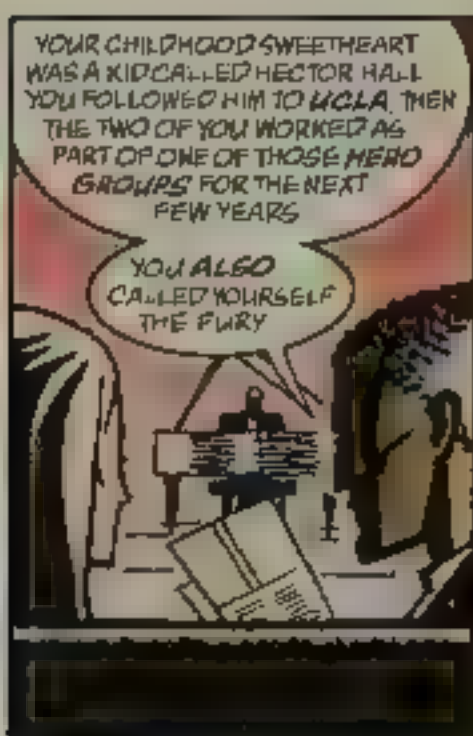












YOUR CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART WAS A KID CALLED HECTOR HALL. YOU FOLLOWED HIM TO UCLA, THEN THE TWO OF YOU WORKED AS PART OF ONE OF THOSE **HERO GROUPS** FOR THE NEXT FEW YEARS

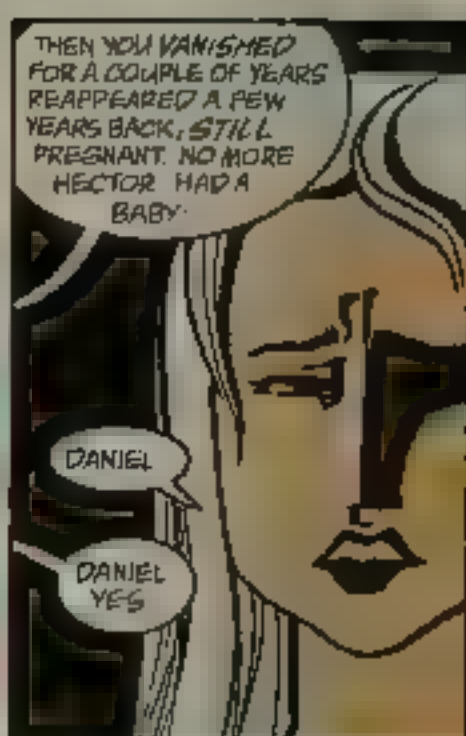
YOU ALSO CALLED YOURSELF THE FURY



YOU WERE ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED

HECTOR HALL DIED IN 1987, LEAVING YOU PREGNANT. YOU MARRIED HIM IN EARLY 1988. THAT'S KIND OF STRANGE, Y'KNOW?

YES



THEN YOU VANISHED FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS. REAPPEARED A FEW YEARS BACK, STILL PREGNANT. NO MORE HECTOR. HAD A BABY.

DANIEL

DANIEL YES



AND YOU'VE BEEN A MOM EVER SINCE

YOU KNOW, THAT'S A PRETTY AMAZING LIFE STORY

SOMEONE WHO'D TURN THEIR BACK ON STARDOM AND A VIRGINIA MANSION TO RAISE A BABY IN A TINY L.A. APARTMENT

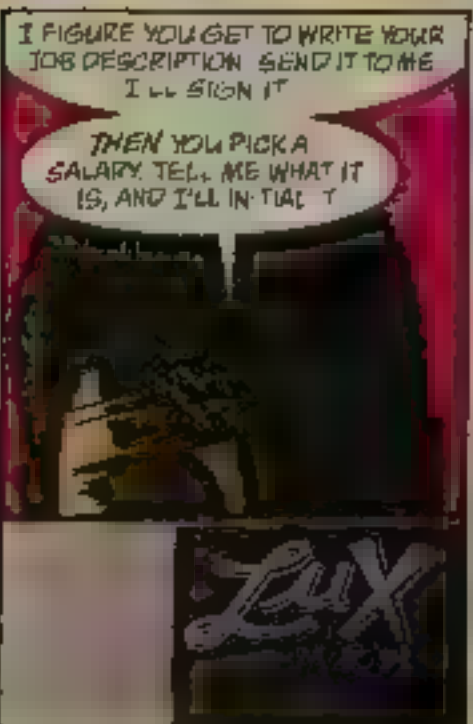


LISTEN YOU KNOW THE MEDIA YOU KNOW THE L.A. SOCIAL SCENE YOU LOOK GOOD AND I WANT YOU WORKING FOR ME.

LIKE I SAID BEFORE DOING EXACTLY WHAT?



WELL, OUR WEST COAST OPERATION IS JUST EXPANDING AND EXPANDING. MARKETING INTERACTIVE MEDIA PRODUCTION MANAGEMENT THE WHOLE SHEBANG



I FIGURE YOU GET TO WRITE YOUR JOB DESCRIPTION. SEND IT TO ME. I'LL SIGN IT.

THEN YOU PICK A SALARY. TELL ME WHAT IT IS, AND I'LL INITIAL IT.



YOU MAKE T SOUND LIKE THE KIND OF DEAL I OUGHT TO SIGN IN BLOOD.

HA HA HA.

I...I DON'T KNOW. IT'S A WONDERFUL- SOUNDING OFFER.

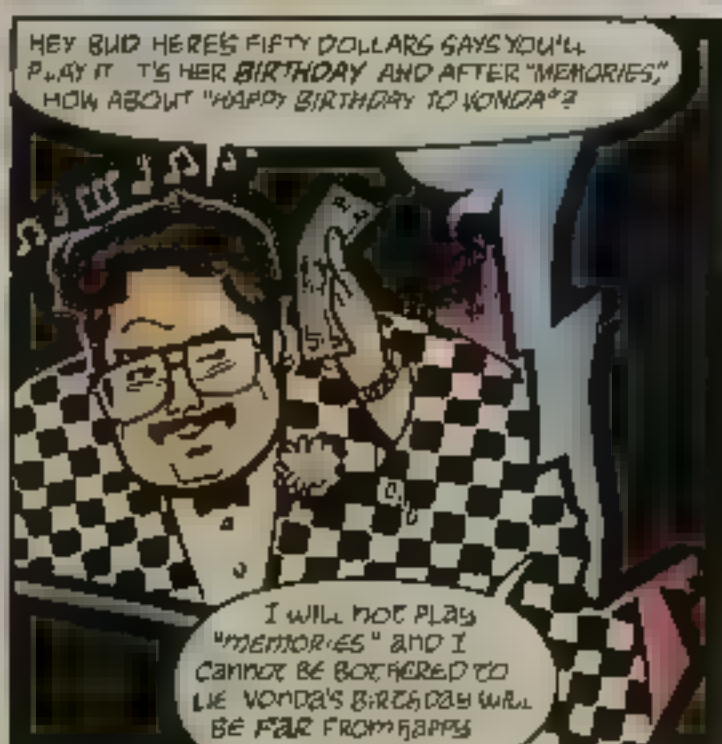
BUT IT WOULD MEAN SPENDING TIME AWAY FROM DANIEL.

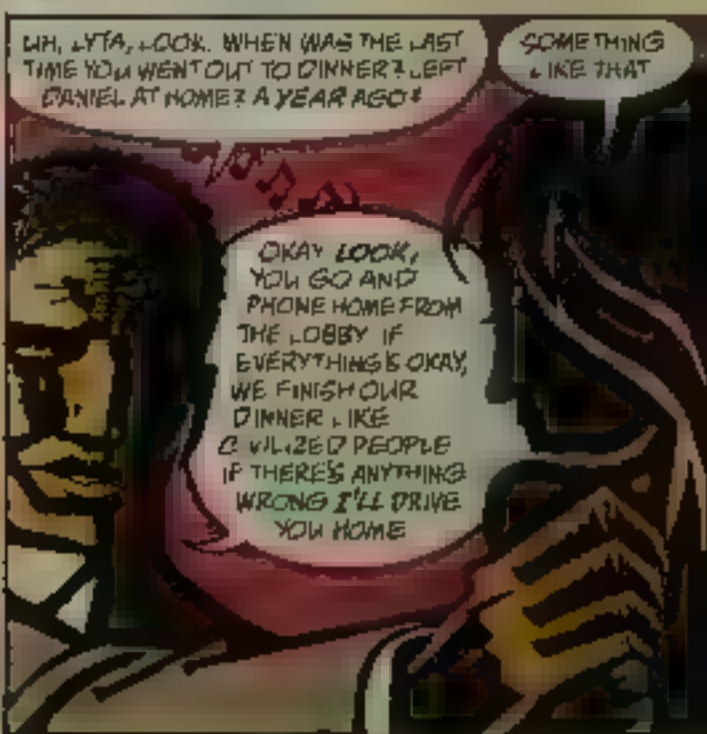


WELL, MAYBE A LITTLE. BUT IF YOU WANT AN IN-OFFICE CRECHE AND CAREGIVER, THAT COULD BE ARRANGED.

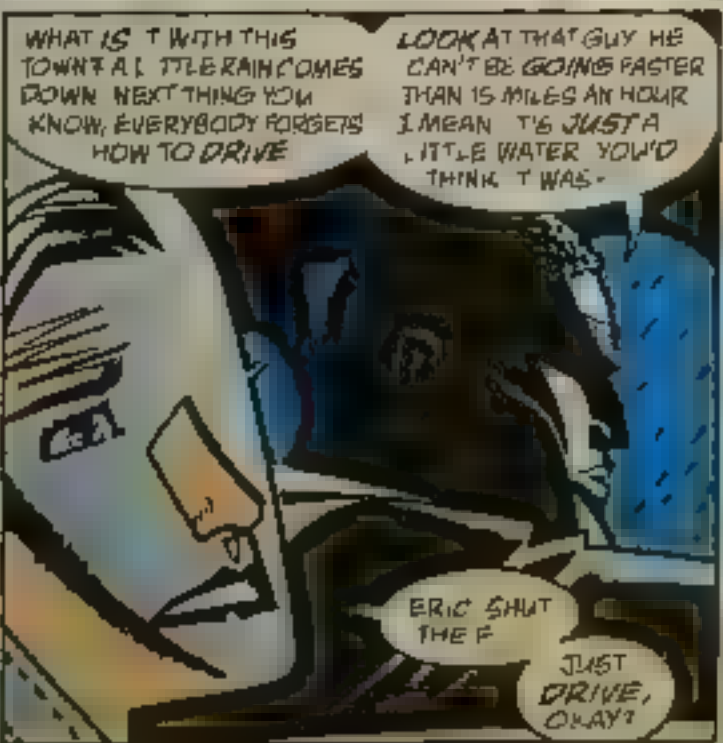
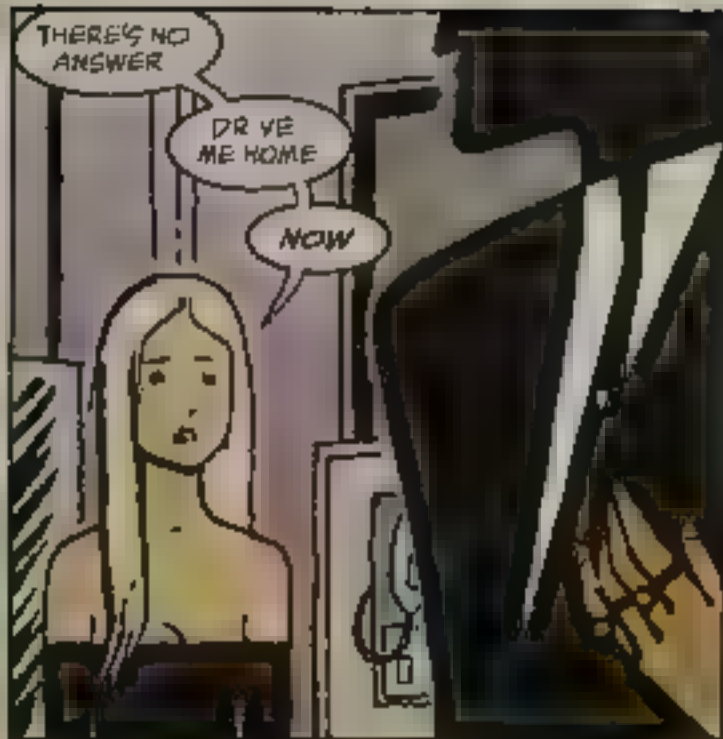
OKAY. LET'S HOLD OFF ON THE BUSINESS. I'M READY TO ORDER. ARE YOU READY TO ORDER?













TO BE CONTINUED

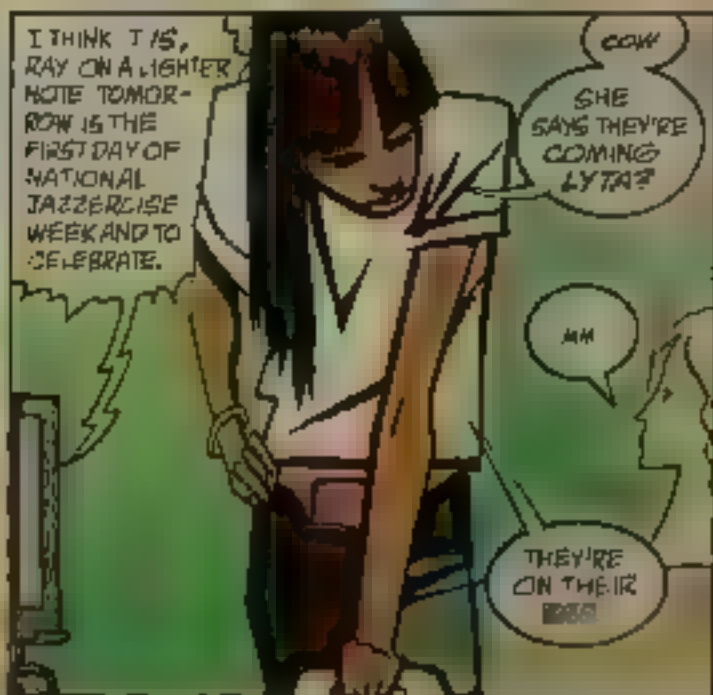
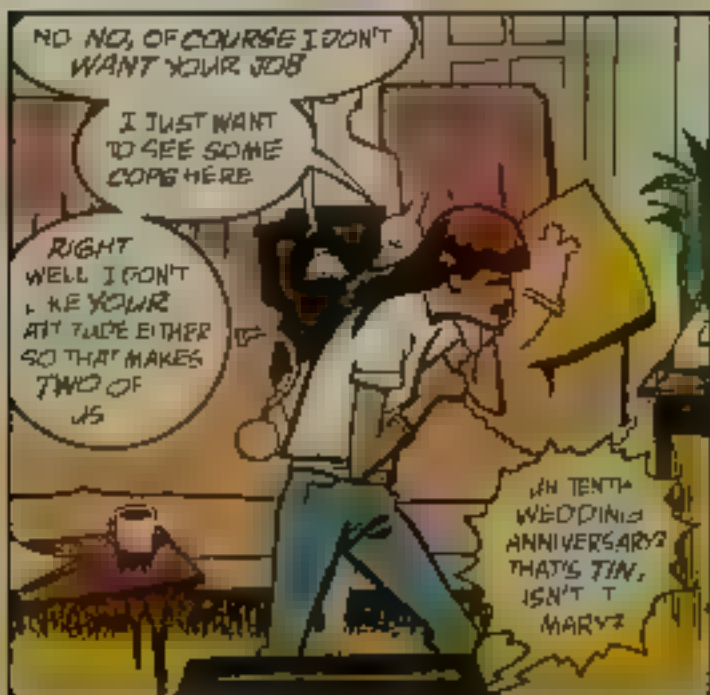
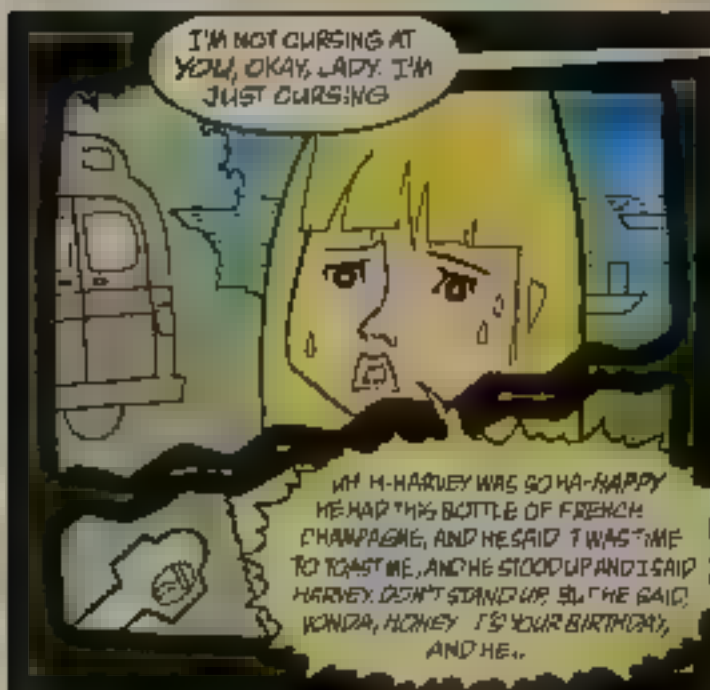


# Part, Two



1894



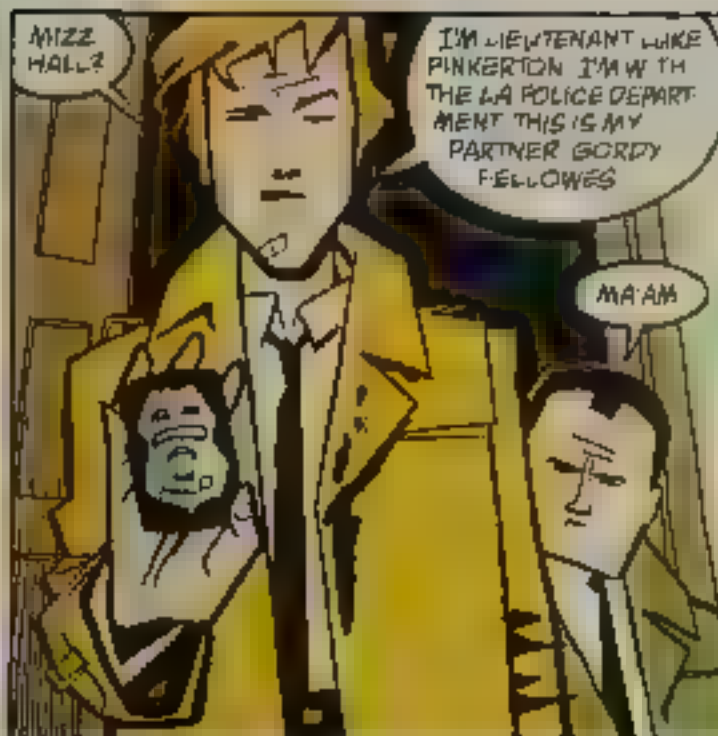






LYTA?

LYTA, HONEY,  
THE POLICE ARE  
HERE TO  
SEE YOU



WIZZ  
HALL?

I'M LIEUTENANT LUKE  
PINKERTON I'M WITH  
THE LA POLICE DEPART-  
MENT THIS IS MY  
PARTNER GORDY  
FELLOWES

MA AM



NOW I UNDERSTAND THAT YOUR SON  
HAS BEEN ABDUCTED. THIS IS  
OBVIOUSLY A VERY TRAUMATIC TIME  
FOR YOU WE DON'T WANT TO MAKE  
IT ANY HARDER

DANIEL  
HIS NAME IS  
DANIEL

DANIEL  
RIGHT CAN  
YOU TELL US WHAT  
HAPPENED?



I WENT OUT THIS  
EVENING LATE IT'S A  
RESTAURANT I GOT A BAD  
FEELING AND WANTED TO  
COME HOME WHEN I GOT  
HERE MY SON HAD  
BEEN STOLEN

THE  
BABYSITTER WAS  
ASLEEP ON THE  
FLOOR

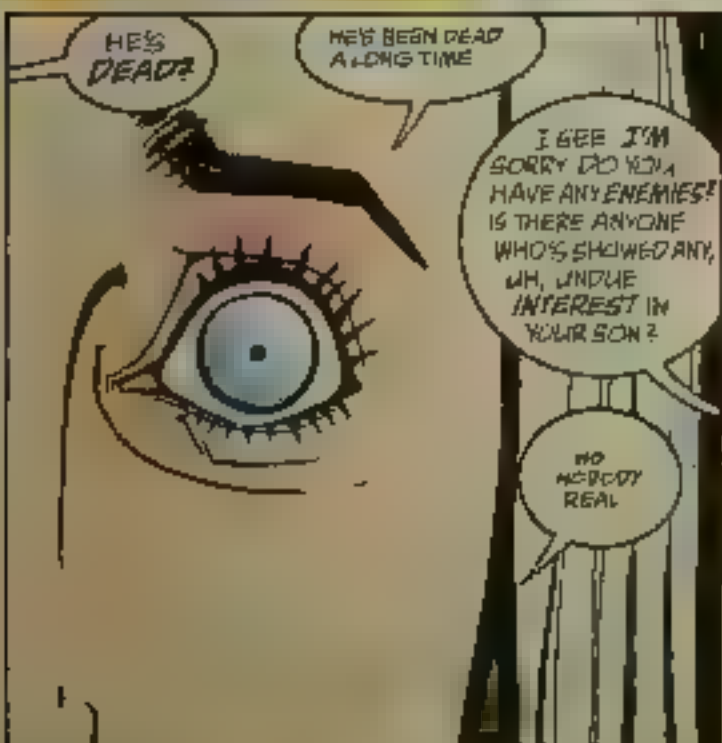


DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA OF  
ANY PERSON WHO COULD HAVE  
BEEN RESPONSIBLE?

NO.

MA AM,  
CAN WE TALK  
TO THE CHILD'S  
FATHER?

SURE  
YOU GOT A  
GUEST BOARD  
WITH YOU?



HE'S  
DEAD?

HE'S BEEN DEAD  
A LONG TIME

I SEE I'M  
SORRY DO YOU  
HAVE ANY ENEMIES?  
IS THERE ANYONE  
WHO'S SHOWED ANY  
WH, UNDUCE  
INTEREST IN  
YOUR SON?

NO  
NOBODY  
REAL



YOUR  
BABYSITTER  
YOU SAY SHE WAS  
ASLEEP?

LIKE A DEAD  
THING

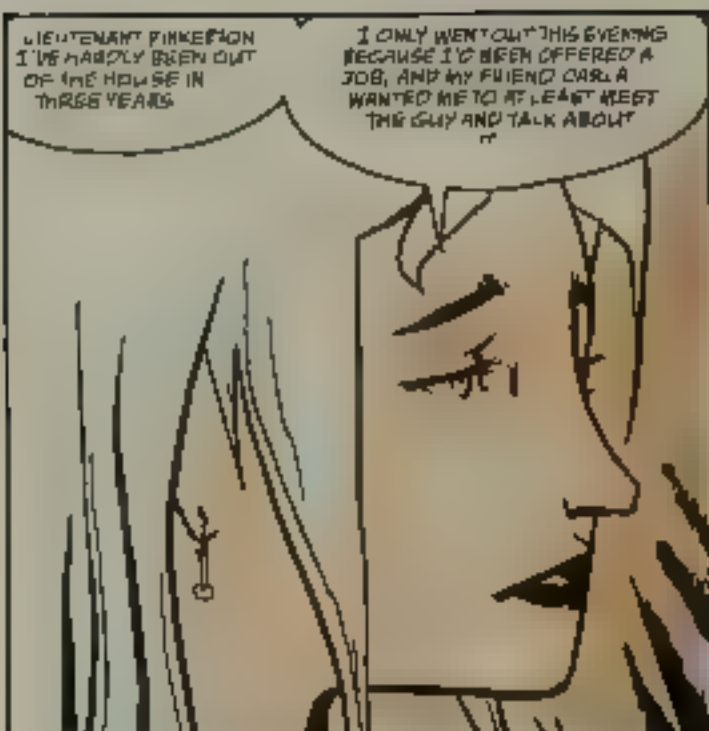
SHE USE  
DRUGS?

I WOULDN'T  
HAVE ENTRUSTED MY  
SON TO SOMEONE WHO  
DIDN'T SEEM VERY  
RESPONSIBLE

SHE  
BABYSIT FOR  
YOU OFTEN?

LIEUTENANT  
PINKWATER

PINKERTON  
LIKE THE DETEC  
TIVE AGENCY  
PINKERTON



LIEUTENANT FINKEFION  
I'VE HARDLY BEEN OUT  
OF THE HOUSE IN  
THREE YEARS

I ONLY WENT OUT THIS EVENING  
BECAUSE I'D BEEN OFFERED A  
JOB, AND MY FRIEND CARL  
WANTED ME TO AT LEAST MEET  
THE GUY AND TALK ABOUT  
IT



HE DROVE ME  
BACK HERE

SO, NO, SHE'S NOT  
MY REGULAR BABYSITTER,  
BUT I DON'T HAVE A  
REGULAR BABYSITTER

SHE'S LOOKED  
AFTER JAMAL A FEW  
TIMES NOW. HE LIKES  
HER. HE CALLS HER  
WOSIE



DO YOU KNOW HOW...  
WHOEVER TOOK YOUR SON...  
GOT IN TO THE APARTMENT?

THE DOORS WERE  
LOCKED. THERE WAS  
A WINDOW OPEN IN MY  
BEDROOM. MAYBE  
THEY GOT OUT THROUGH  
THERE. I DON'T  
KNOW

YEAH. WELL. THAT'S A  
POSSIBILITY



WE'LL TAKE A  
LOOK AROUND NOW,  
IF YOU DON'T MIND.  
AND I'LL NEED TO  
TALK TO THE  
BABYSITTER

SHE'S  
DOWNSTAIRS.  
THAT'S WHERE  
SHE LIVES

SHE WANTED  
TO STAY UP HERE,  
BUT LYTA MADE HER  
GO HOME. THE  
POOR KID WAS  
REALLY UPSET



ANZZ HALL? WE'RE TRYING  
TO HELP YOU KNOW THAT?

YES  
I DO

WE CAN  
ONLY DO THAT  
IF YOU HELP  
US

I AM  
HELPING  
YOU

HEY, THIS  
OUTSIDE DOOR.  
ALL THE LOCKS  
HAVE BEEN  
MESSED UP



MAMAM? I THOUGHT YOU SAID  
THE DOORS WERE LOCKED  
WHEN YOU GOT HERE

THEY  
WERE

WELL, THESE LOCKS  
ARE DESTROYED. IT  
LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE  
HIT THIS DOOR WITH  
A TRUCK

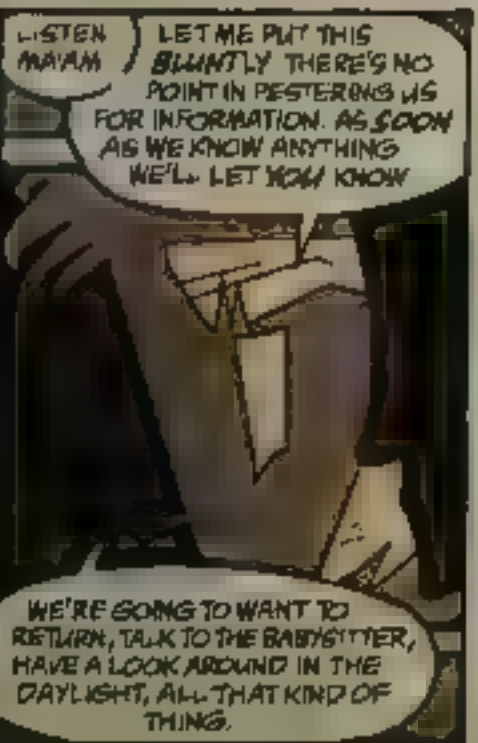
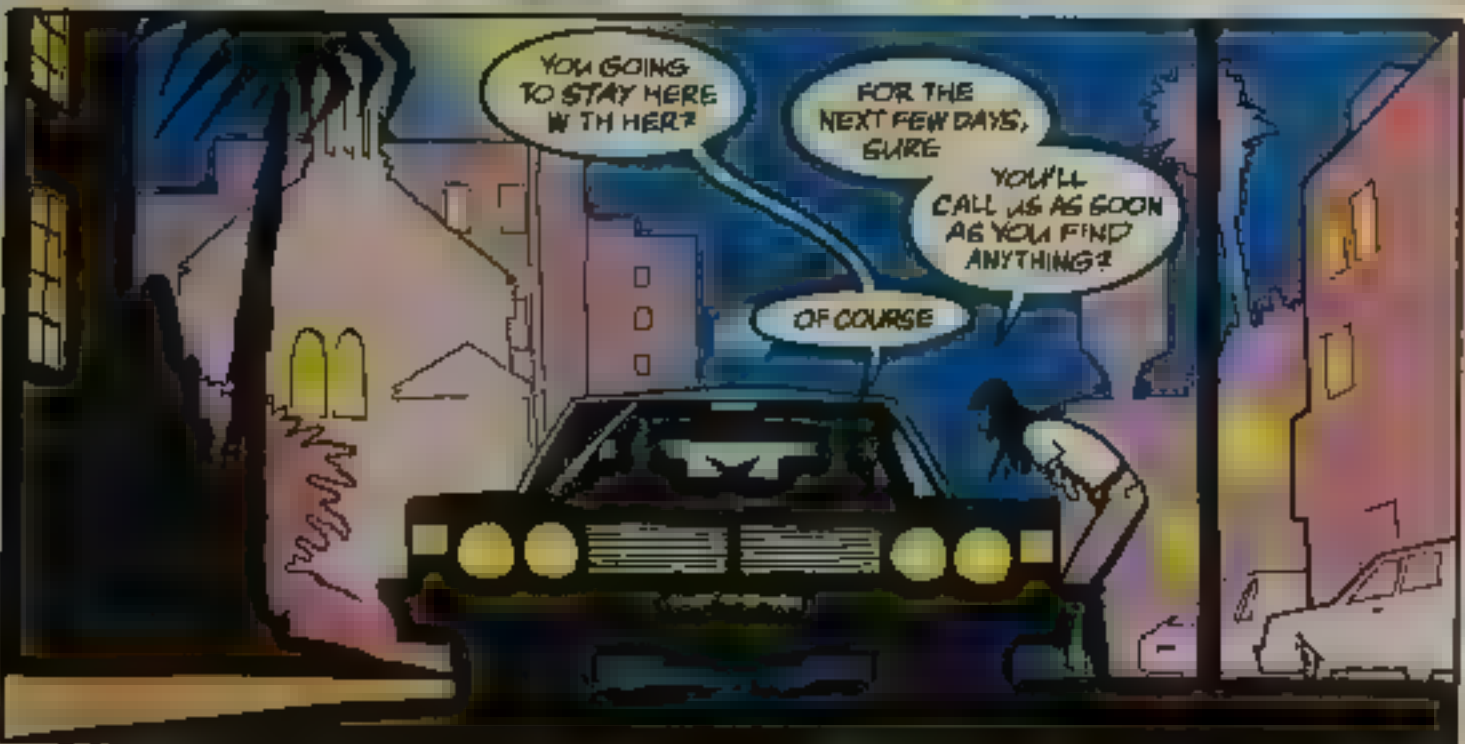


ME

IT WASN'T A  
TRUCK. THE KEY GOT  
STUCK. SO I  
PUSHED

THAT  
WAS ME





# THE KINDLY ONES! 2

WRITTEN BY  
NEIL GAIMAN

DRAWN BY  
MARC  
HEMPER

INKED BY  
D'ISRAELI

LETTERED BY  
TODD KLEIN  
COLORED BY  
DANIEL VOLIO  
SEPARATIONS BY  
ANDROID IMAGES  
EDITED BY  
KAREN BERGER  
ASSISTED BY  
SHELLY ROEBERS

SANDMAN GAIMAN  
CHARACTERS KIEITH  
CREATED BY DRINGEN  
BERG



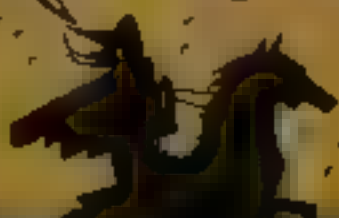
HAIL!

HALT,  
STRANGER AND  
ANNOUNCE  
YOURSELF.



CLURACAN  
OF FAERIE  
AMBASSADOR  
IN EXTRAORDI-  
NARY TO HER  
MAJESTY, THE  
QUEEN OF THE  
GEELIE COURT

AND YOU  
ARE HERE AS  
AN ENVOY,  
CLURACAN? WE  
WERE NOT NOTIFIED  
THAT WE SHOULD  
EXPECT YOU



I AM HERE AS A  
PRIVATE INDIVIDUAL  
I HAVE COME TO SEE  
MY SISTER, THE LADY  
IN THIS REALM

AN  
WAIT  
THERE







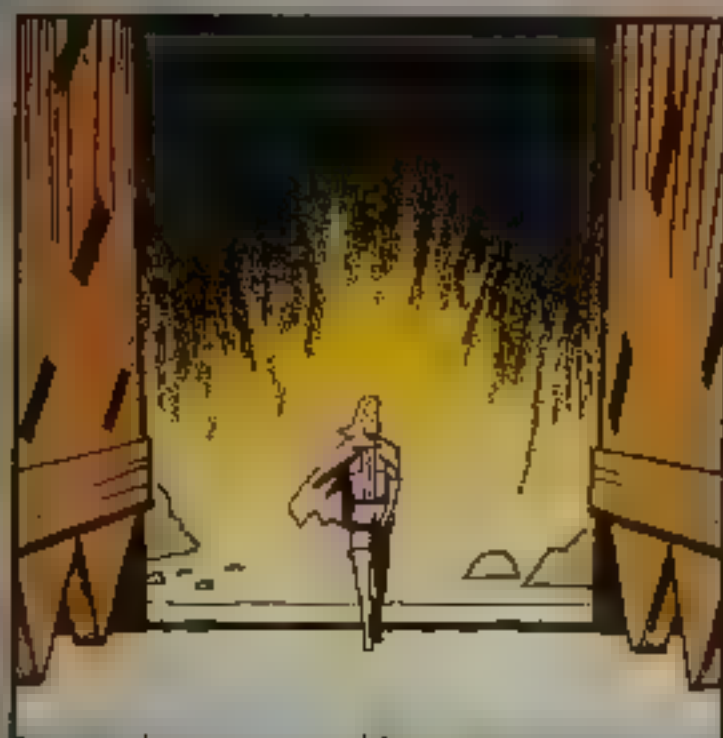
WE HAVE  
CONFERRED WITH  
OUR LORD YOU  
ARE TO BE ADMIT-  
TED, AS A GUEST,  
UPON THE UNDER-  
STANDING THAT  
YOU ARE SOLELY  
AND WHOLLY  
RESPONSIBLE  
FOR YOUR  
ACTIONS

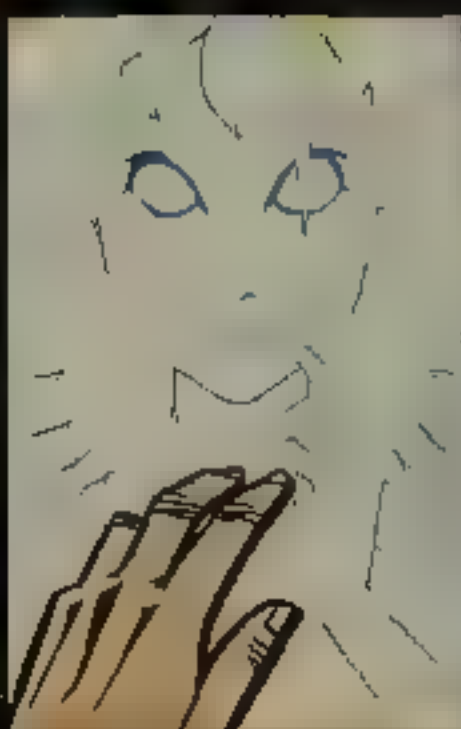
BUT OF  
COURSE



VERY WELL, CLURACAN DISMOUNT AND ENTER  
LEAVE YOUR HORSE HERE IT WILL BE STABLED  
AND GROOMED.

FAIRY KEEP  
TO THE PATH AND  
IT WILL TAKE  
YOU TO YOUR  
SIST











YOU ARE AN IDIOT I DON'T BELIEVE IT

YOU CAN JUST COUNT YOURSELF LUCKY THAT THE GRYPHON TOLD ME YOU WERE COMING, AND I RAN DOWN HERE TO MEET YOU

HOW COULD YOU?

CLURACAN HOW COULD YOU?



AND THAT STAG. DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU DID IN THERE? YOU COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED!

THAT WAS YOUR NEMESIS.

YOU'VE CREATED YOUR NEMESIS

HOW COULD YOU?



YOU HAVE TO KEEP TO THE PROPER PATHS IN THIS PLACE IT'S RAW DREAM STUFF & DANGEROUS.

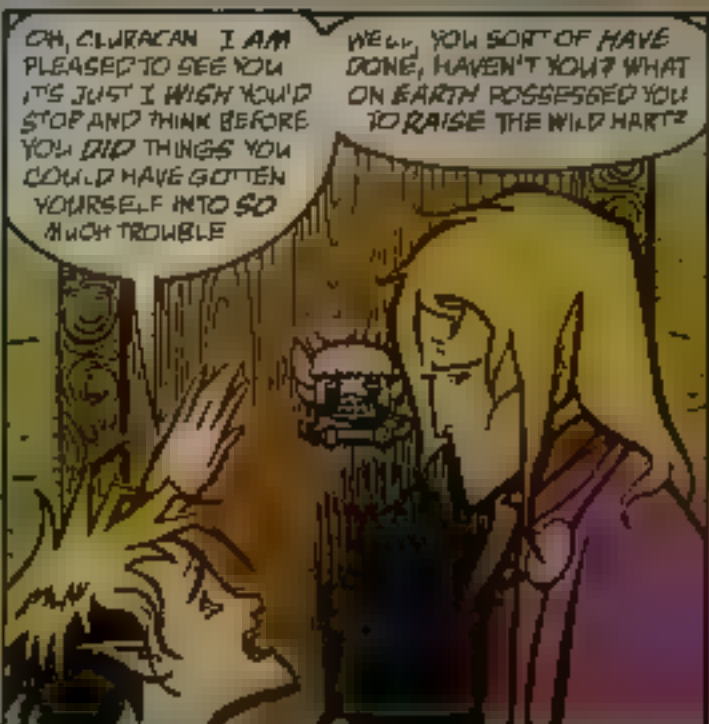
LET'S GO TO MY QUARTERS

I

I MEANT NO HARM I WAS CURIOUS.

I

OH, CLURACAN I AM SORRY TRULY SORRY I WAS A MOST STUPID THING TO DO



OH, CLURACAN I AM PLEASED TO SEE YOU IT'S JUST I WISH YOU'D STOP AND THINK BEFORE YOU DID THINGS YOU COULD HAVE GOTTEN YOURSELF INTO SO MUCH TROUBLE

WELL, YOU SORT OF HAVE DONE, HAVEN'T YOU? WHAT ON EARTH POSSESSED YOU TO RAISE THE WILD HART?





I DIDN'T  
REALIZE

THERE WAS  
SOMETHING IN MY  
THROAT TICKLING  
I HAD TO GET IT  
OUT

MMPH  
AND YOU'RE  
LATE

LATE?

YOU SAID  
YOU WOULD COME  
AND SEE ME SOON,  
YOU SAID THAT WAS  
THREE YEARS  
AGO

ST  
DOWN OVER  
THERE



AH YES I SUPPOSE I AM A LITTLE LATE  
OUR QUEEN HAS KEPT ME BUSY

WHO DID YOUR  
DECORATING?

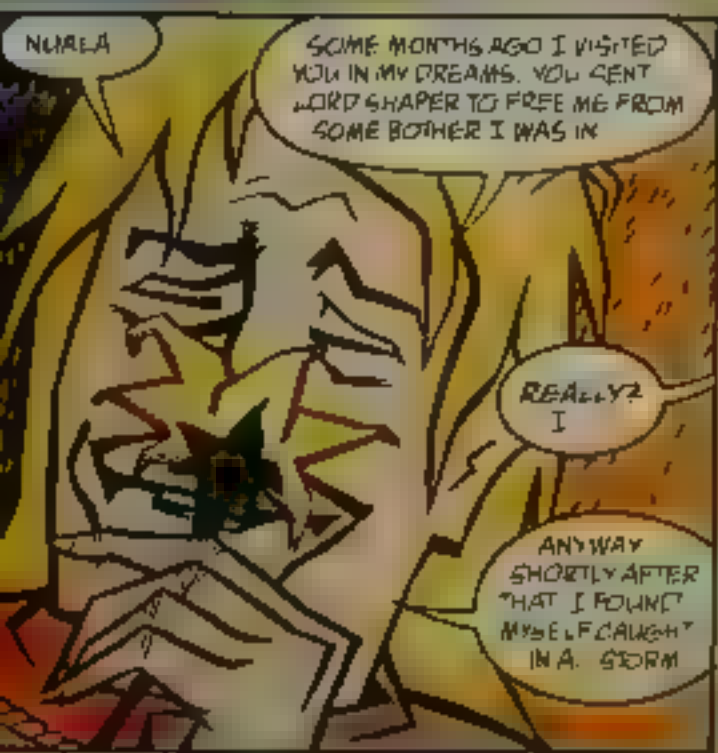
THE LORD  
SHAPER GAVE ME  
THESE QUARTERS  
HE HAD THE PALACE  
CREW MAKE THEM LOOK  
LIKE THIS IT WAS  
KIND OF HIM



WOULD YOU LIKE SOMETHING TO EAT? THERE  
ARE MANY FLOWERS HERE AND FINE  
NECTARS TO DRINK

I'LL TAKE WINE,  
IF YOU HAVE SOME  
A RED?

AH I WISH  
YOU WOULDN'T DRINK  
SO MUCH I DON'T  
THINK IT'S GOOD FOR  
YOU I'LL FIND SOME  
FOR YOU



NURLA

SOME MONTHS AGO I VISITED  
YOU IN MY DREAMS. YOU SENT  
LORD SHAPER TO FREE ME FROM  
SOME BOTHER I WAS IN

REALLY?  
I

ANYWAY  
SHORTLY AFTER  
THAT I FOUND  
MYSELF CAUGHT  
IN A STORM



I TOOK REFUGE IN THE INN AT THE END  
OF ALL WORLDS IT'S ONE OF THE FOUR  
FREE HOUSES

I HAVE  
HEARD OF  
THE PLACE

AND I  
SAW  
CERTAIN  
THINGS  
THERE

WHAT  
KIND OF  
THINGS?



I'D RATHER NOT SAY I SAW CERTAIN THINGS, THROUGH A WINDOW, AND, WHEN THE STORM WAS OVER, I RETURNED HOME AND TOLD THEM TO OUR LADY AND SHE

WELL, SHE SENT ME HERE



SHE SENT YOU? BUT YOU'RE NOT HERE AS AN OFFICIAL ENVOY - ?

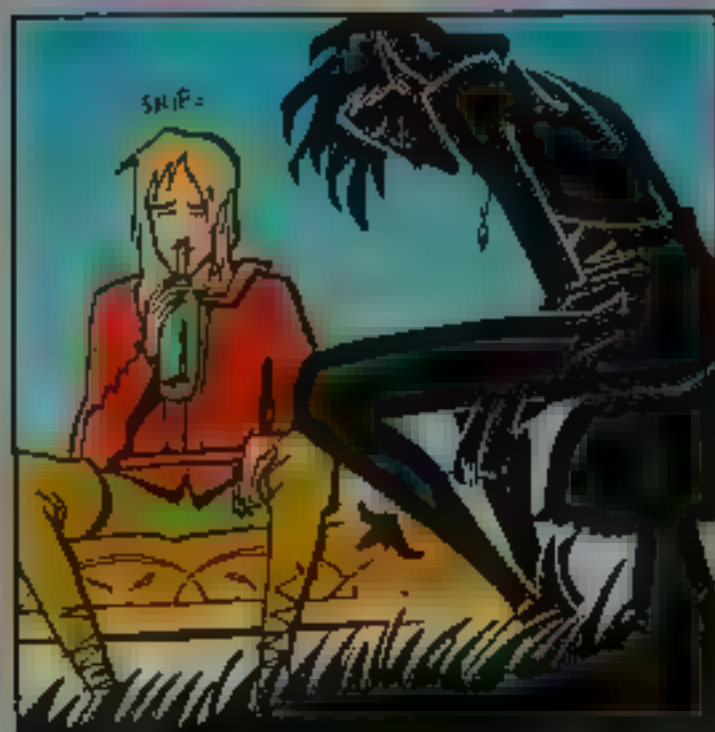
NO. I'M NOT SHE SENT ME TO TALK TO YOU

SHE SAYS IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO COME HOME



OH

POP!

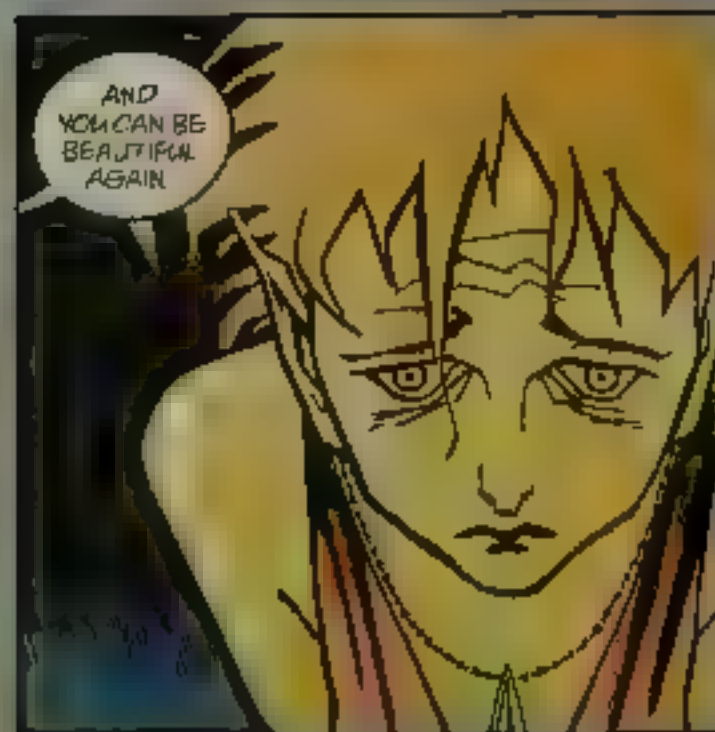


SHIF=



WON'T IT BE WONDERFUL?

IT WILL BE SO VERY FINE, WITH YOU ONCE MORE IN FAGRIE THE SEELIE COURT HAS DOZENS OF DELIGHTFUL NEW INTRIGUES FOR YOU TO CATCH UP ON.



AND YOU CAN BE BEAUTIFUL AGAIN



YOU CAN BE THE ICE MAIDEN ONCE MORE LA BELLE DAME SANS MERC. EH?

HOW MANY YOUNG MEN KILLED THEMSELVES FOR LOVE OF YOU OVER THE YEARS, MY SISTER? HOW MANY SIMPLY PALED AND PINED AWAY FOR YOU?



THEY'LL BE DOING IT AGAIN DROVES  
OF THEM POSITIVE MULTITUDES  
HORDES.

"O, NHALA, DO YOU BLIT  
GLANCE IN MY GENERAL DIRECTION  
ELSE I MUST SURELY DIE "

I'VE NEVER HAD YOUR TALENT  
FOR ATTRACTING MEN WHEN YOU HAVE  
YOUR GLAMOUR ON, OF COURSE.  
NOT NOW.



BUT AT LEAST I'VE  
KNOWN WHAT TO DO WITH  
THE ONES I DID GET.

WHAT  
DO I DO  
NOW?

WELL,  
YOU  
PROBABLY  
NEED TO  
PACK

IT'S NOT THAT  
EASY, CLURACAN YOU  
GAVE ME TO LORD SHAPER  
WELL, OUR LADY DID.  
WELL, YOU BOTH  
DID



I WAS A PRESENT  
I WAS A BRIBE

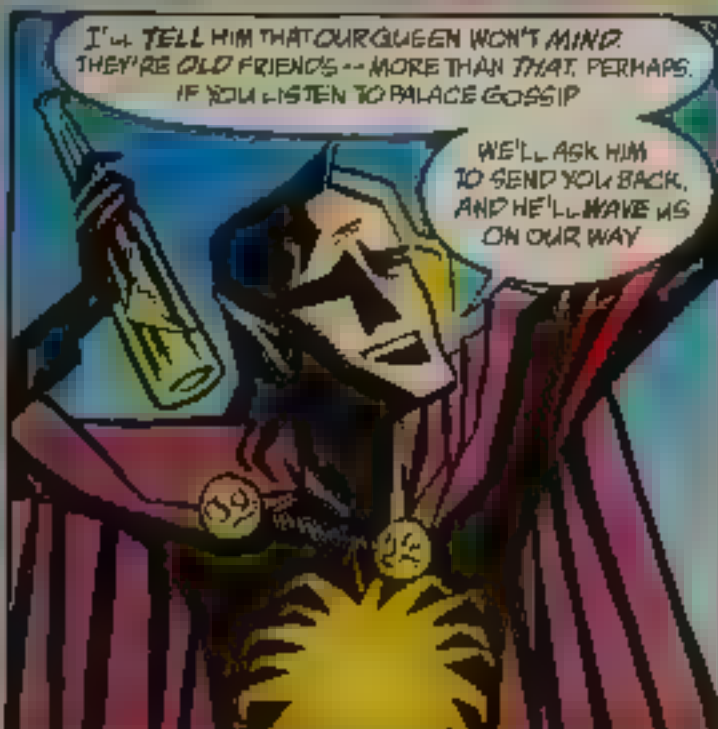
AND HE  
ACCEPTED  
ME

HE'S NOT GOING  
TO JUST GIVE ME BACK  
BECAUSE YOU SAY  
TIME'S UP AND I  
WANT TO GO HOME



I'LL TELL HIM THAT OUR QUEEN WON'T MIND  
THEY'RE OLD FRIENDS -- MORE THAN THAT, PERHAPS.  
IF YOU LISTEN TO PALACE GOSSIP

WE'LL ASK HIM  
TO SEND YOU BACK,  
AND HE'LL HAVE US  
ON OUR WAY



AND WHEN WE'RE AT IT  
I COULD ASK HIM TO DESTROY  
THE WILD HART

YOU'RE THE ONLY  
ONE WHO CAN FIGHT  
THE HART, CLURACAN  
AND IT'S PROBABLY  
NO LONGER EVEN IN  
THE CASTLE PROBABLY  
NOT EVEN IN THE  
DREAMING



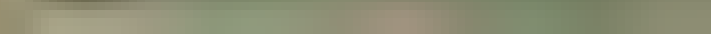
I WISH  
YOU'D  
THINK

Sigh

THE SHAPER  
WON'T LET ME GO  
I KNOW HIM HE'LL  
SAY NO,  
CLURACAN

WELL  
THEN  
LET'S GO  
AND ASK  
HIM





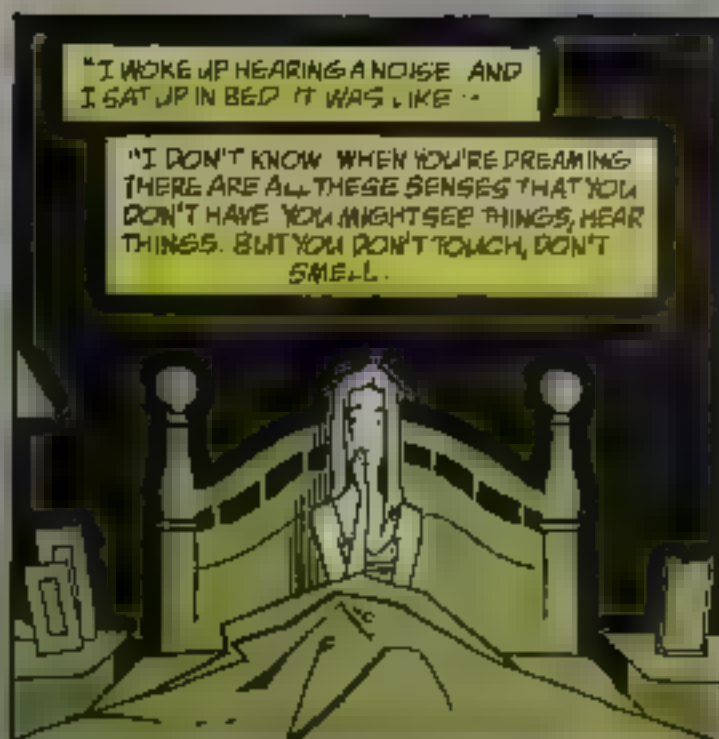




I WOKE UP

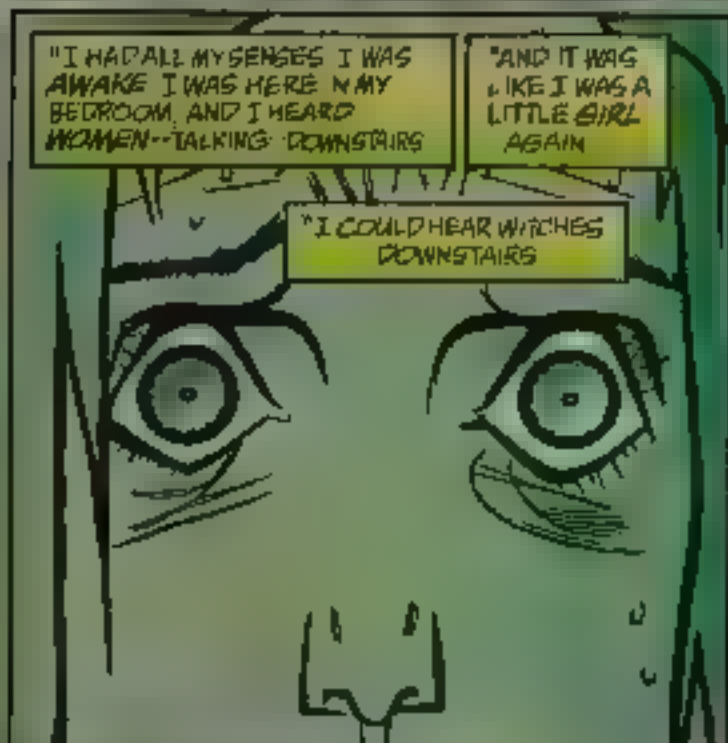
I KNOW THAT I WOKE YOU

NO. I  
MEAN IN MY  
DREAM I  
WOKE UP



"I WOKE UP HEARING A NOISE AND  
I SAT UP IN BED IT WAS LIKE --

"I DON'T KNOW WHEN YOU'RE DREAMING  
THERE ARE ALL THESE SENSES THAT YOU  
DON'T HAVE YOU MIGHT SEE THINGS, HEAR  
THINGS. BUT YOU DON'T TOUCH, DON'T  
SMELL.



"I HAD ALL MY SENSES I WAS  
AWAKE I WAS HERE IN MY  
BEDROOM, AND I HEARD  
WOMEN--TALKING DOWNSTAIRS

"AND IT WAS  
LIKE I WAS A  
LITTLE GIRL  
AGAIN

"I COULD HEAR WITCHES  
DOWNSTAIRS



"REAL WITCHES.  
THE KINDS I WAS  
SCARED OF,  
WHEN I WAS A  
LITTLE GIRL  
THERE WERE  
WITCHES WHO  
WOULD EAT YOUR  
HEART LIKE  
HANSEL AND  
GRETEL THOSE  
KINDS OF WITCHES

"AND I WAS REALLY SCARED  
BUT I HAD TO GET UP



"SO I WENT TO THE DOOR TO THE LIVING ROOM  
BUT THERE WASN'T A LIVING ROOM ANYMORE  
JUST STAIRS DOWN

"I WAS SO  
SCARED

"I WAS SO DREAD-  
FULLY SCARED"

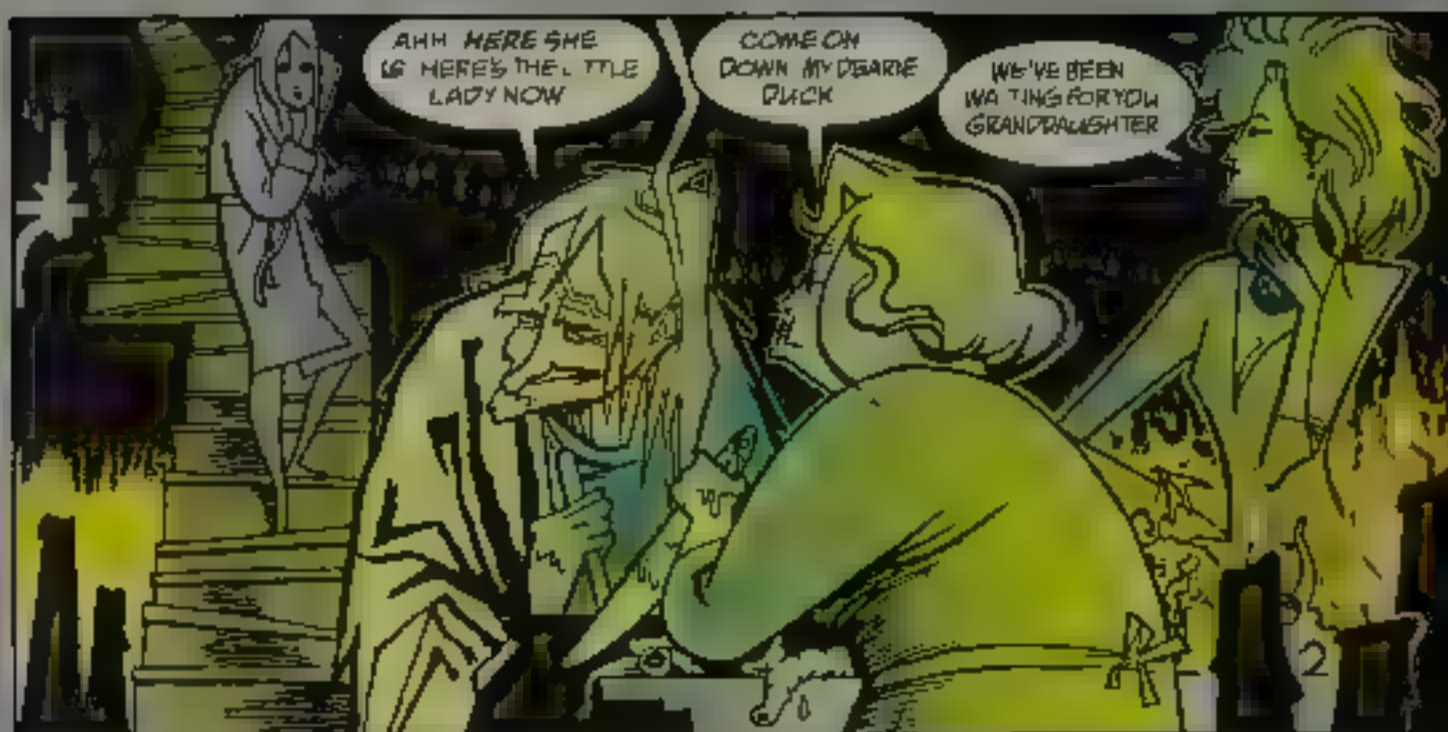


ARE YOU SURE  
IT'S A FINGER? IT'S  
VERY SMALL

IT WAS  
A VERY SMALL  
BABY

DITCH  
DELIVERED?

AND BIRTH  
STRANGLED JUST  
LIKE T SAYS IN THE  
RECIPE



AHH HERE SHE  
IS HERE'S THE LITTLE  
LADY NOW

COME ON  
DOWN MY DEARIE  
DUCK

WE'VE BEEN  
WAITING FOR YOU  
GRANDDAUGHTER

2

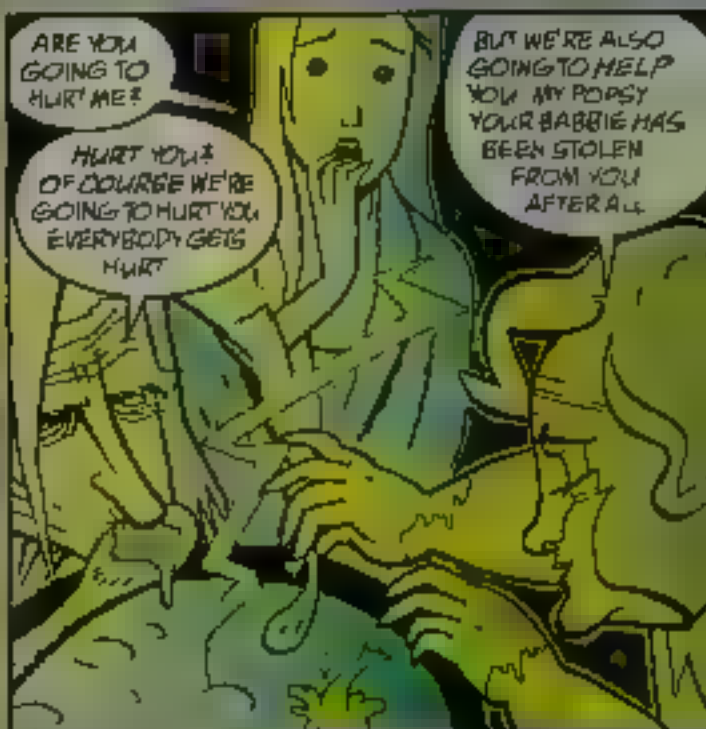


I DIDN'T KNOW THAT  
THERE WAS A DOWN-  
STAIRS, HERE

THERE'S A  
DOWNSTAIRS IN  
EVERYBODY  
THAT'S WHERE  
WE LIVE

I'M  
DREAMING

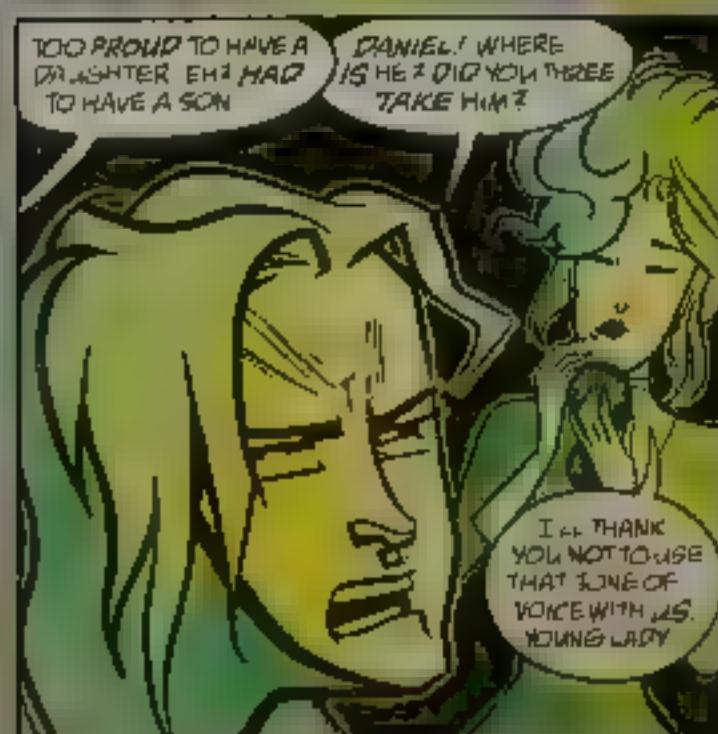
YOU'RE  
NOT



ARE YOU  
GOING TO  
HURT ME?

HURT YOU?  
OF COURSE WE'RE  
GOING TO HURT YOU  
EVERYBODY GETS  
HURT

BUT WE'RE ALSO  
GOING TO HELP  
YOU MY PORSY  
YOUR BABBIE HAS  
BEEN STOLEN  
FROM YOU  
AFTER ALL



TOO PROUD TO HAVE A  
DAUGHTER EH? HAD  
TO HAVE A SON

DANIEL! WHERE  
IS HE? DID YOU THREE  
TAKE HIM?

I LL THANK  
YOU NOT TO USE  
THAT LINE OF  
VOICE WITH US  
YOUNG LADY



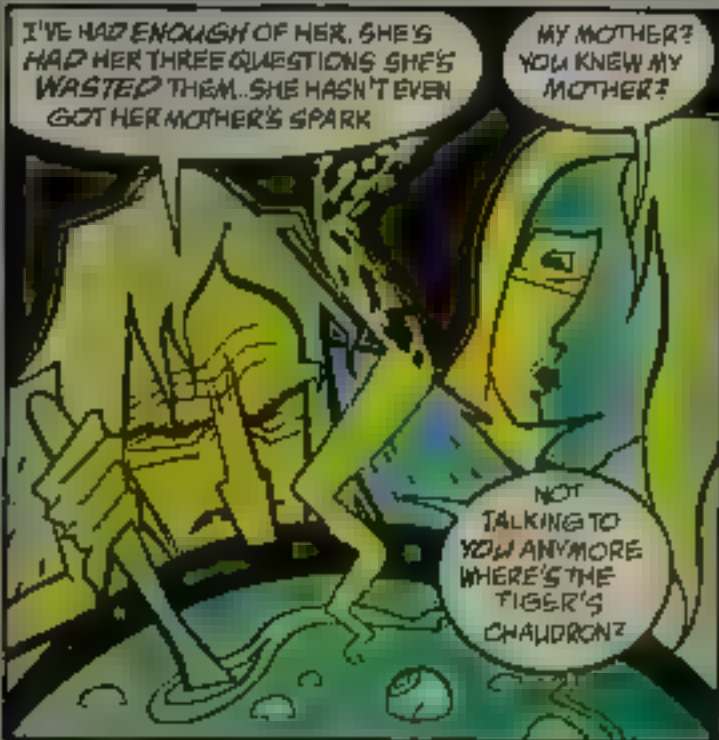
YOUNG LADY? ME? JESUS LIKE  
HOW OLD ARE YOU, RIMBO?

A LITTLE  
OLDER THAN  
MY TEETH  
AND AS OLD  
AS MY  
TONGUE

I WASN'T TALKING  
TO YOU I WAS TALKING  
TO HER

YOU WERE  
TALKING TO US,  
GRANDDAUGHTER





I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF HER. SHE'S HAD HER THREE QUESTIONS SHE'S WASTED THEM. SHE HASN'T EVEN GOT HER MOTHER'S SPARK

MY MOTHER? YOU KNEW MY MOTHER?

NOT TALKING TO YOU ANYMORE WHERE'S THE TIGER'S CHAUDRON?



CHAUDRON?

GUTS ENTRAILS

I THOUGHT IT WAS A COLOR AH HERE IT IS B T SMELLY. THOUGH

HOLD ON YOU DIDN'T ANSWER ALL MY QUESTIONS

YOU DIDN'T TELL ME WHERE DANIEL IS. I ASKED YOU THAT



THOSE WHO ASK DON'T GET.

AND THOSE WHO DON'T ASK DON'T WANT HEE! HEE!

YOU'RE RIGHT

DANIEL'S BEEN TAKEN FROM YOU YOU'VE MET ALREADY THOSE WHO TOOK HIM

WHERE IS HE RIGHT NOW?



THEY'RE GOING TO PUT HIM IN THE FIRE, MY LITTLE DADDY. ROOF

WHAT?

CHOP CHOP CHOP CHOP CHOP



THAT'S A LOT MORE THAN THREE QUESTIONS "WHAT?" INDEED HERE—HAVE A PORKIE PIE INSTEAD

IT IS COVERED IN MUD.

EVERYONE'S GOT TO EAT A PECK OF DIRT BEFORE THEY DIE



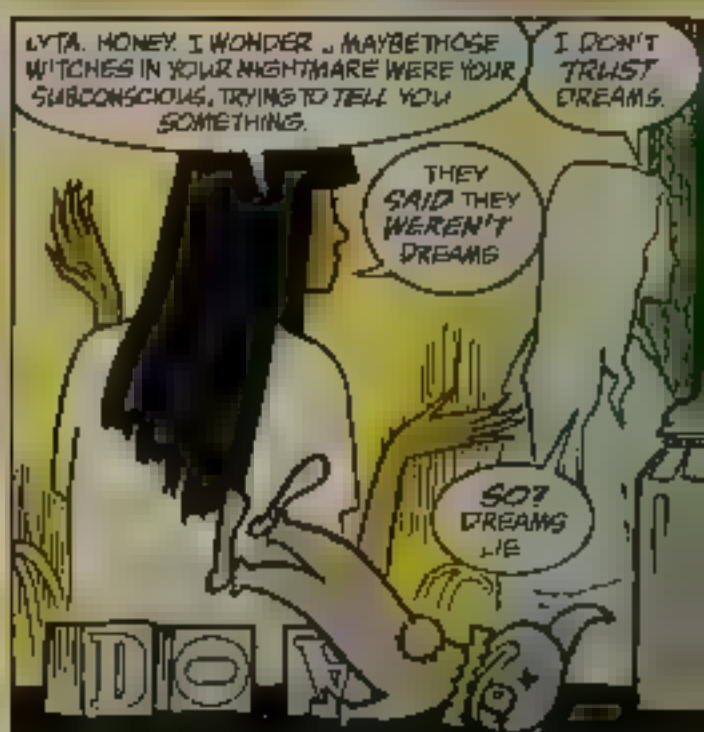
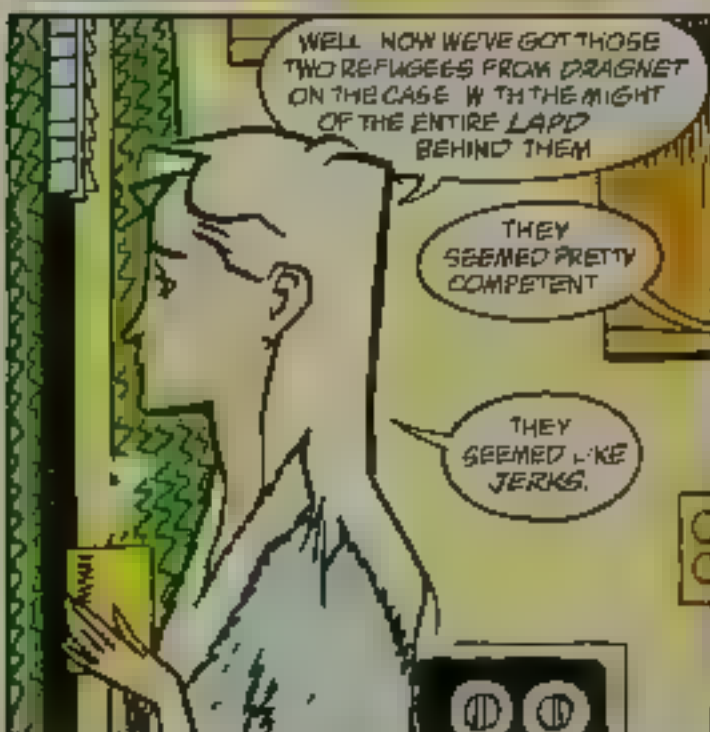
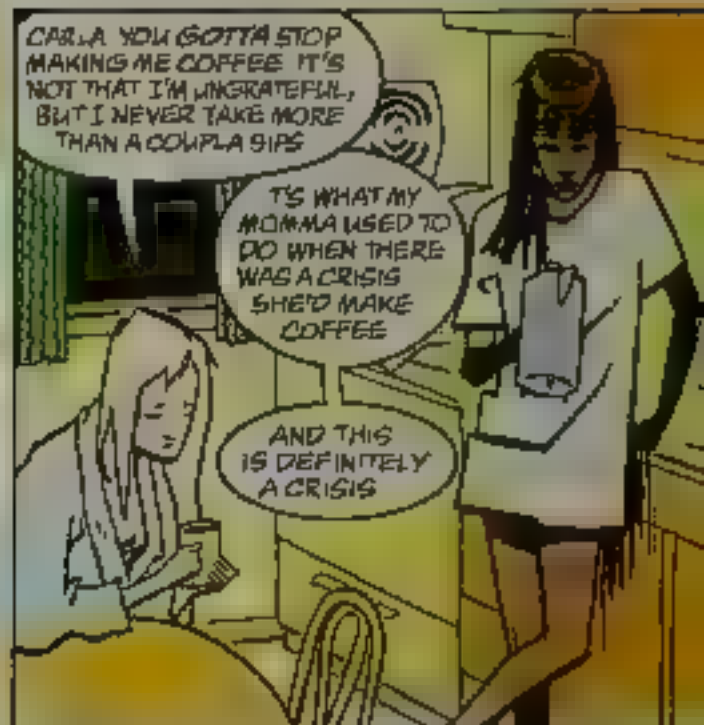
GRANDDAUGHTER, WE DO WANT TO HELP YOU

TH IS WAS THE FIRST TIME THERE WILL BE TWO MORE

NOW. POP HER IN THE POT LET'S SEE WHAT SHE'S MADE OF



NOOOOOO!





"WELL, WHAT DO WE DO NOW?"

"WE TALK TO HIM, I SUPPOSE"

"OF COURSE WE TALK TO HIM SISTER, I WAS NOT PROPOSING TO WRITE HIM A LETTER SO WHERE SHALL WE FIND YOUR FIRST WIFE LORD AND MASTER?"

I DON'T KNOW I NEVER HAD TO SEE HIM BEFORE

WELL SOMEBODY MUST KNOW

EXCUSE ME, MY FRIENDS?

YES?

WE NEED TO TALK TO THE LORD SHAPER

TO LORD MORRAPHUS? REALLY?

HOW DO WE GO ABOUT DOING THIS?

YOU'LL NEED TO SEEK AN AUDIENCE

OH HOW DO WE DO THAT?

I DON'T KNOW, DO YOU, MY SISTER?

NO, RUTHVEN

WE'VE NEVER SOUGHT ONE, YOU SEE

HAVE YOU ASKED LUCIEN? HE MIGHT HAVE A BOOK ON PALACE PROTOCOL

THANK YOU KINDLY YOU'VE BOTH BEEN MOST HELPFUL

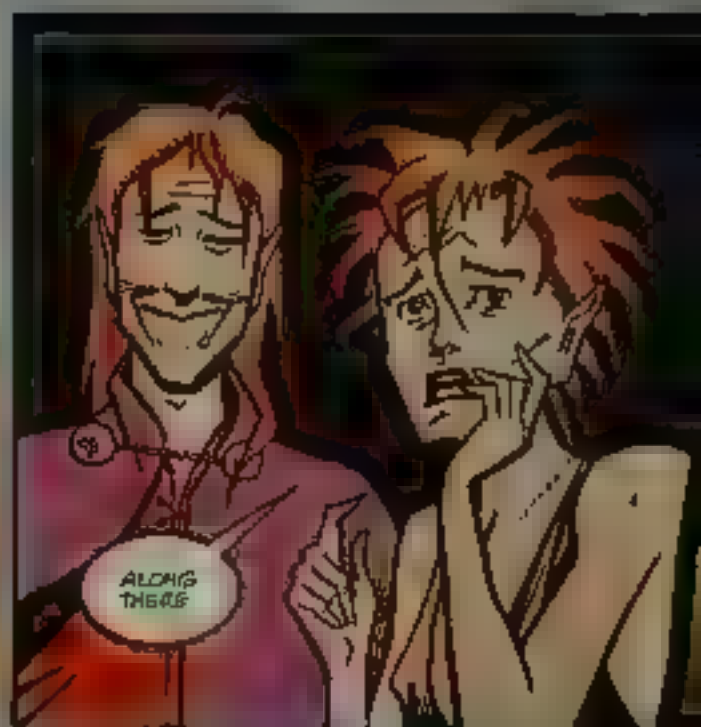
AU REVEVOIR



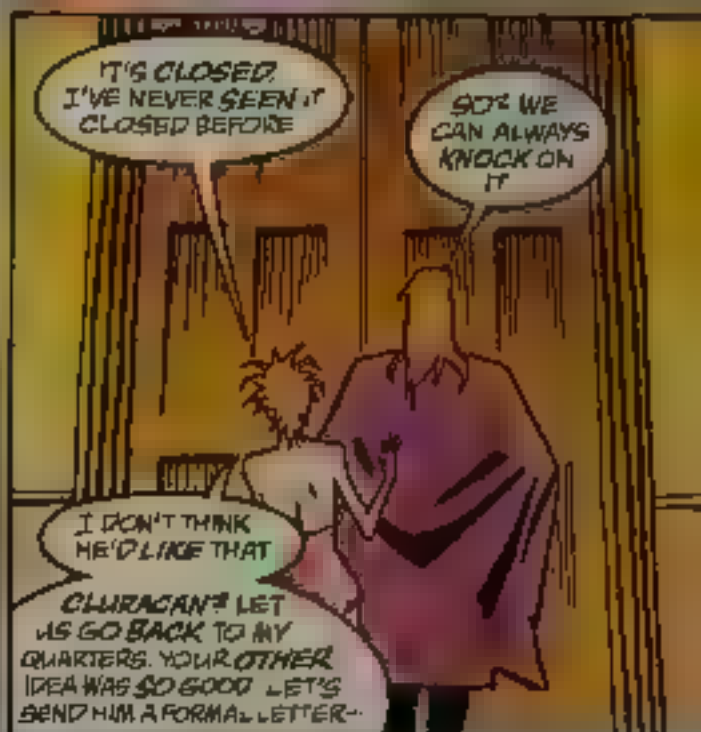
WE COULD SUMMON HIM

I...I WOULD NOT... I,

HM WHICH WAY IS THE THRONE ROOM?



ALONG THERE



IT'S CLOSED. I'VE NEVER SEEN IT CLOSED BEFORE

SO? WE CAN ALWAYS KNOCK ON IT

I DON'T THINK HE'D LIKE THAT

CLURACAN? LET US GO BACK TO MY QUARTERS. YOUR OTHER IDEA WAS SO GOOD LET'S SEND HIM A FORMAL LETTER-

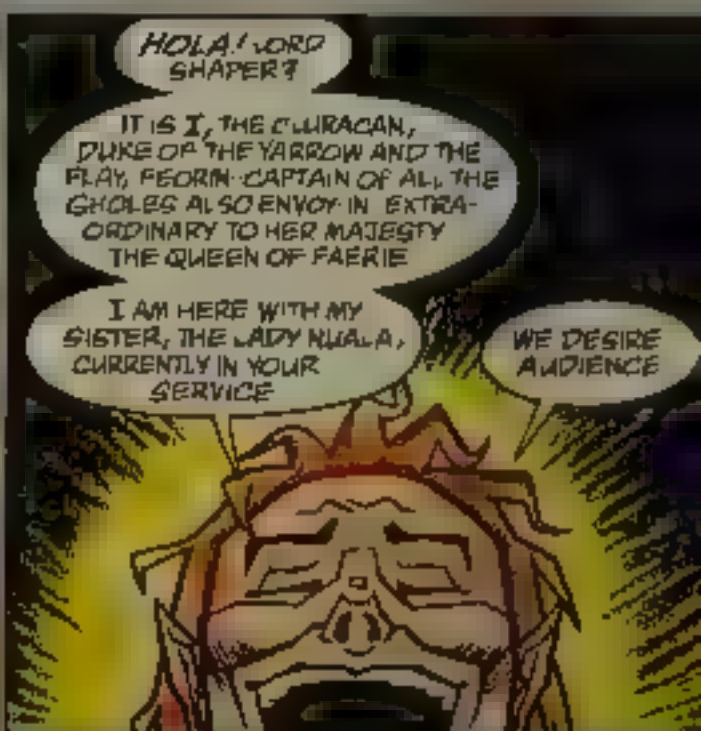


NONSENSE

THUD!

THUD!

THUD!



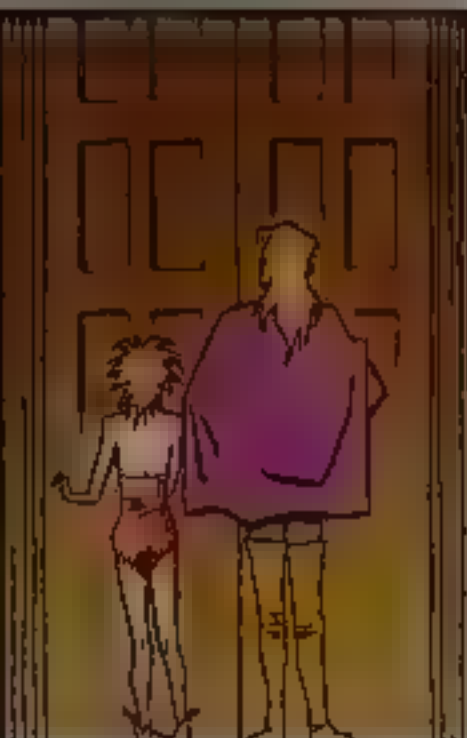
HOLA! LORD SHAPER?

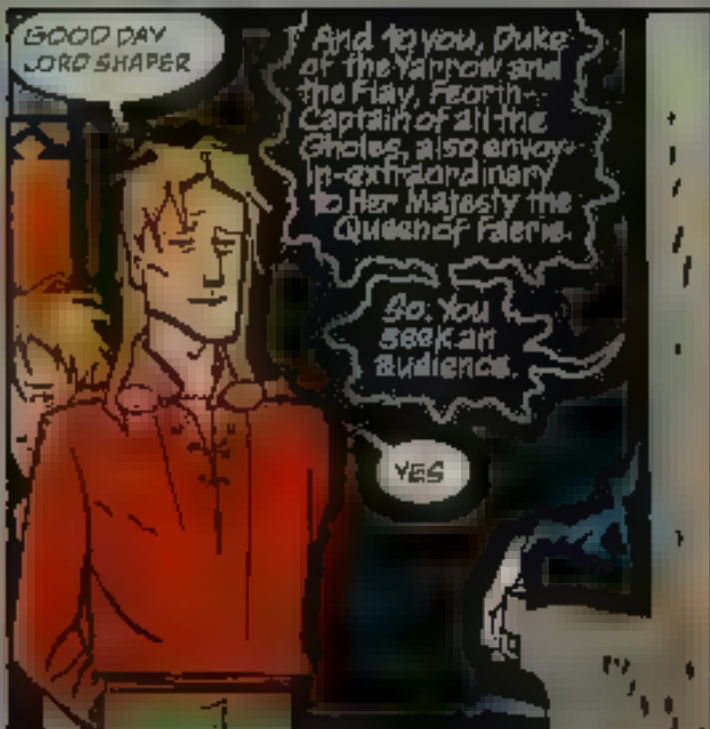
IT IS I, THE CLURACAN, DUKE OF THE YARROW AND THE FLAY, FEORIN- CAPTAIN OF ALL THE GHOLDS ALSO ENVOY IN EXTRA-ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF FAERIE

I AM HERE WITH MY SISTER, THE LADY NUALA, CURRENTLY IN YOUR SERVICE

WE DESIRE AUDIENCE







GOOD DAY  
LORD SHAPER

And to you, Duke  
of the Yarrow and  
the Flay, Fearin--  
Captain of all the  
Ghols, also enjoy  
in extraordinary  
to Her Majesty the  
Queen of Faerie.

So, you  
seek an  
audience.

YES



Why are you here,  
Cluracan?

I AM NOT  
HERE FOR MYSELF,  
SIRE, BUT FOR MY  
SISTER THE LADY  
NUALA

I see.

Your sister  
has served me  
well, Cluracan.

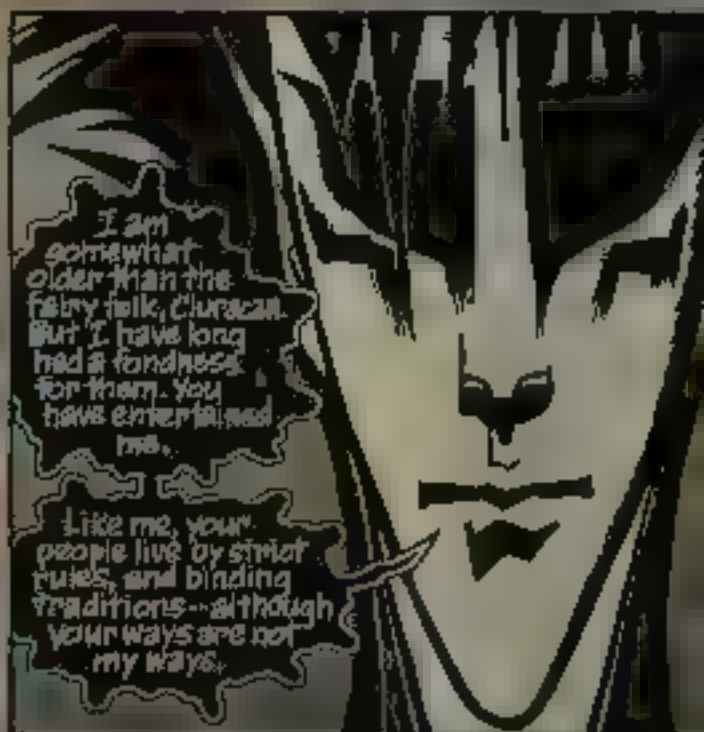


AS YOU SAID TO ME  
WHEN LAST WE SPOKE,  
SIRE, SHE HAS A GOOD  
HEART

I said  
that to you,  
Cluracan?

YES  
SIRE

Well, it's  
a truth.



I am  
somewhat  
older than the  
fairy folk, Cluracan.  
But I have long  
had a fondness  
for them. You  
have entertained  
me.

Like me, your  
people live by strict  
rules, and binding  
traditions--although  
your ways are not  
my ways.

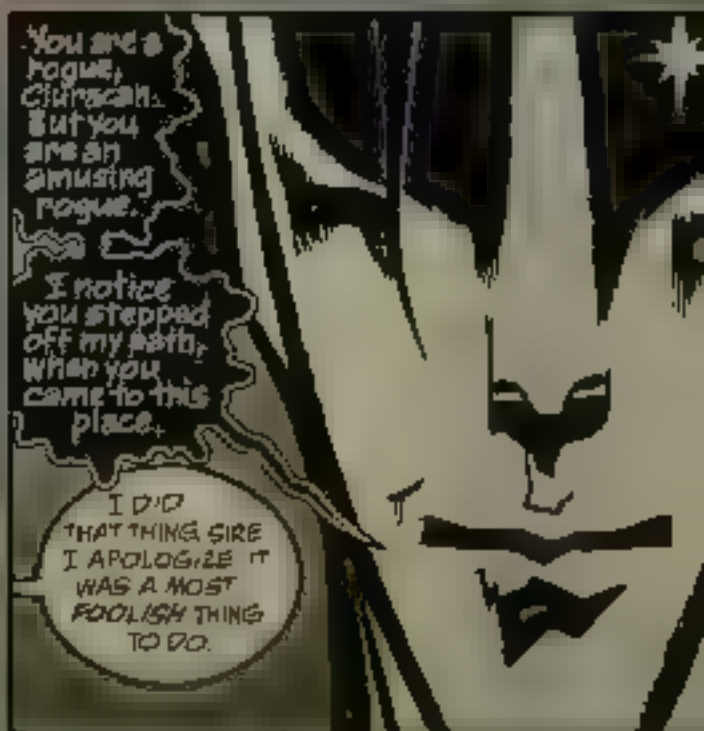


MY LORD, I HAVE COME  
TO ASK A FAVOR OF  
YOU. IT CONCERNS  
A GIFT

AND ARE YOUR  
OWN GIFTS ALWAYS  
WITHOUT CONSEQUENCE  
SIRE?

A gift?  
Hmmm...

Fairy gifts  
traditionally are  
double-edged  
knives.



You are a  
rogue,  
Cluracan.  
But you  
are an  
amusing  
rogue.

I notice  
you stepped  
off my path,  
when you  
came to this  
place.

I DID  
THAT THING, SIRE.  
I APOLOGIZE. IT  
WAS A MOST  
FOOLISH THING  
TO DO.



SIRE I AM, INADVERTENTLY  
FREED AN ANIMAL WHEN I DID  
THAT. I WAS WONDERING, IF YOU  
RAN INTO IT, IF IT'S NOT TOO MUCH  
TROUBLE, POSSIBLY YOU COULD?

Destroy your  
nemesis, Cluracan?  
No. It is no longer  
in the Dreaming;  
and it is not mine  
to destroy.

Is that the favor you  
wished to ask of me?

NO, SIRE

THE LADY  
NUALA SHE WAS  
A GIFT TO YOU.  
FROM MY  
QUEEN

I HAVE COME  
TO ASK IF SHE CAN  
RETURN TO FAERIE  
WITH ME ..

AS I WAS THE ONE WHO  
GAVE HER TO YOU, I WAS  
THE ONE WHO FELT IT WAS TIME  
TO ASK YOU FOR HER BACK SHE  
IS MUCH MISSED - HER CHEERY  
WAYS, HER WITTY JESTS ...  
YOU KNOW HOW IT IS

I see.  
And what  
does the lady  
Nuala say  
about all  
this?

SIR?

I YOU'VE BEEN VERY KIND, SIR FOR  
THE LAST THREE YEARS I SIR

I AM YOURS.  
WHAT YOU WISH  
IS ALSO WHAT  
I WISH

I see. And Cluracan, what  
does your Queen say?

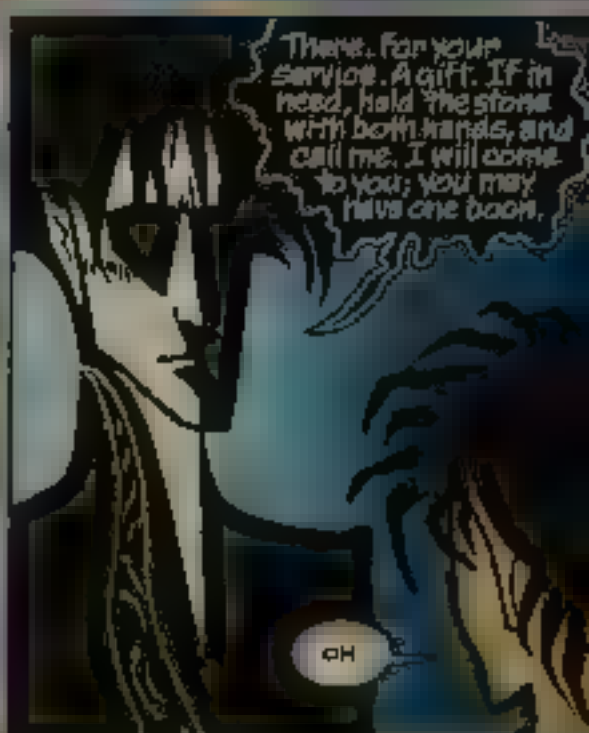
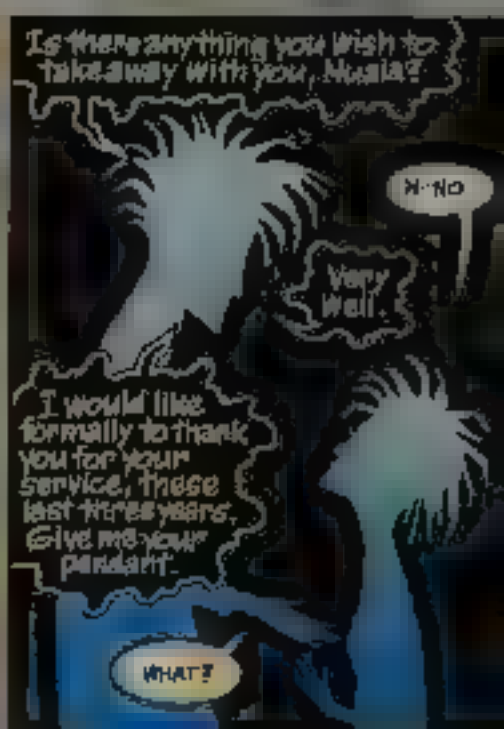
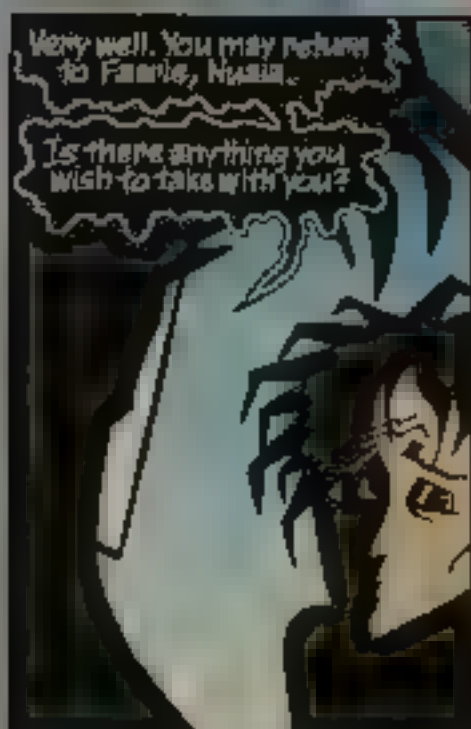
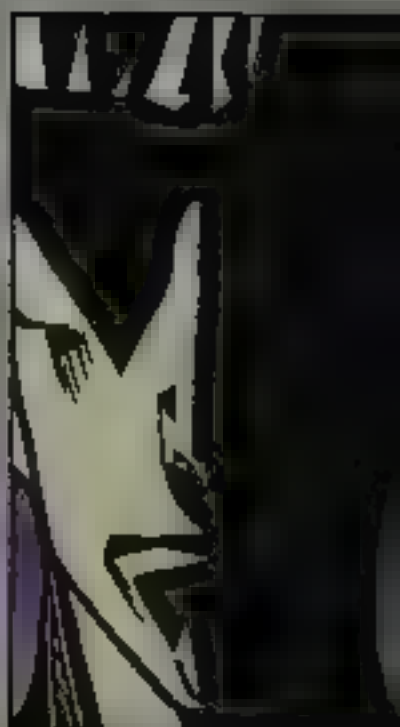
SIRE  
IT SHOULD BE UNDER-  
STOOD THAT I AM HERE  
AS A PRIVATE INDIVID-  
UAL, REPRESENTING  
ONLY MYSELF

I AM  
NOT HERE TO  
SPEAK FOR  
MY QUEEN

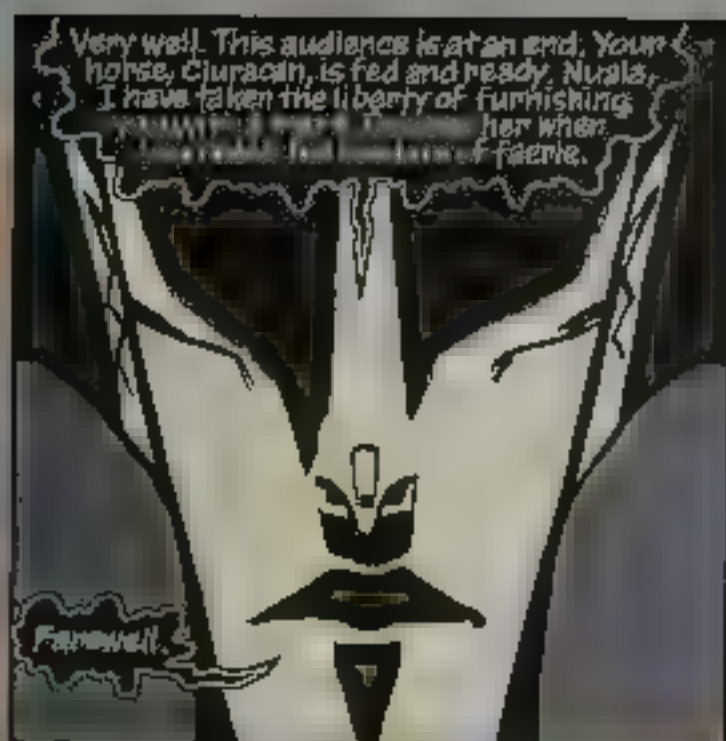
You try my  
patience, Faery.  
What does  
Titania say?

SPEAKING INFORMALLY,  
I CAN STATE THAT HER  
MAJESTY WOULD  
VIEW THE IDEA  
OF THE RETURN OF  
THE LADY NUALA  
WITH UNMIXED  
PLEASURE

I see.







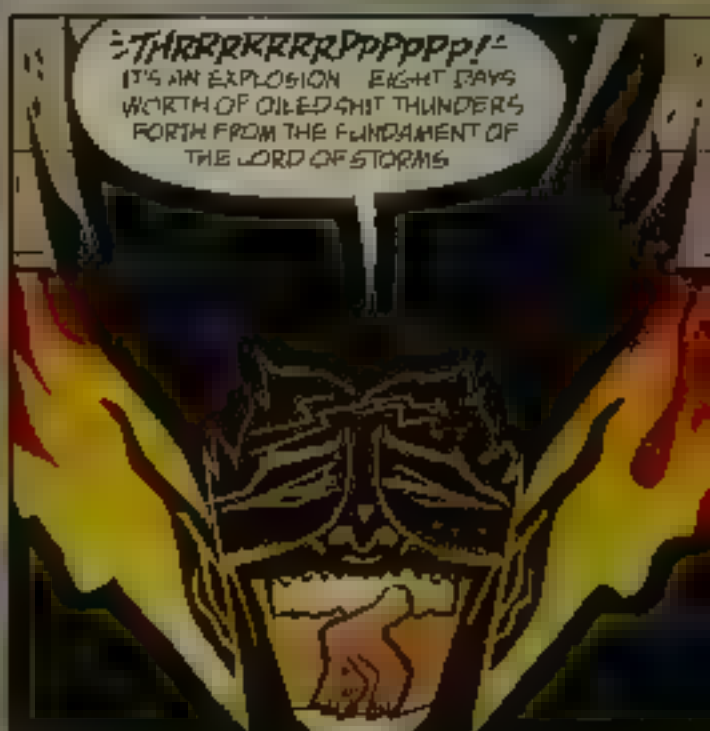
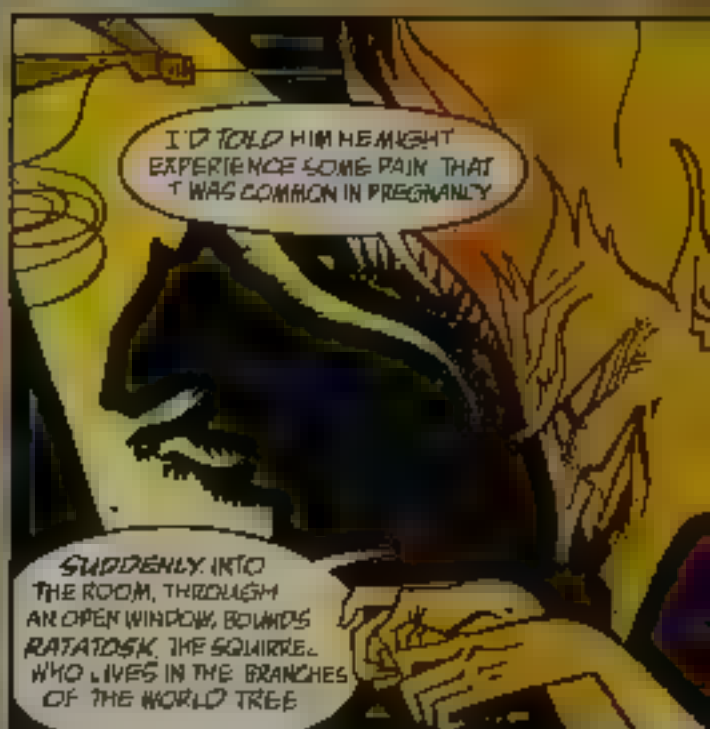
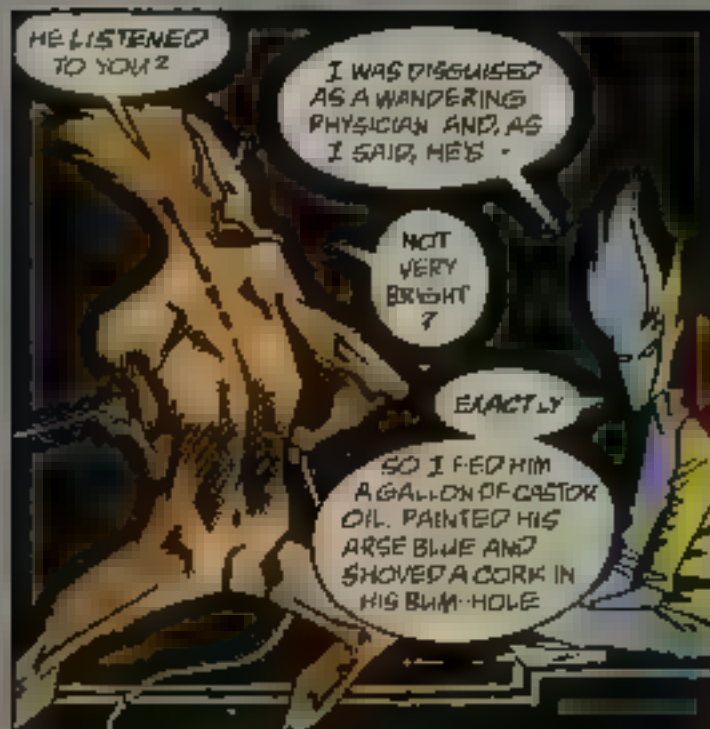
TO BE CONTINUED

Part  
III  
THE



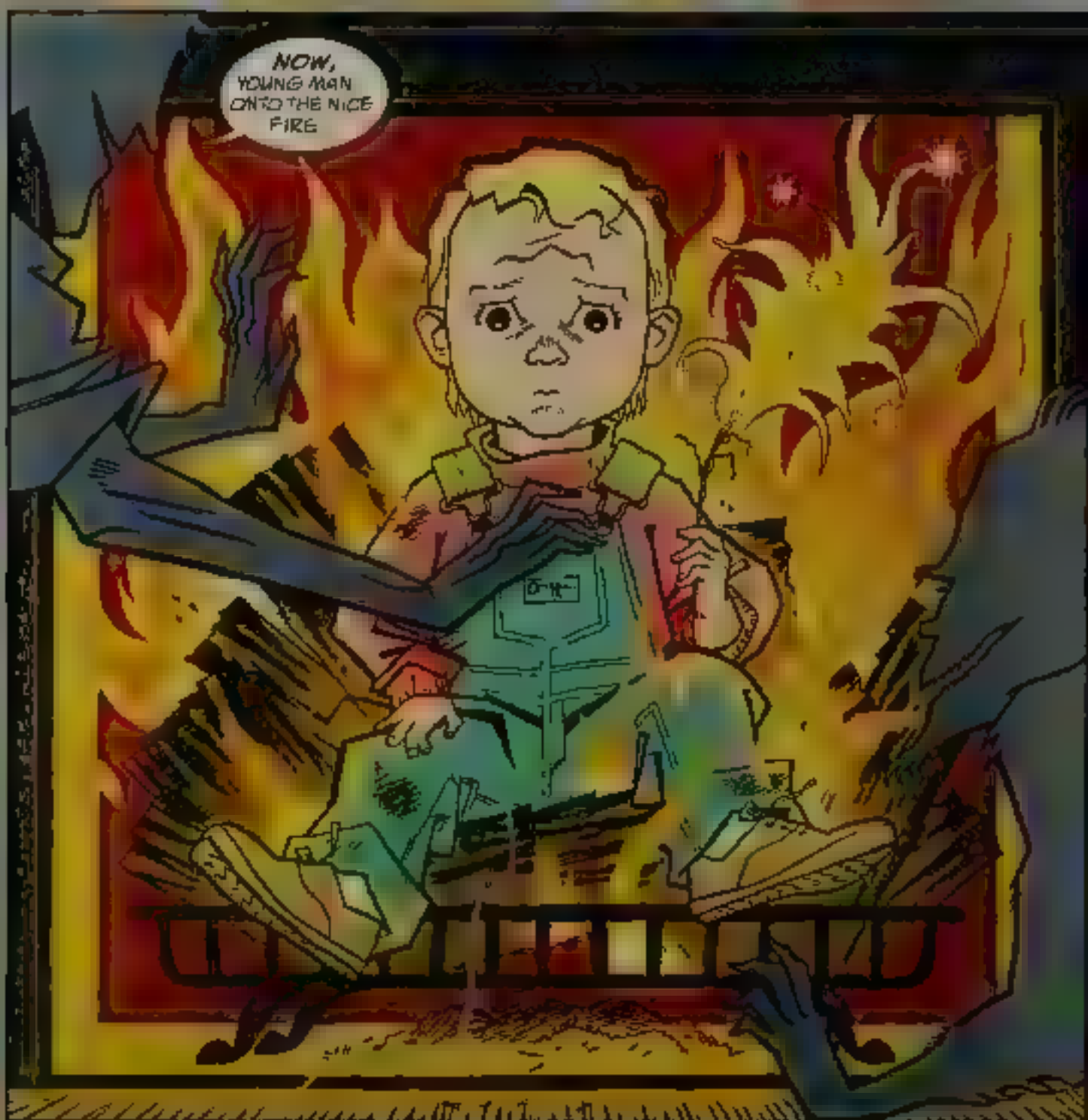














# THE KINDLAONES!

WRITTEN BY  
NEIL GAIMAN

DRAWN BY  
MARC  
HEMPER

INKED BY  
D ISRAELI

LETTERED BY  
TODD KLEIN  
COLORED BY  
DANIEL VOZZO  
SEPARATIONS BY  
ANDRIDD IMAGES  
EDITED BY  
KAREN BERGER  
ASSISTED BY  
SHELLY ROEBERG

SANDMAN CHARACTERS  
CREATED BY SANDMAN, KATH &  
DRINGEN BERG





LET'S SEE  
WHAT HAVE I  
GOT TO SAY

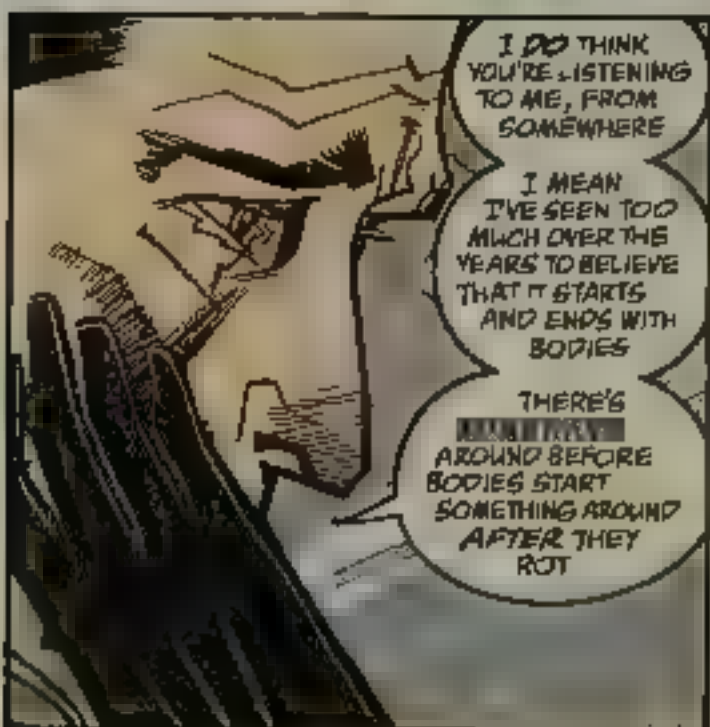


WELL, FIRST  
OF ALL, I HOPE  
THAT'LL TEACH  
YOU TO LOOK BOTH  
WAYS BEFORE  
CROSSING THE  
STREET

HAHHH...

OH SHIT.

I'M SORRY.



I DO THINK  
YOU'RE LISTENING  
TO ME, FROM  
SOMEWHERE

I MEAN  
I'VE SEEN TOO  
MUCH OVER THE  
YEARS TO BELIEVE  
THAT IT STARTS  
AND ENDS WITH  
BODIES

THERE'S  
MINUTELY  
AROUND BEFORE  
BODIES START  
SOMETHING AROUND  
AFTER THEY  
ROT

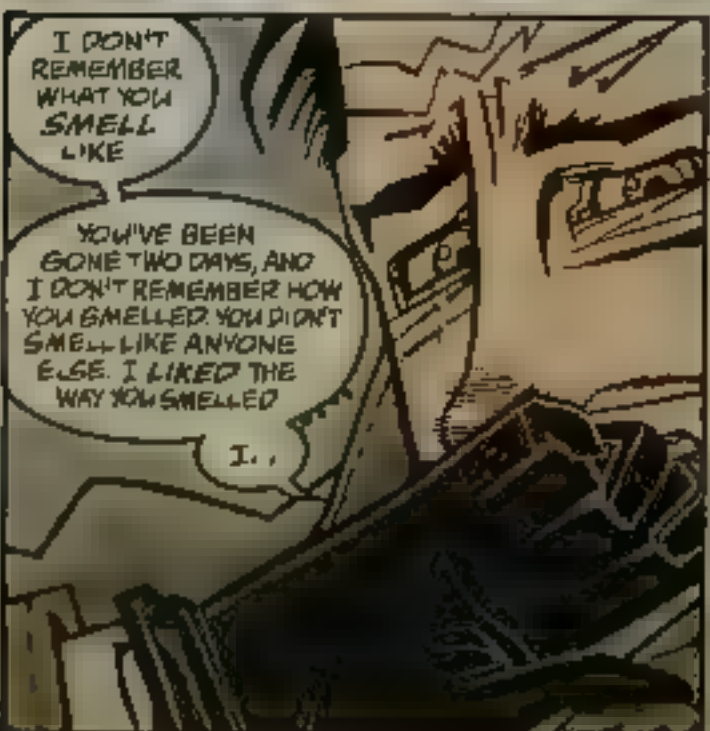


BUGGERED IF I KNOW  
WHAT IT IS, THOUGH

SOMEBODY  
ONCE TOLD ME YOU  
DON'T REALLY DIE  
UNTIL EVERYONE  
THAT YOU KNEW IS  
DEAD, TOO. THINK  
OF ALL THE PEOPLE  
I AM KEEPING  
ALIVE, EH?

Sigh

I DON'T  
KNOW



I DON'T  
REMEMBER  
WHAT YOU  
SMELL  
LIKE

YOU'VE BEEN  
GONE TWO DAYS, AND  
I DON'T REMEMBER HOW  
YOU SMELLED. YOU DIDN'T  
SMELL LIKE ANYONE  
ELSE. I LIKED THE  
WAY YOU SMELLED

I..



I MISS  
YOU A  
LOT



BRRR

LISTEN, AUDREY  
THERE'S STUFF I NEVER  
TOLD YOU I MEAN, THAT  
STUFF YOU WERE ASKING  
ME ABOUT ABOUT  
MY FAMILY ALL THAT  
STUFF

I NEVER  
WOULD HAVE  
TOLD YOU,  
E THER

NOTHING PERSONAL.

IT'S JUST TOO EASY  
TO SEE MYSELF LOCKED  
AWAY WHILE A BUNCH OF  
NOBEL PRIZE WANNABES  
EXAMINE SLICES OF MY  
PANCREAS, AND TRY TO  
FIGURE OUT HOW I GOT  
TO BE SIX HUNDRED  
AND THIRTY YEARS  
OLD

OR S X  
HUNDRED AND  
THIRTY-FIVE. I  
DON'T KNOW

AND THE TROUBLE  
IS, THERE'S NOTHING  
TO FIND OUT

YOU KNOW  
HOW I GOT TO  
BE MY AGE?

I HAVEN'T  
DIED, YET  
THAT'S HOW

I EVEN TOLD YOU HOW NOT TO DIE  
YOU THOUGHT I WAS JOKING, THERE'S  
NEVER BEEN A WOMAN BELIEVED  
ME YET ..

OR A MAN,  
FOR THAT  
MATTER

CHRIST  
I'VE SEEN  
SO MANY  
PEOPLE  
DIE

EVERYONE'S DIED  
EVERYONE I'VE  
LOVED MY WIVES.  
MY LOVES MY  
CHILDREN

YOU KNOW, THERE'S SOMETHING  
IT TOOK ME A COUPLE OF  
CENTURIES TO FIGURE OUT I  
MEAN, THERE WAS A WHILE  
WHEN I THOUGHT THAT LIFE  
WAS ALL ABOUT FIGHTING  
AND EATING AND SEX

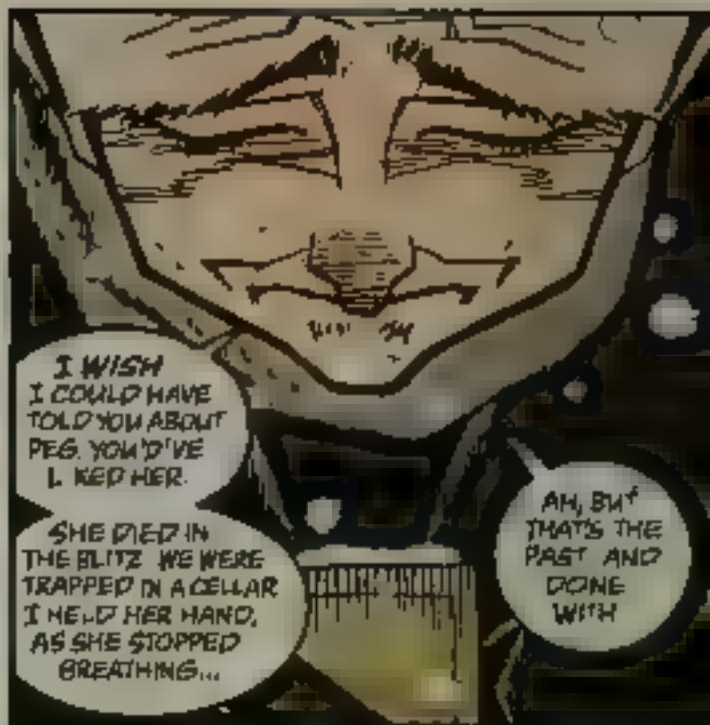
MAINLY SEX IT WAS NEVER THAT  
HARD TO DIP YOUR WICK I MEAN,  
UNLESS YOU'RE A LEPER YOU CAN  
GET A MAID TO BED YOU, IF  
THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE AFTER

BUT ONE DAY  
I REALIZED THAT IT  
WAS SORT OF EMPTY  
IF YOU WEREN'T WITH  
SOMEONE YOU WANTED  
TO SPEND SOME  
TIME WITH



IT WASN'T THAT I DIDN'T GET HORNYY. IT WAS THAT THERE DIDN'T SEEM MUCH POINT, IF IT WASN'T WITH SOMEONE I LOVED. LEANOR OR LISABET OR ANNE OR PEG ...

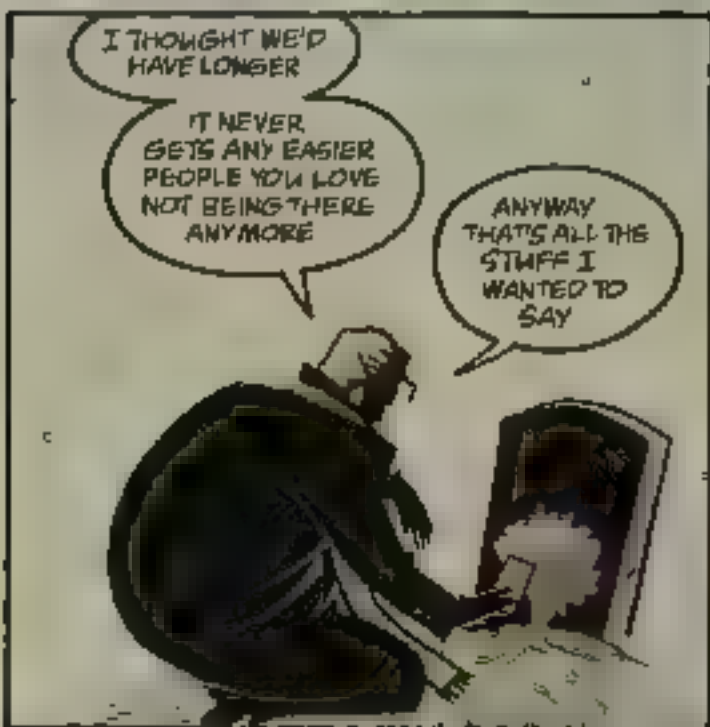
THE FIRST  
ONE TO  
DIED



I WISH  
I COULD HAVE  
TOLD YOU ABOUT  
PEG. YOU'D'VE  
LIKED HER.

SHE DIED IN  
THE BLITZ. WE WERE  
TRAPPED IN A CELLAR.  
I HELD HER HAND,  
AS SHE STOPPED  
BREATHING...

AH, BUT  
THAT'S THE  
PAST AND  
DONE  
WITH



I THOUGHT WE'D  
HAVE LONGER

IT NEVER  
GETS ANY EASIER  
PEOPLE YOU LOVE  
NOT BEING THERE  
ANYMORE

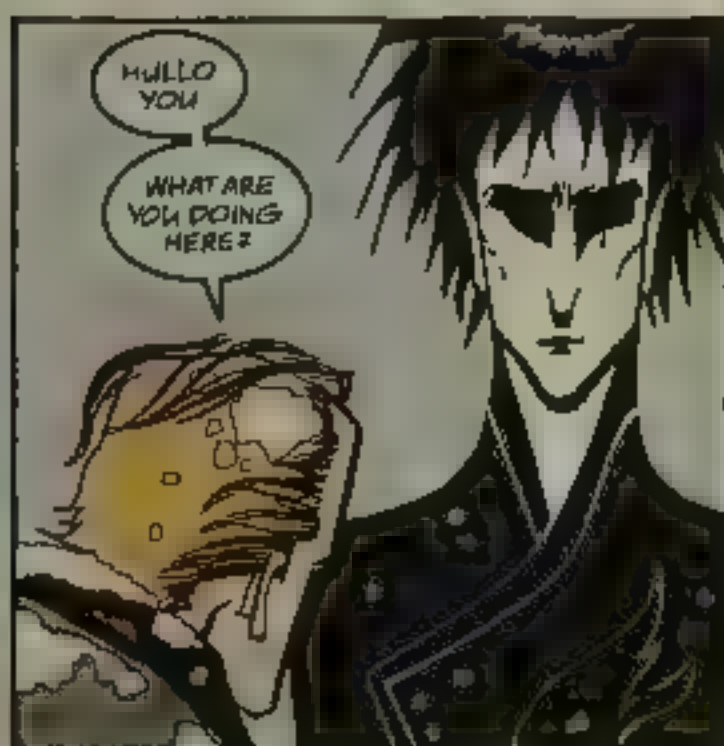
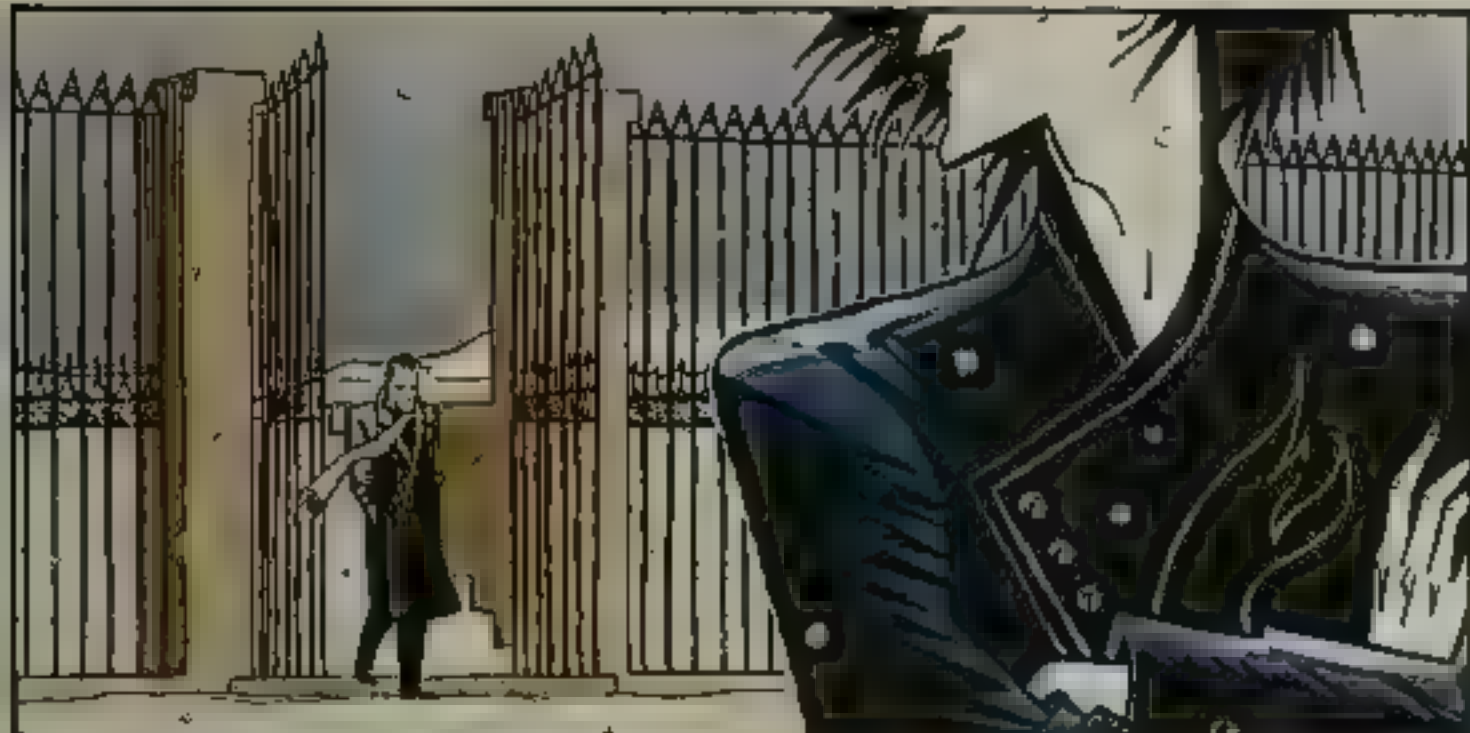
ANYWAY  
THAT'S ALL THE  
STUFF I  
WANTED TO  
SAY



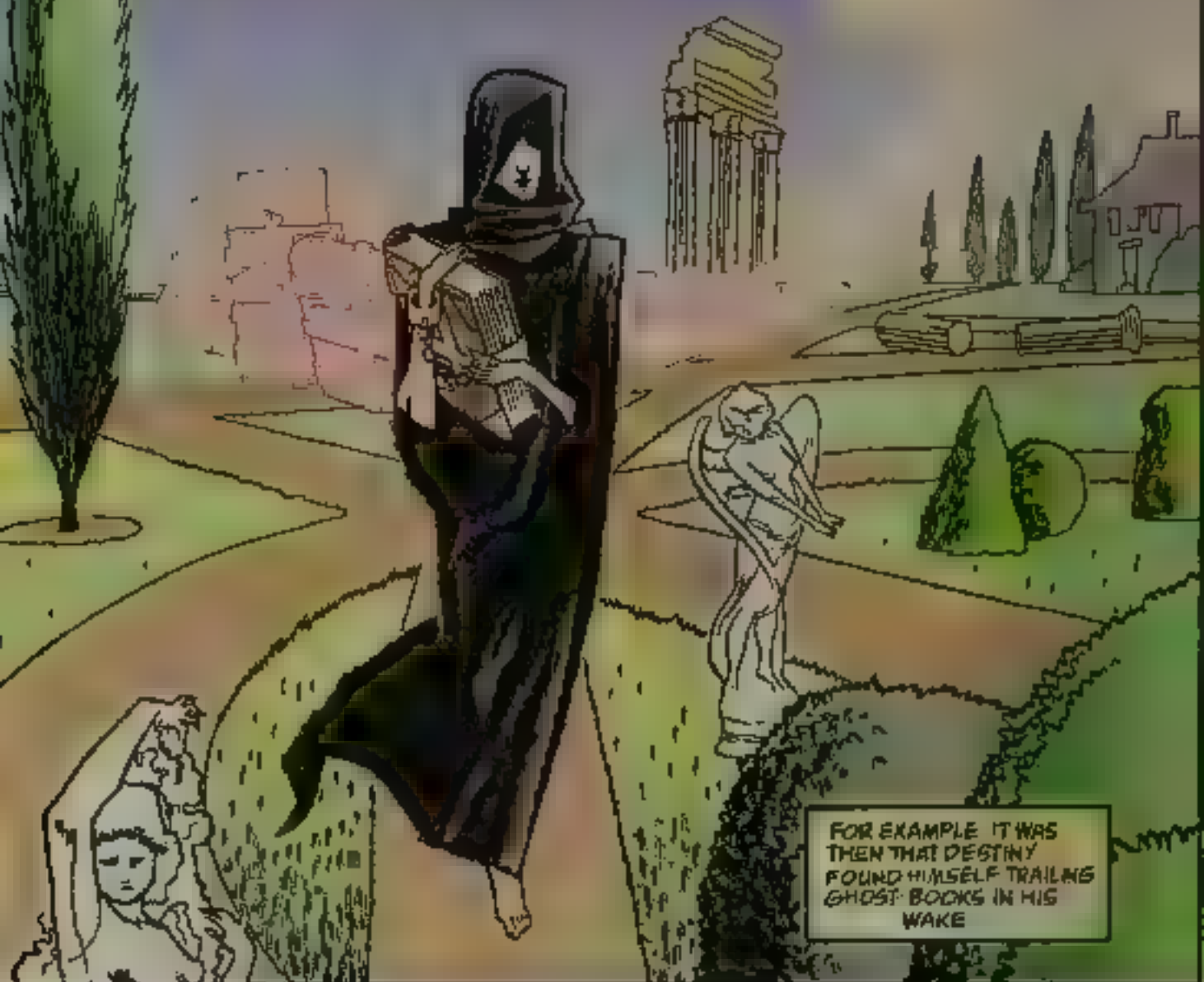
I MISS YOU,  
AUDREY I WISH  
I COULD REMEMBER  
WHAT YOU  
SMELED LIKE



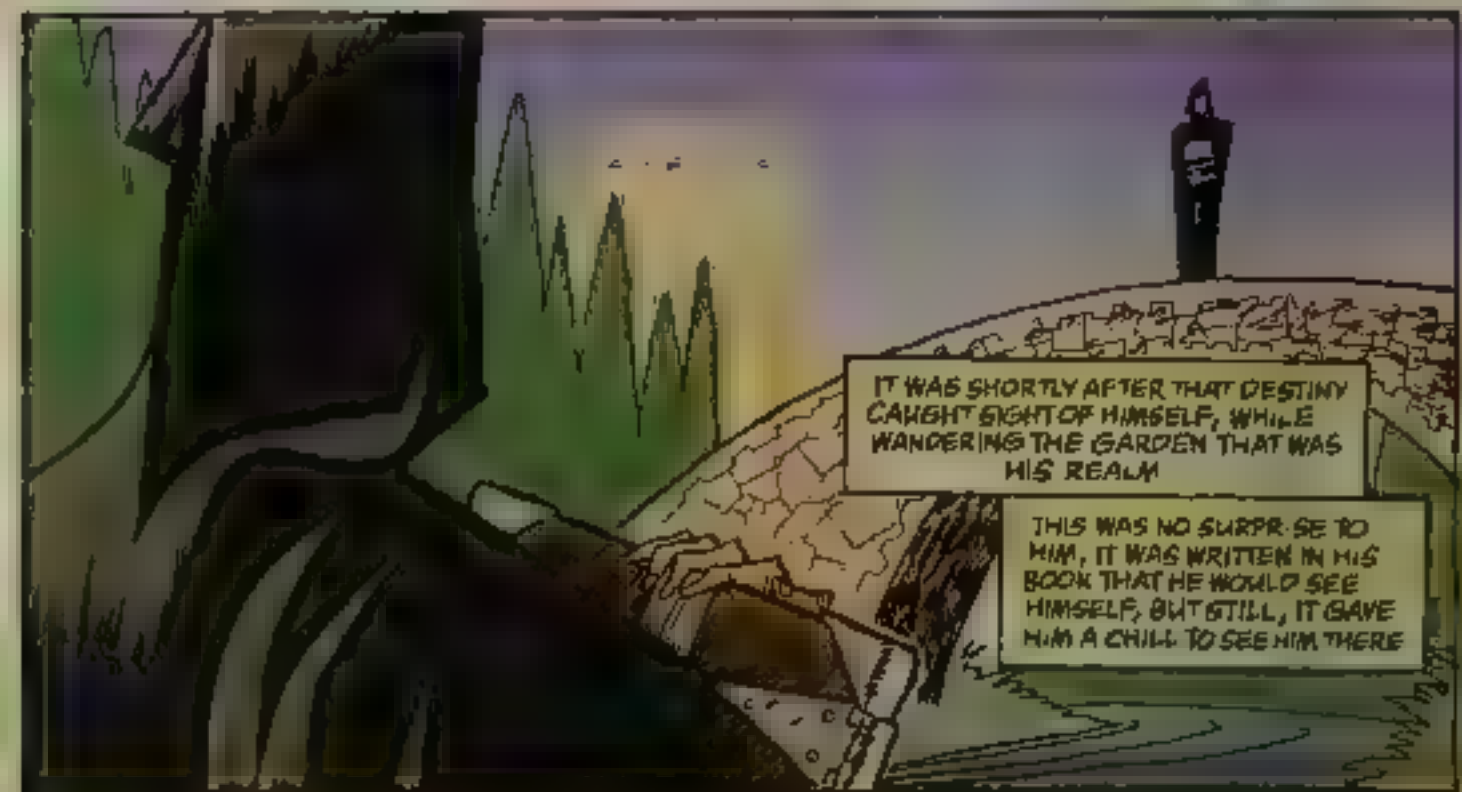




AN INTERJECTION AT THIS TIME, CERTAIN  
OTHER THINGS ARE HAPPENING.



FOR EXAMPLE IT WAS  
THEN THAT DESTINY  
FOUND HIMSELF TRAILING  
GHOST BOOKS IN HIS  
WAKE

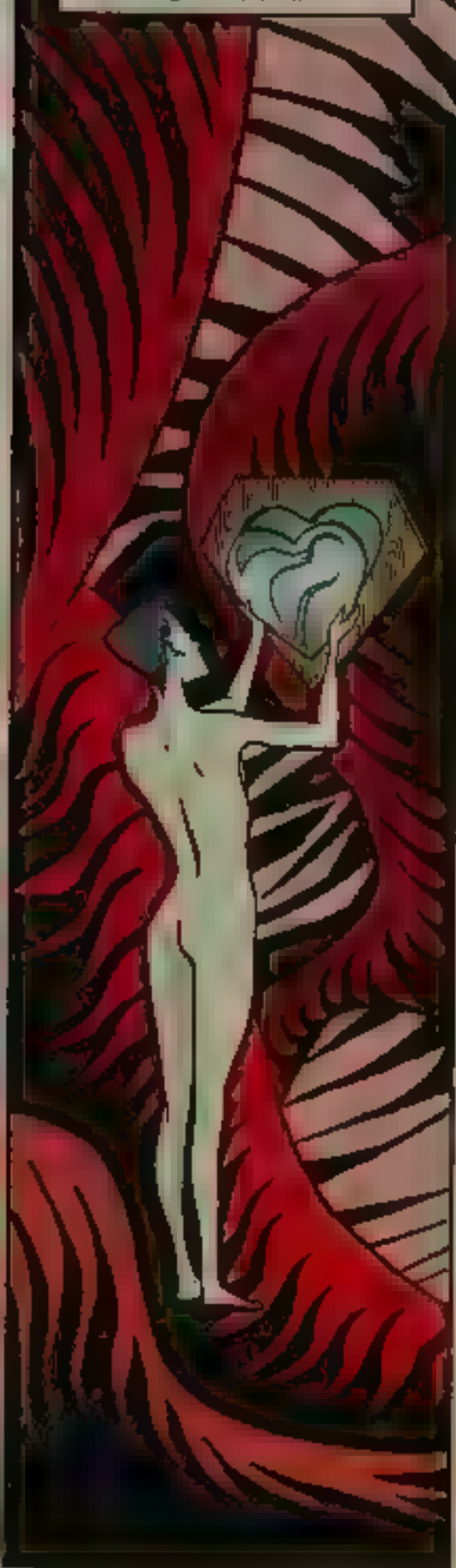


IT WAS SHORTLY AFTER THAT DESTINY  
CAUGHT SIGHT OF HIMSELF, WHILE  
WANDERING THE GARDEN THAT WAS  
HIS REALM

THIS WAS NO SURPRISE TO  
HIM, IT WAS WRITTEN IN HIS  
BOOK THAT HE WOULD SEE  
HIMSELF, BUT STILL, IT GAVE  
HIM A CHILL TO SEE HIM THERE



IT WAS THEN THAT DESIRE  
CLOSED OFF ITS REALM. THE  
SILVER HEART IN ITS SIBLINGS'  
GALLERIES WAS REPLACED  
BY A DARK VOID, SIGNIFYING  
DESIRE'S UNWILLINGNESS TO  
GIVE OR RECEIVE COMMUNI-  
CATION OF ANY KIND



THE THRESHOLD, DESIRE'S  
HOME, A FLESH AND BLOOD  
CITADEL HIGHER THAN  
MOUNTAINS, CLOSED ITS  
EYES AND DESIRE  
WANDERED THE PATHWAYS  
OF ITS BODY, IN THE  
DARKNESS, ALONE

IT WAS THEN THAT DESPAIR,  
NOTICING THE MISSING  
HEART IN HER GALLERY, SAT  
MAKING SMALL NOISES IN  
THE MIRRORRED MIST; HER  
RATS RAN OVER HER NAKED  
BODY, NIPPING AT HER  
FLESH TO ATTRACT HER  
ATTENTION

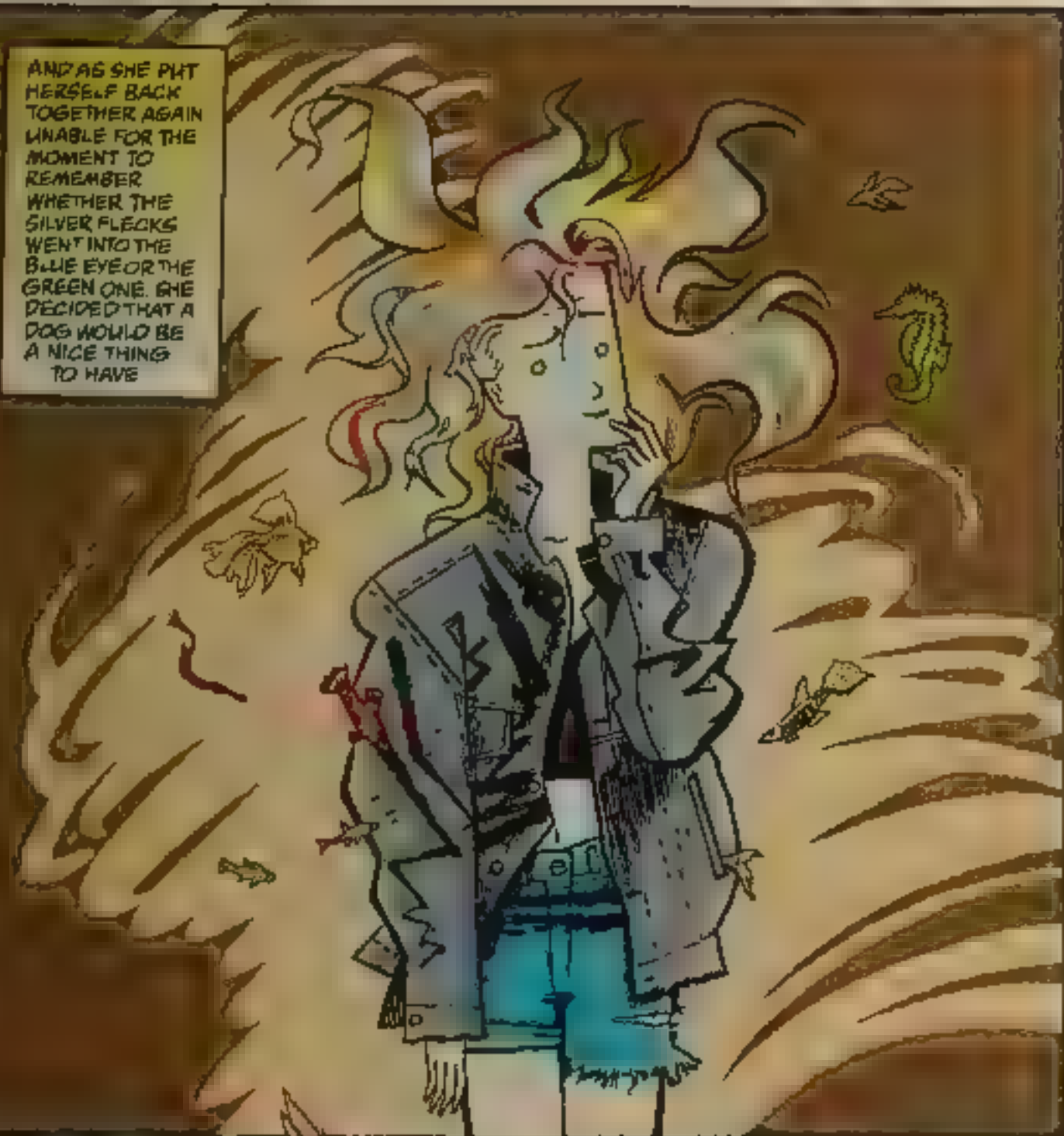


IT WAS THEN THAT  
DELIRIUM NOTICED  
THAT SHE HAD  
ABSENT MINDEDLY  
TRANSFORMED INTO  
A HUNDRED AND  
ELEVEN PERFECT,  
TINY MULTICOLORED  
FISH

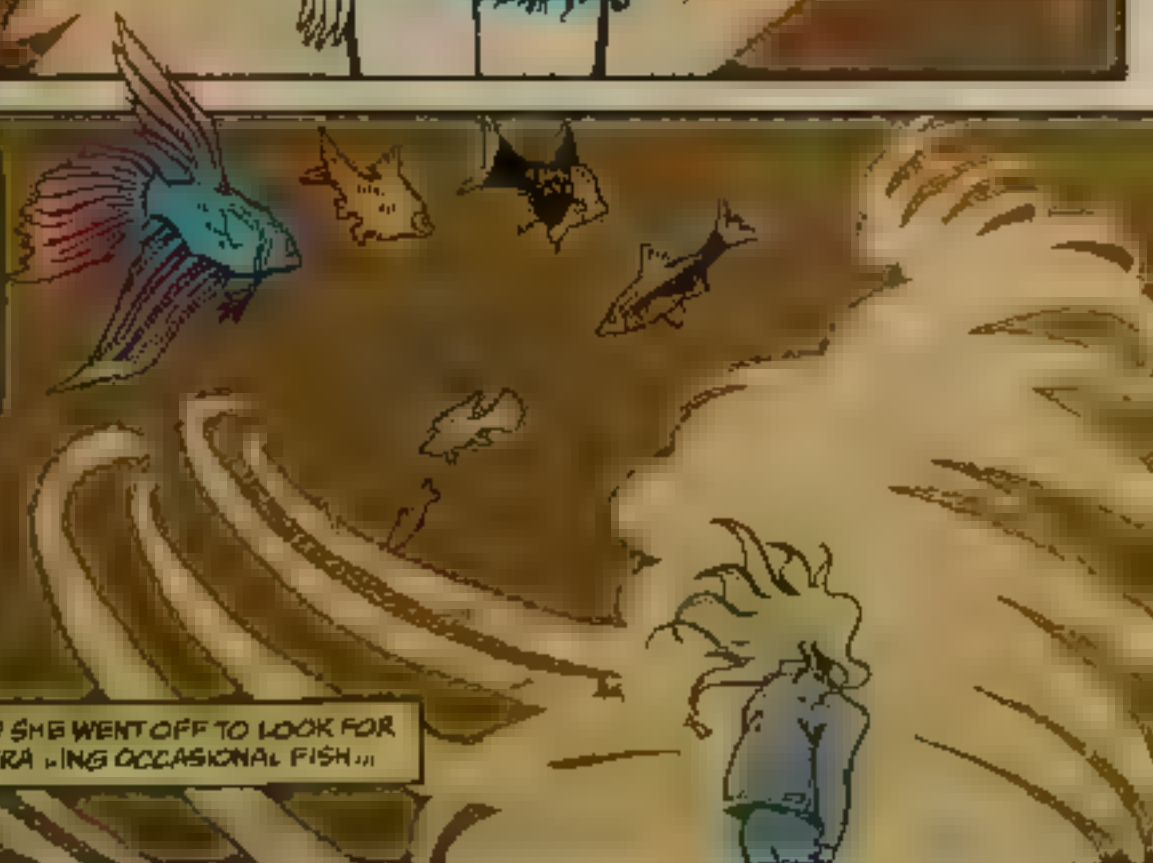
EACH FISH SANG A  
DIFFERENT SONG



AND AS SHE PUT  
HERSELF BACK  
TOGETHER AGAIN  
UNABLE FOR THE  
MOMENT TO  
REMEMBER  
WHETHER THE  
SILVER FLECK  
WENT INTO THE  
BLUE EYE OR THE  
GREEN ONE. SHE  
DECIDED THAT A  
DOG WOULD BE  
A NICE THING  
TO HAVE



AND THEN IT  
OCCURRED TO  
HER THAT THERE  
HAD BEEN A  
DOG AROUND  
AT SOME POINT,  
HADN'T THERE?  
A NICE DOGGIE...

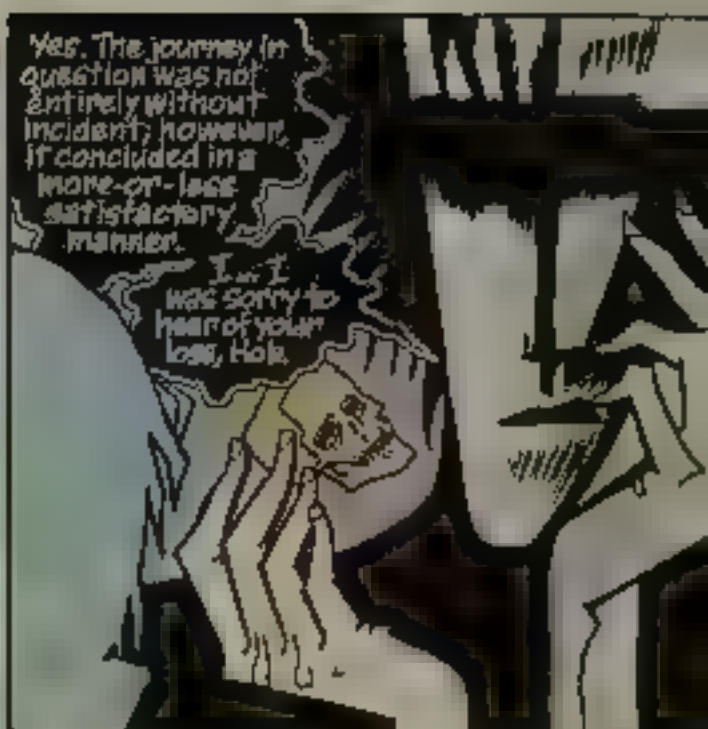


AND SHE WENT OFF TO LOOK FOR  
IT, TRAILING OCCASIONAL FISH...



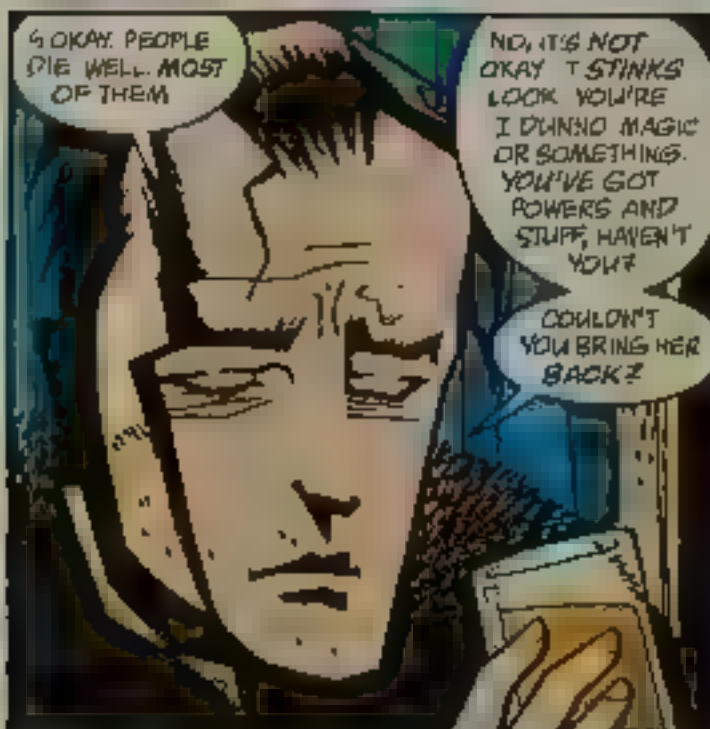
WELL IT'S HARD TO FORGET A DREAM THAT YOU WAKE UP FROM WITH HALF A BOTTLE OF HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD WINE YOU DIDN'T HAVE WHEN YOU WENT TO BED.

I DREAMED THAT YOU SAID YOU WERE OFF ON A JOURNEY, AND YOU MIGHT MISS OUR NEXT GET TOGETHER.



Yes. The journey in question was not entirely without incident; however, it concluded in a more-or-less satisfactory manner.

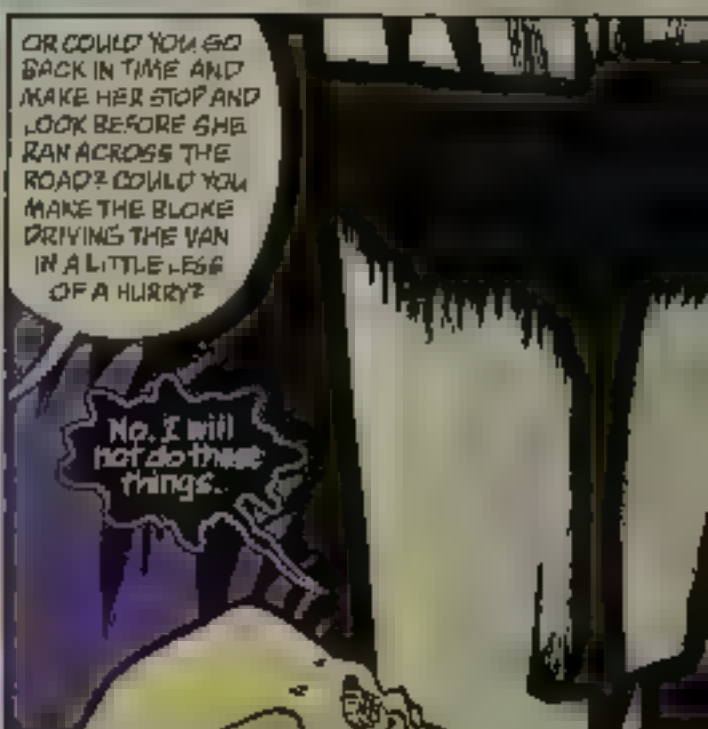
I... I was sorry to hear of your loss, Hol.



OKAY. PEOPLE DIE WELL. MOST OF THEM.

NO, IT'S NOT OKAY. IT STINKS. LOOK YOU'RE I DUNNO MAGIC OR SOMETHING. YOU'VE GOT POWERS AND STUFF, HAVEN'T YOU?

COULDN'T YOU BRING HER BACK?



OR COULD YOU GO BACK IN TIME AND MAKE HER STOP AND LOOK BEFORE SHE RAN ACROSS THE ROAD? COULD YOU MAKE THE BLOKE DRIVING THE VAN IN A LITTLE LESS OF A HURRY?

No. I will not do these things.

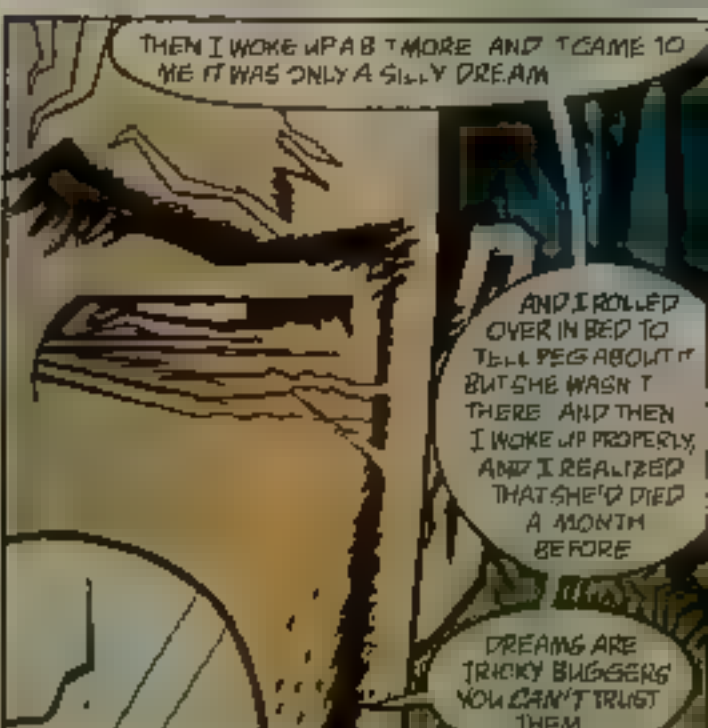


WELL, WHAT CAN YOU DO, THEN?

I could make it that you dreamed of her each night. But you would not thank me for that.

NO, I WOULDN'T.

I REMEMBER ONCE I DREAMED THAT PEGGY DIED AND I WOKE UP IN TEARS.

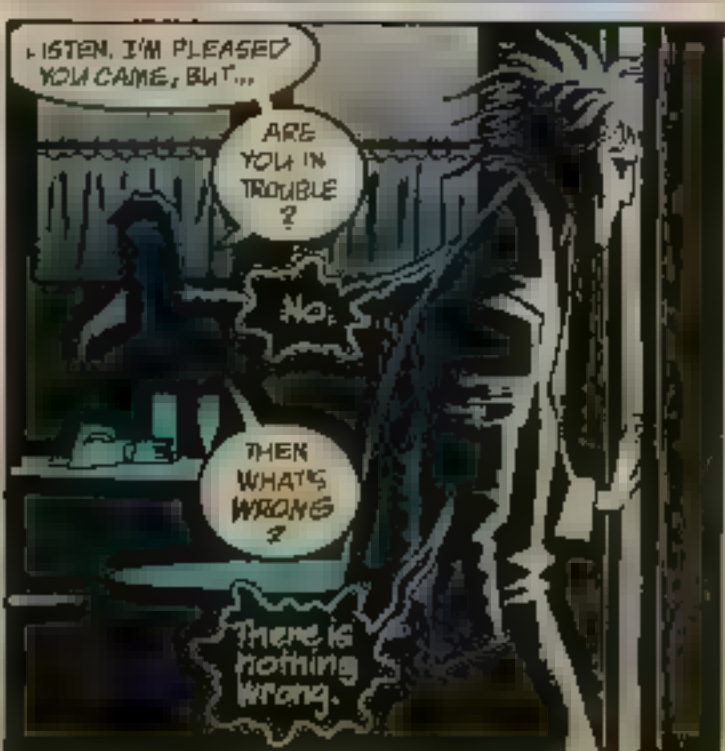
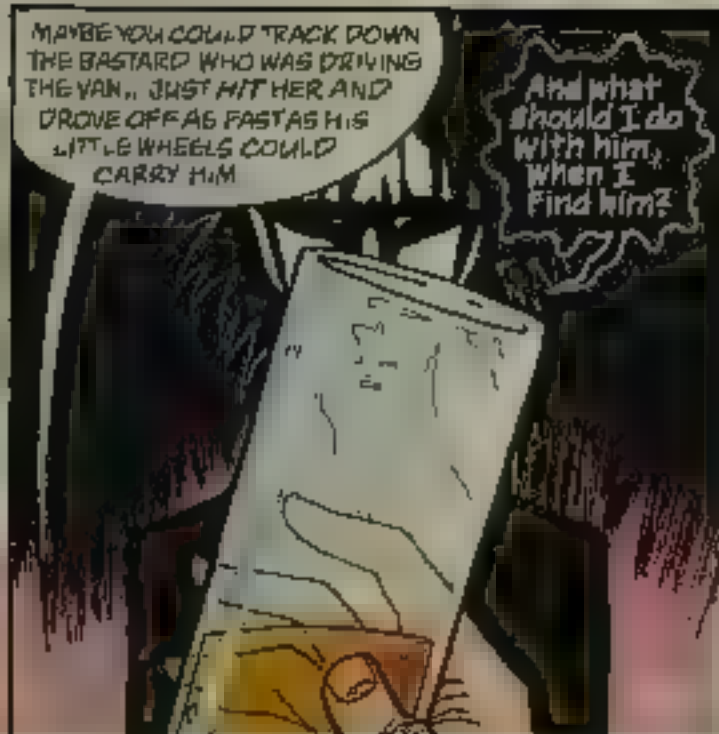


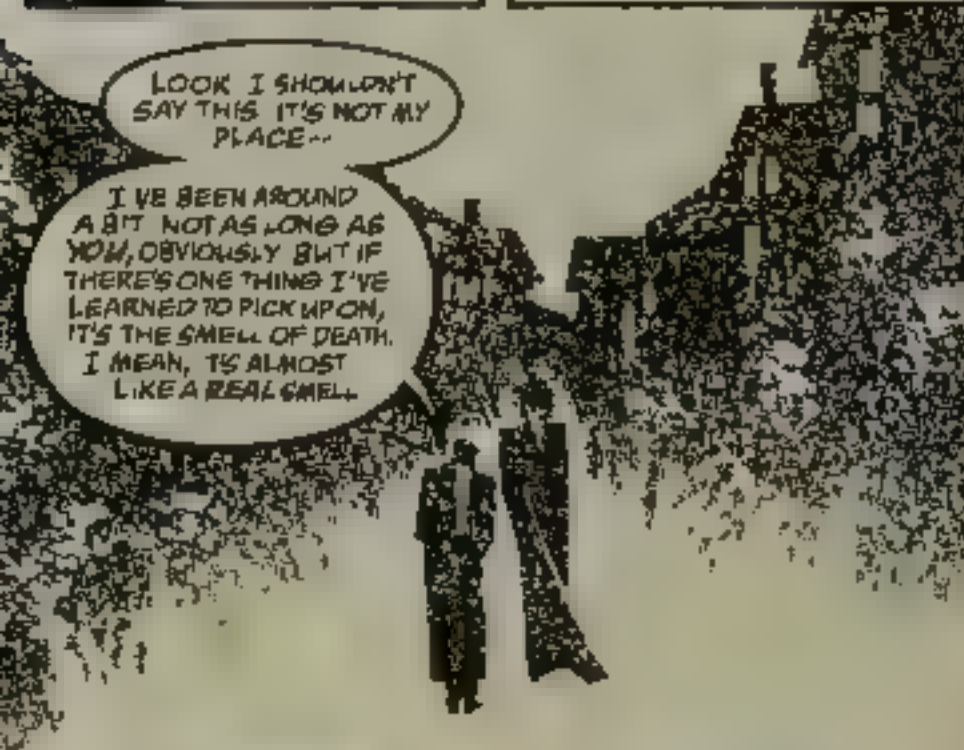
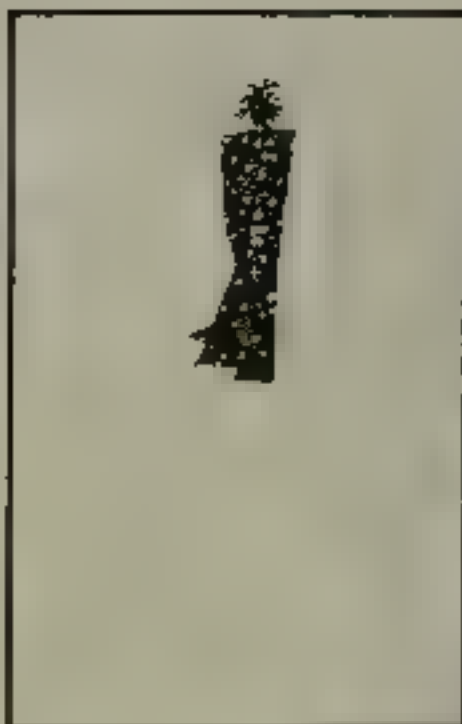
THEN I WOKE UP A BIT MORE AND IT CAME TO ME IT WAS ONLY A SILLY DREAM.

AND I ROLLED OVER IN BED TO TELL PEG ABOUT IT BUT SHE WASN'T THERE AND THEN I WOKE UP PROPERLY, AND I REALIZED THAT SHE'D DIED A MONTH BEFORE.

DREAMS ARE TRICKY BUGGERS YOU CAN'T TRUST THEM.









I HAVE TO BE STRONG FOR DANIEL

I'M HIS MOTHER I MUST BE STRONG

WHEN I GET UNDER STRESS I HEAR THIS LITTLE VOICE IN THE BACK OF MY HEAD TELLING ME WHAT'S GOING ON. IT SOUNDS KIND OF LIKE A TV ANNOUNCER I HEARD WHEN I WAS A KID

I'M HEARING IT NOW

IT'S SAYING "I'M HEARING IT NOW" NO. ACTUALLY IT'S SAYING "IT'S SAYING 'I'M HEARING IT NOW...'"

IT'S LIKE STARING DOWN A SET OF INFINITE MIRRORS. TRYING TO CATCH MYSELF AT THE END. TRYING TO SEE MY SOUL

I'M SHOPPING NOW I'M HARDLY THINKING ABOUT DANIEL BEING GONE AT ALL I'M BEING STRONG

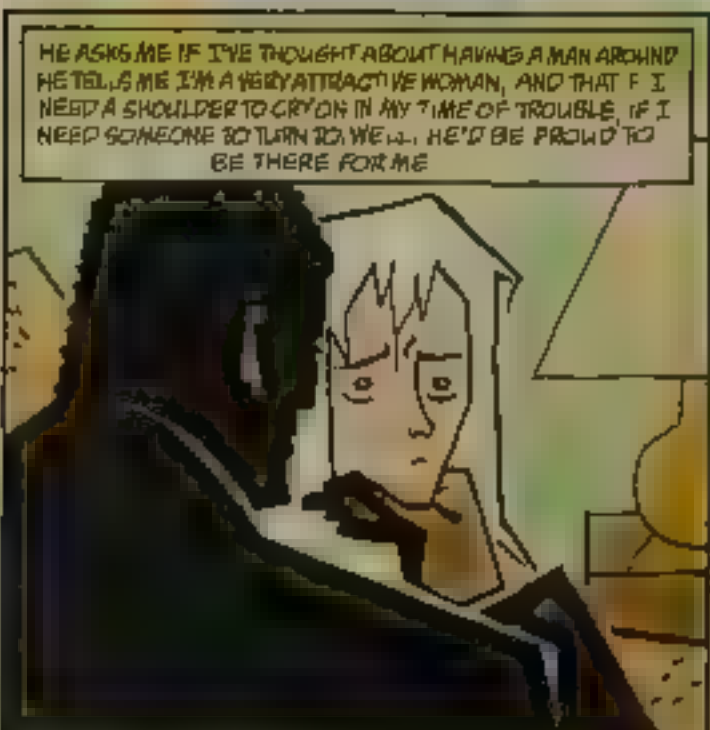
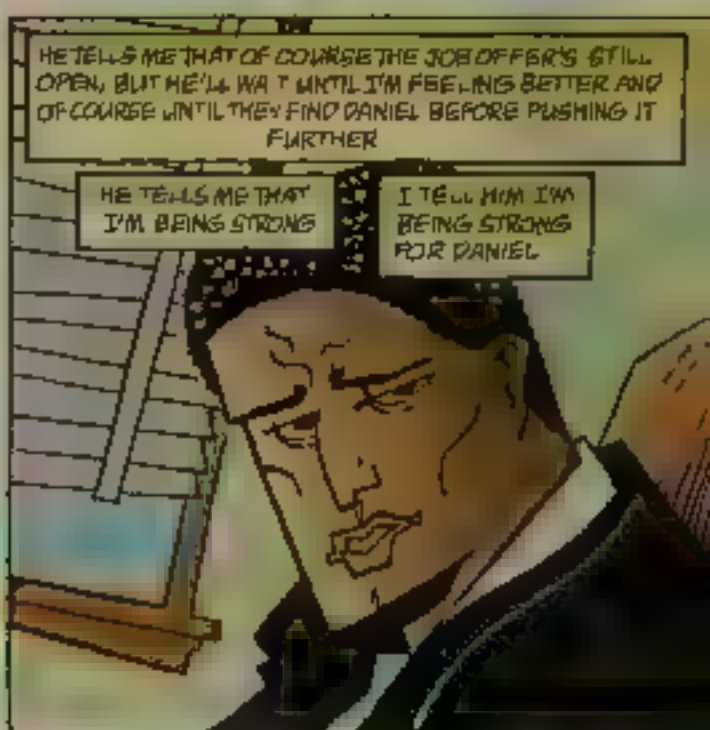
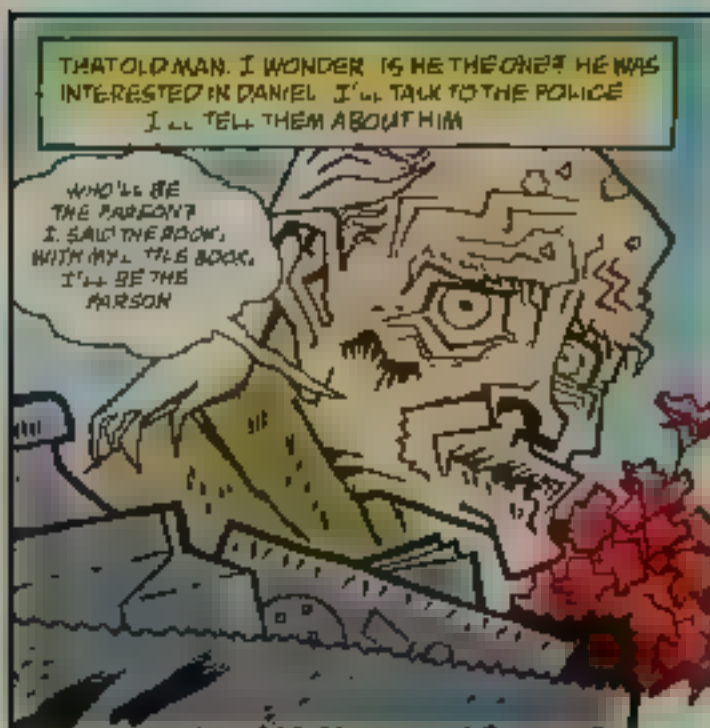
I'M BUYING MILK AND COOKIES AND COFFEE AND EGGS AND ORANGE JUICE

MY FRIEND CARLA WANTED TO DO IT, BUT I SAID, NO--NO, I'LL DO IT

I MEAN, YOU CAN'T JUST SIT THERE YOU KNOW IF YOU LET THESE THINGS GET TO YOU YOU'D GO CRAZY

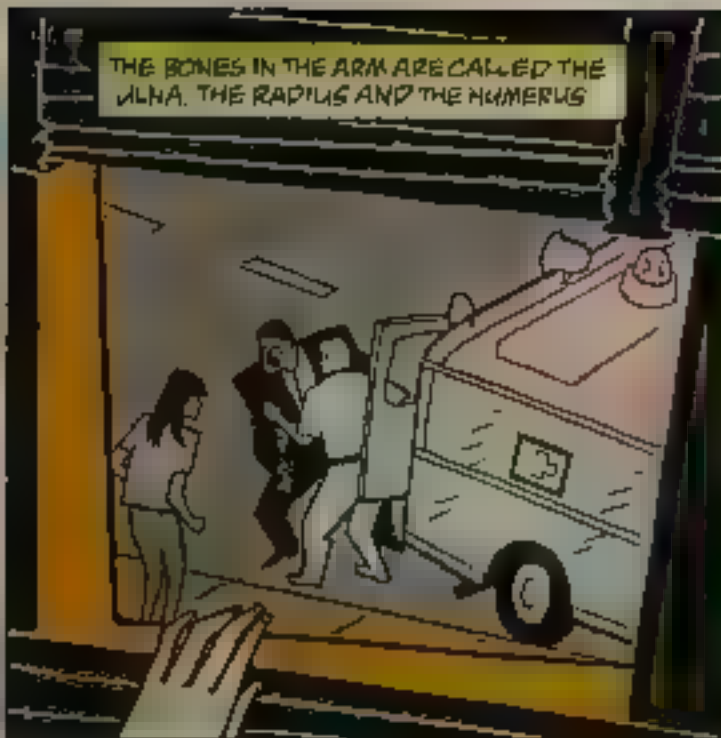
I HAVE TO BE STRONG

WHO  
SAID HIM DIE?  
I SAID THE FL  
WITH MY "FLEBYE,  
I SAW HIM DIE

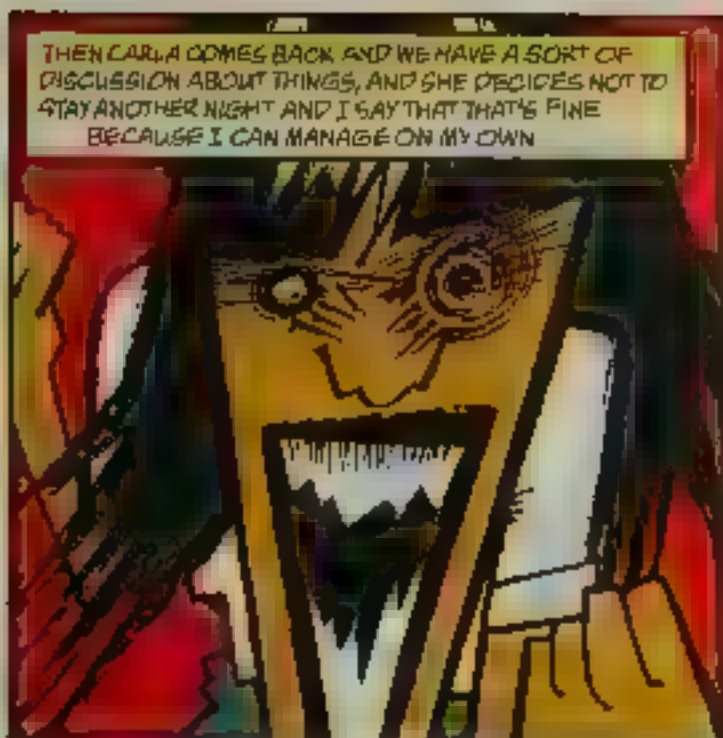




THE BONES IN THE ARM ARE CALLED THE ULNA, THE RADIUS AND THE HUMERUS



THEN CARLA COMES BACK AND WE HAVE A SORT OF DISCUSSION ABOUT THINGS, AND SHE DECIDES NOT TO STAY ANOTHER NIGHT AND I SAY THAT THAT'S FINE BECAUSE I CAN MANAGE ON MY OWN

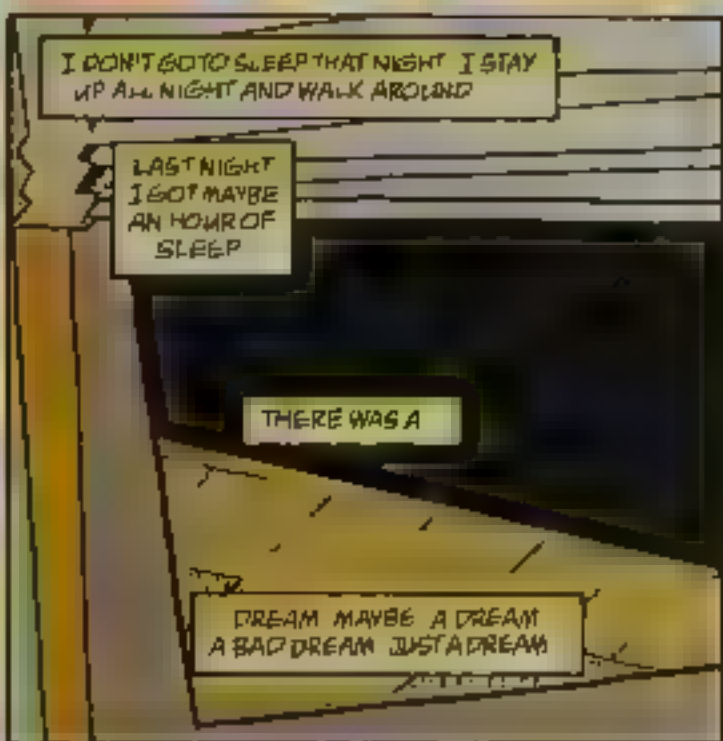


I DON'T GO TO SLEEP THAT NIGHT I STAY UP ALL NIGHT AND WALK AROUND

LAST NIGHT I GOT MAYBE AN HOUR OF SLEEP

THERE WAS A

DREAM MAYBE A DREAM A BAD DREAM JUST A DREAM



I THINK ABOUT MY MOTHER, AND I THINK ABOUT MY SON, AND I START AT EVERY NOISE, AND EVERY TIME A CAR COMES DOWN THE STREET I'M GUESSING THE POLICE BRINGING DANIEL BACK TO ME



AND EVERY TIME THE CAR JUST KEEPS ON GOING AND I JUST WANT TO BREAK DOWN AND CRY BUT I DON'T BECAUSE I HAVE TO BE STRONG FOR DANIEL

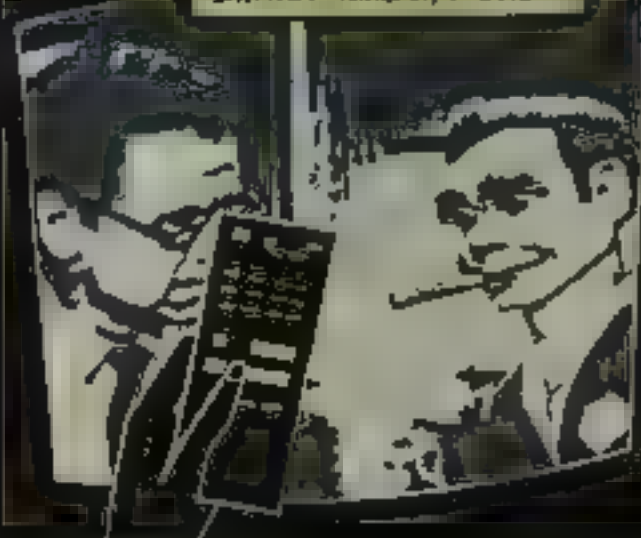


I MUST BE STRONG FOR DANIEL



I WISH I SMOKED CIGARETTES. IT WOULD  
GIVE ME SOMETHING TO DO I READ PEOPLE  
MAGAZINE TWICE ALREADY

I'M NOT HUNGRY, THOUGH.



AND THERE'S NOTHING ON TV AT 4.00 AM BUT  
HOME SHOPPING CHANNELS AND TWILIGHT ZONE  
RERUNS AND I JUST DON'T HAVE THE ATTENTION  
SPAN SO I GO BACK TO THE WINDOW ONCE MORE  
AND WAIT



AND FINALLY AFTER A NIGHT THAT LASTS  
FOREVER I WATCH THE PURPLE DARKNESS  
FADE INTO TWILIGHT AND THE EASTERN SKY  
SWIM WITH BLOOD AND SALMON

RED SKY IN THE MORNING  
SAILORS' WARNING...



AND THE BLOOD FADES INTO BLUE AND SOON  
IT'S STARTING TO GET HOT, AND IT'S A PRETTY  
CLEAR DAY BECAUSE THE RAIN CLEARED THE  
SMOG OUT OF THE AIR



AND I READ SOMEWHERE THAT YOU CAN GO  
CRAZY IF YOU DON'T GET ANY SLEEP

BUT I'M DOING FINE FEELING  
JUST FINE AND EVERYTHING'S  
CLEAR AS CRYSTAL

I'M NOT EVEN HUNGRY.



AND THE ROAR OF CARS GETS LOUD AND  
STEADY ENOUGH THAT I CAN'T TELL THE  
SOUNDS OF INDIVIDUAL CARS ANYMORE  
SO IN THE END THE SOUND OF THE  
DOORBELL TAKES ME BY SURPRISE





WATCH ME THIS IS ME  
GOING TO THE DOOR, JUST  
LIKE I'VE DONE THOUSANDS  
AND THOUSANDS OF TIMES  
IN THE PAST AND NONE OF  
THOSE TIMES WAS IMPOR-  
TANT I MEAN NOT ONE OF  
THOSE TIMES WAS IMPOR-  
TANT, I CAN'T EVEN  
REMEMBER THEM AS  
INDIVIDUAL TIMES, WHO  
REMEMBERS WALKING  
TO THE DOOR ?

AND THEN I OPEN  
THE DOOR

MA'AM?

DETECTIVE  
PINKERTON  
DETECTIVE  
FELLOWS.

THAT'S  
RIGHT  
MA'AM

IS THERE... IS  
THERE NEWS?

I'M AFRAID SO, MA'AM  
WE'D BETTER COME  
INSIDE

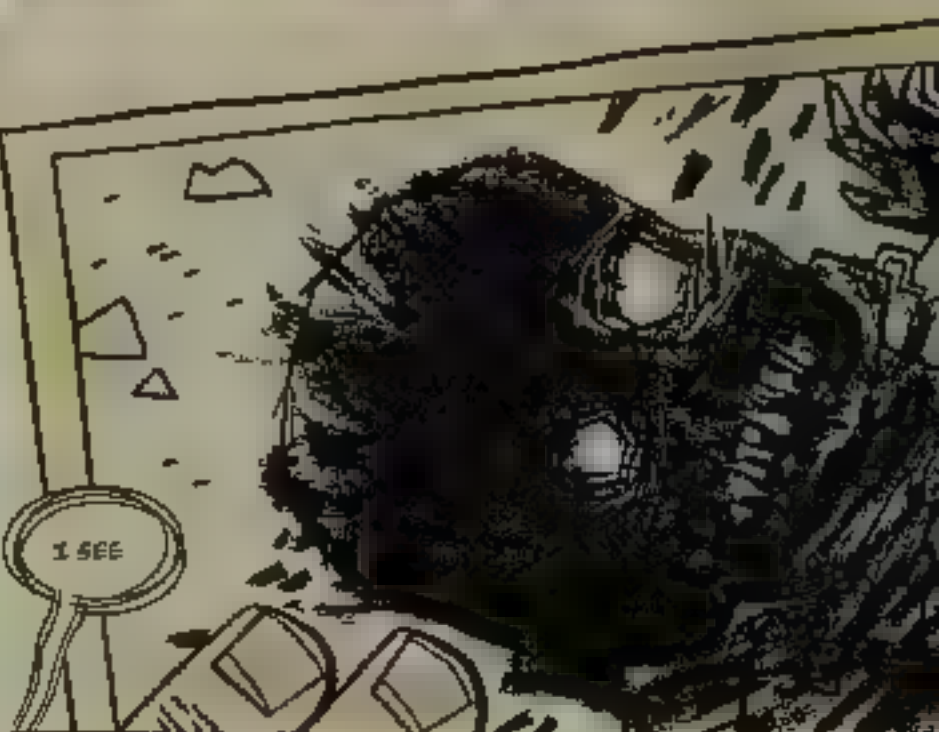
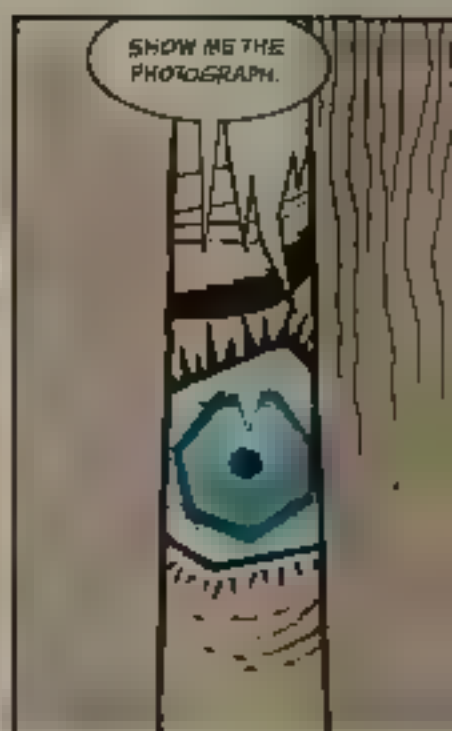
NO  
TELL ME  
NOW

DANIEL?

WE RECOVERED A  
BODY, MA'AM

LAST  
NIGHT

IT'S ..  
IT'S KIND  
OF BADLY  
BURNED



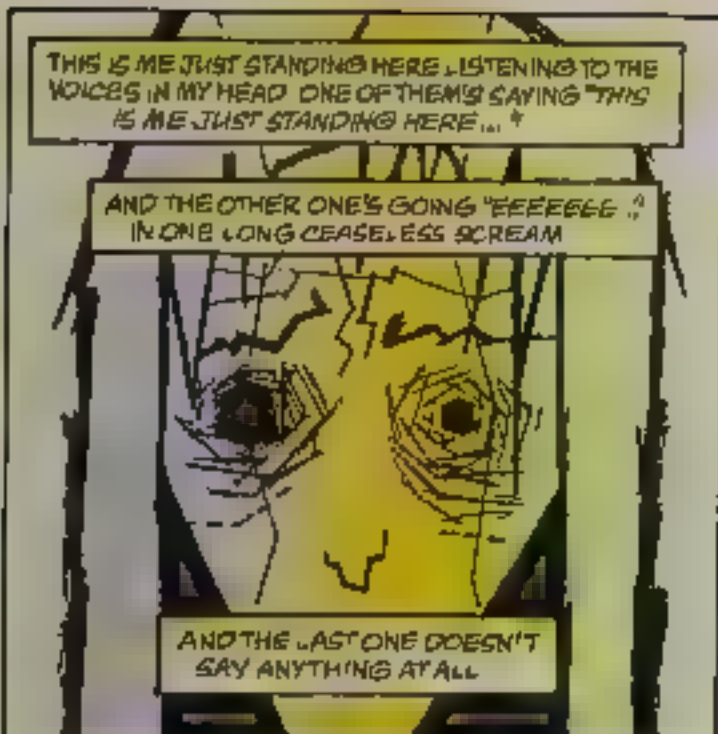


THIS IS ME WALKING INTO THE FAMILY ROOM

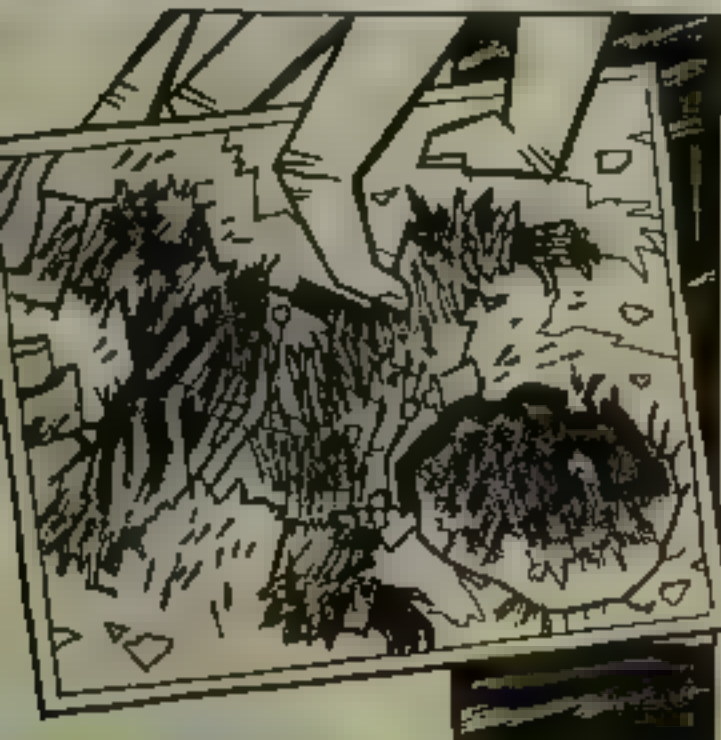


THIS IS ME JUST STANDING HERE, LISTENING TO THE VOICES IN MY HEAD. ONE OF THEM'S SAYING "THIS IS ME JUST STANDING HERE..."

AND THE OTHER ONE'S GOING "EEEEEE" IN ONE LONG CEASELESS SCREAM



AND THE LAST ONE DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING AT ALL



I CLOSE MY EYES TO TRY TO ESCAPE FROM THE IMAGE, TELLING MYSELF THAT IMAGES CAN LIE

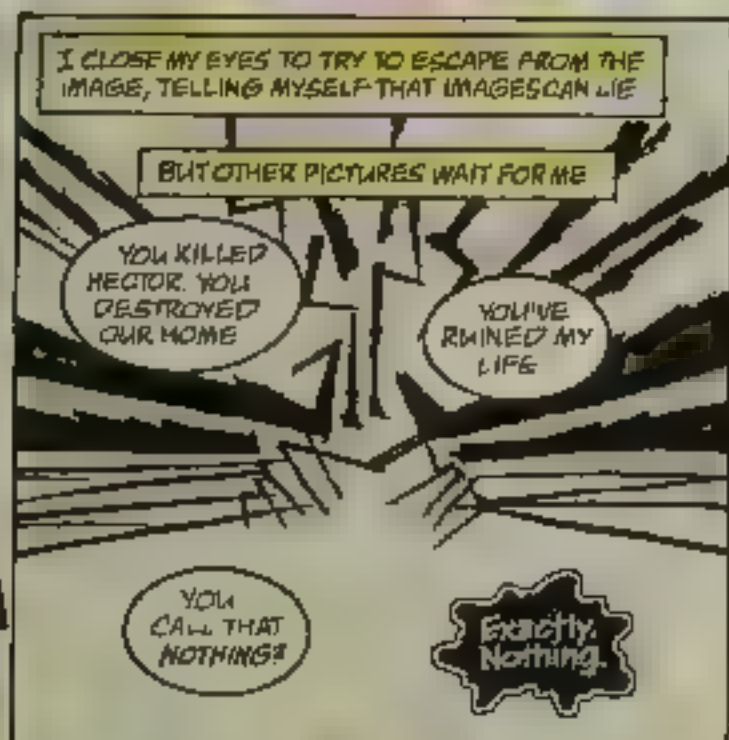
BUT OTHER PICTURES WAIT FOR ME

YOU KILLED  
HECTOR. YOU  
DESTROYED  
OUR HOME

YOU'VE  
RUINED MY  
LIFE

YOU  
CALL THAT  
NOTHING?

Exactly.  
Nothing.



The child you have  
carried so long in dreams.  
That child is mine.

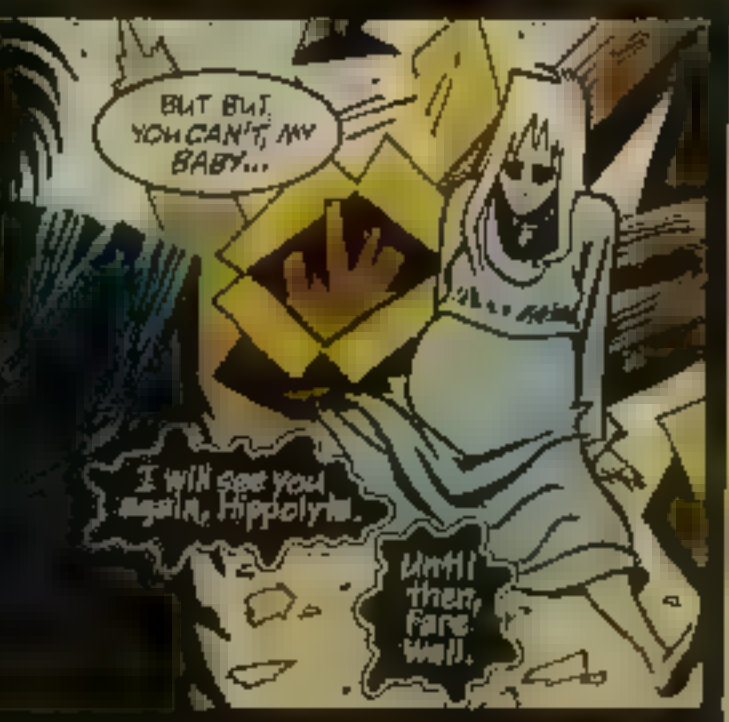
Take good care  
of it. One day I  
will come for it.

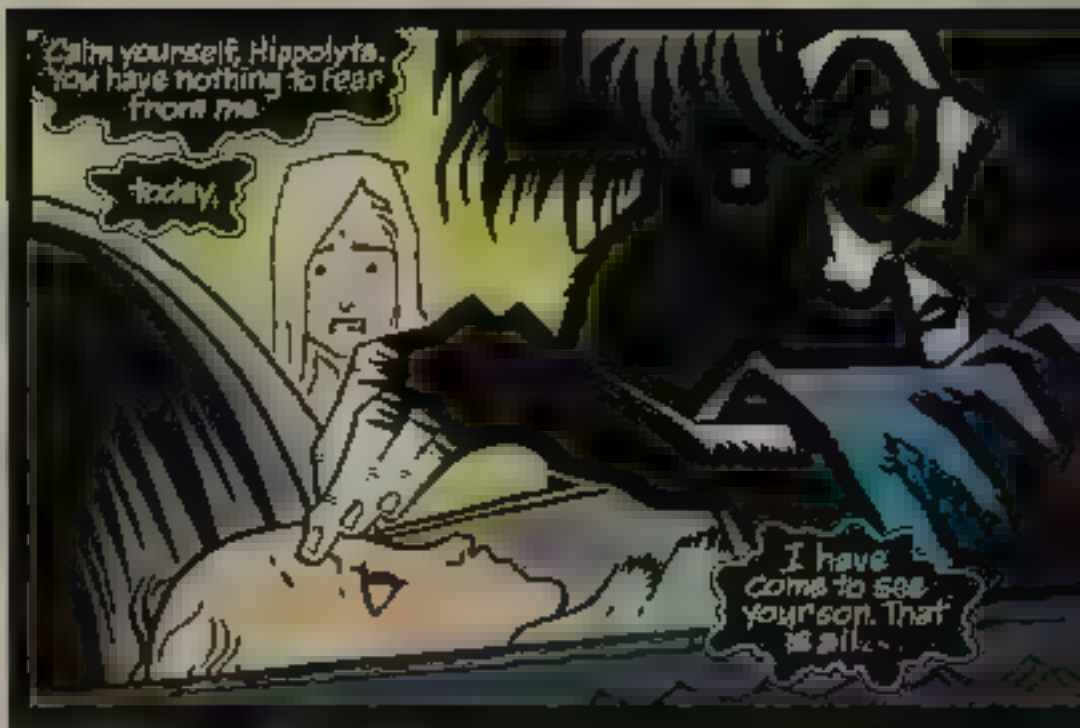


BUT BUT,  
YOU CAN'T, MY  
BABY...

I will see you  
again, Hippolyta.

Until  
then,  
fare  
well.





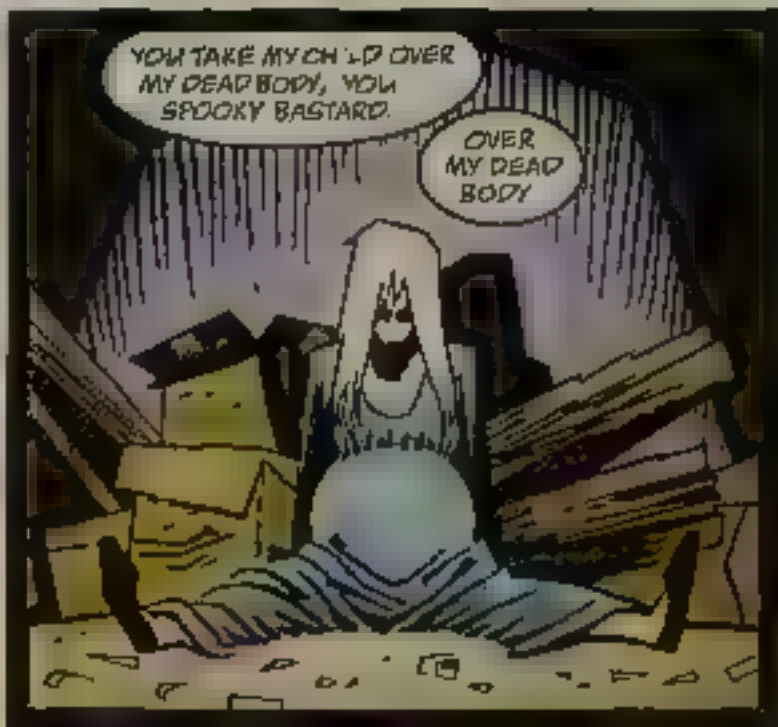
Calm yourself, Hippolyta. You have nothing to fear from me.

today.

I have come to see your son. That is all.



I HAVE TO BE STRONG

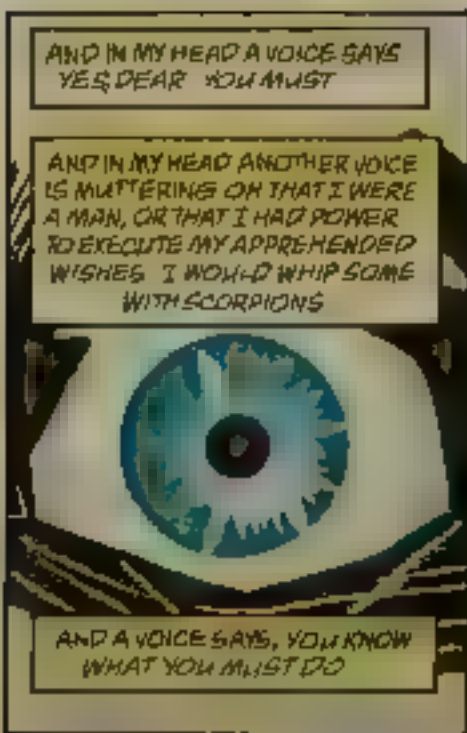


YOU TAKE MY CH'LD OVER MY DEAD BODY, YOU SPOOKY BASTARD.

OVER MY DEAD BODY



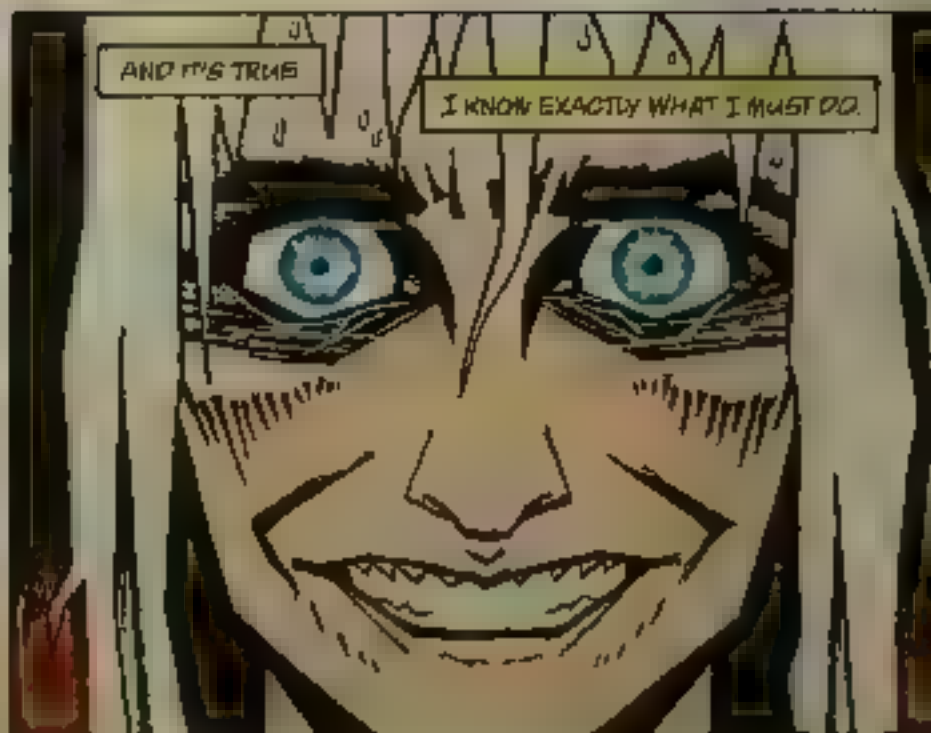
I MUST BE STRONG.



AND IN MY HEAD A VOICE SAYS YES, DEAR YOU MUST

AND IN MY HEAD ANOTHER VOICE IS MUTTERING ON THAT I WERE A MAN, OR THAT I HAD POWER TO EXECUTE MY APPREHENDED WISHES. I WOULD WHIP SOME WITH SCORPIONS

AND A VOICE SAYS, YOU KNOW WHAT YOU MUST DO



AND IT'S TRUE

I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I MUST DO.

TO BE CONTINUED.



Part  
FOUR

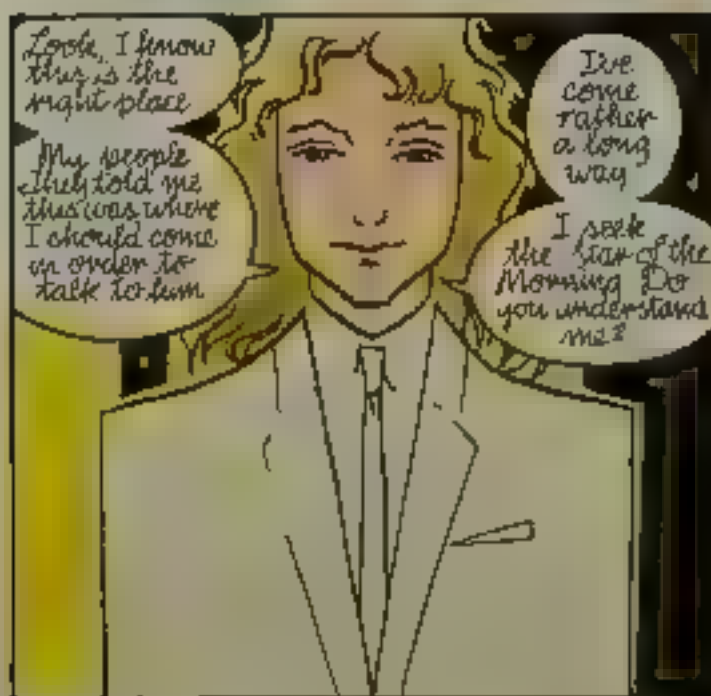
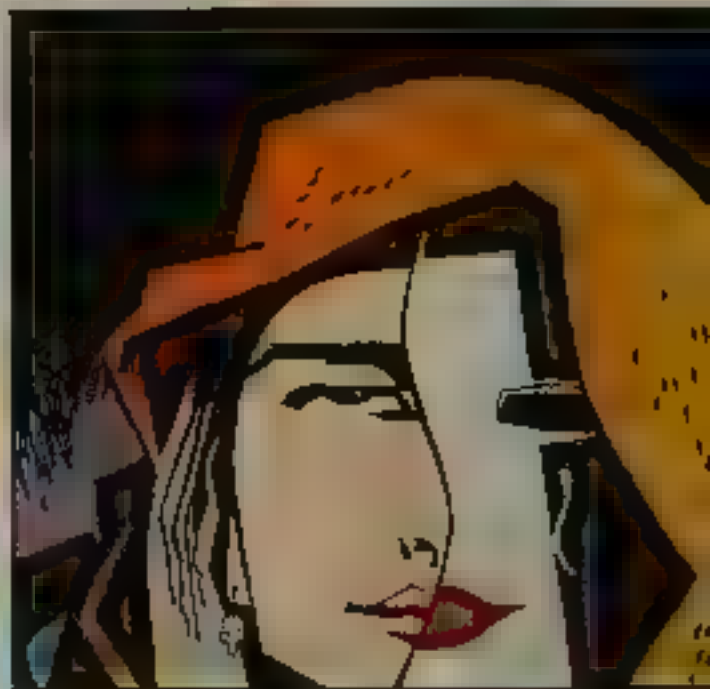
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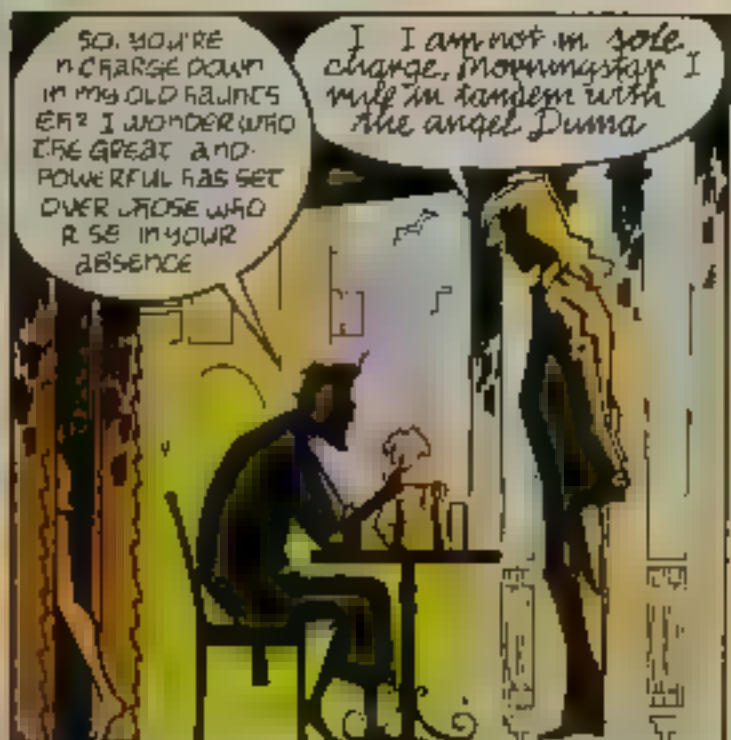
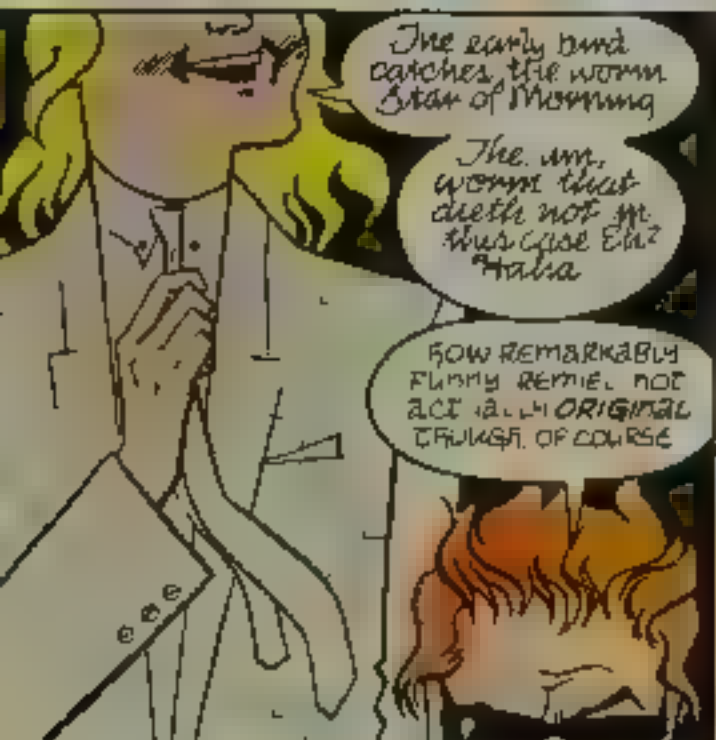
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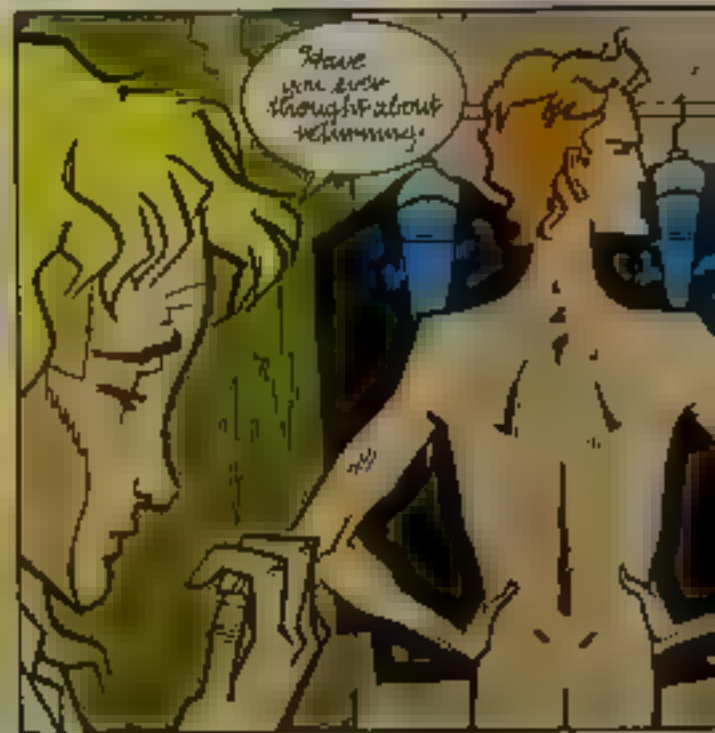
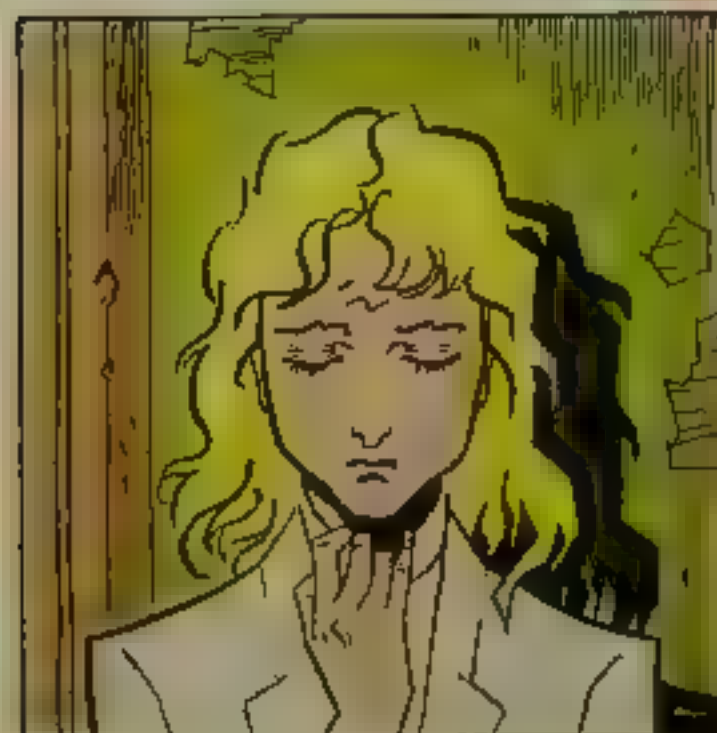
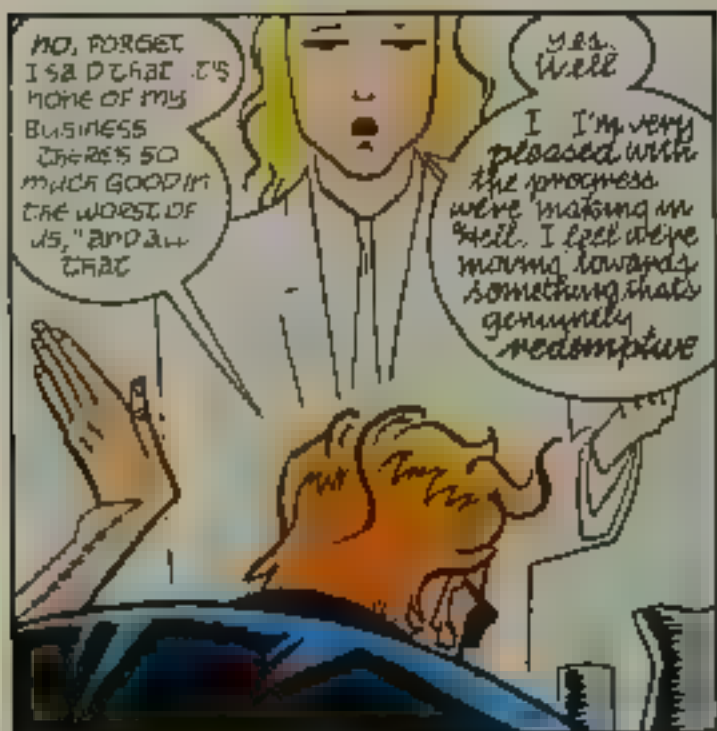
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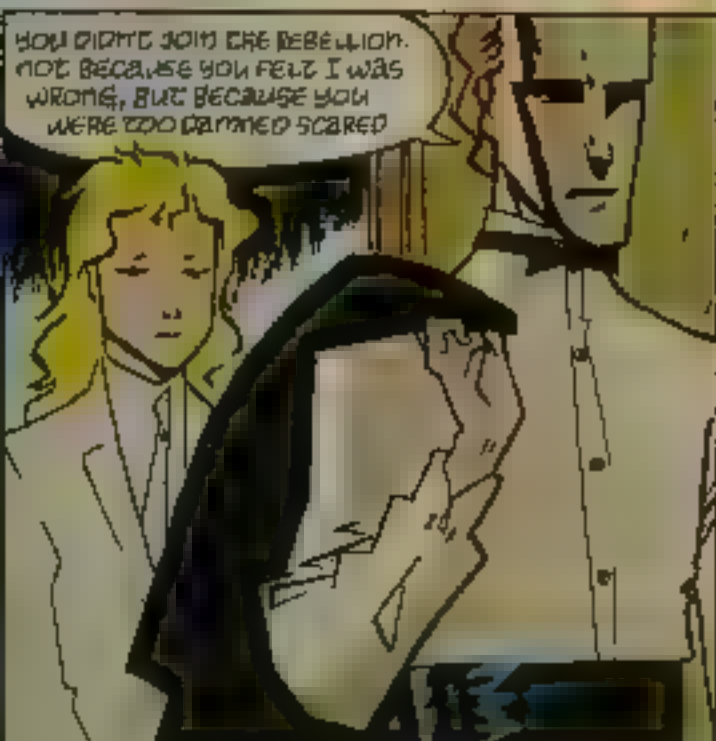
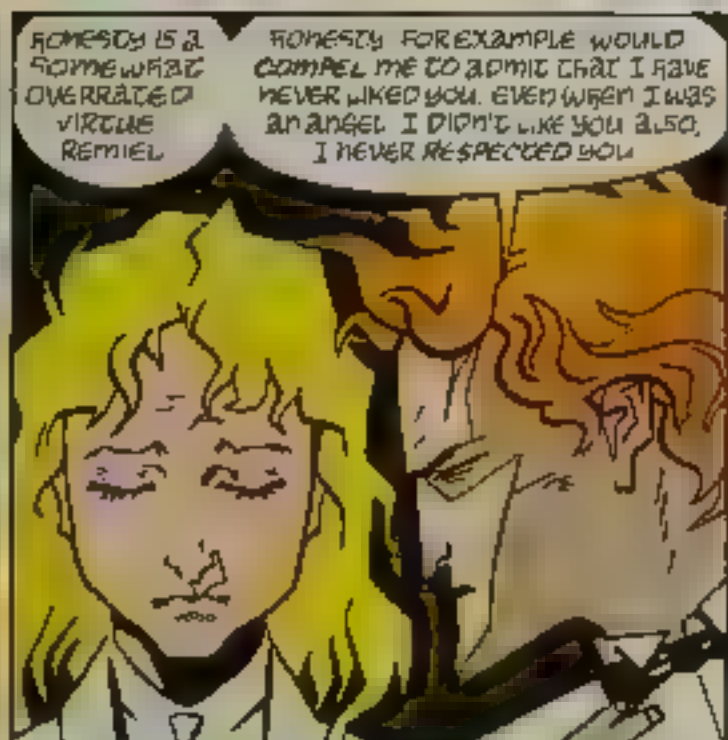
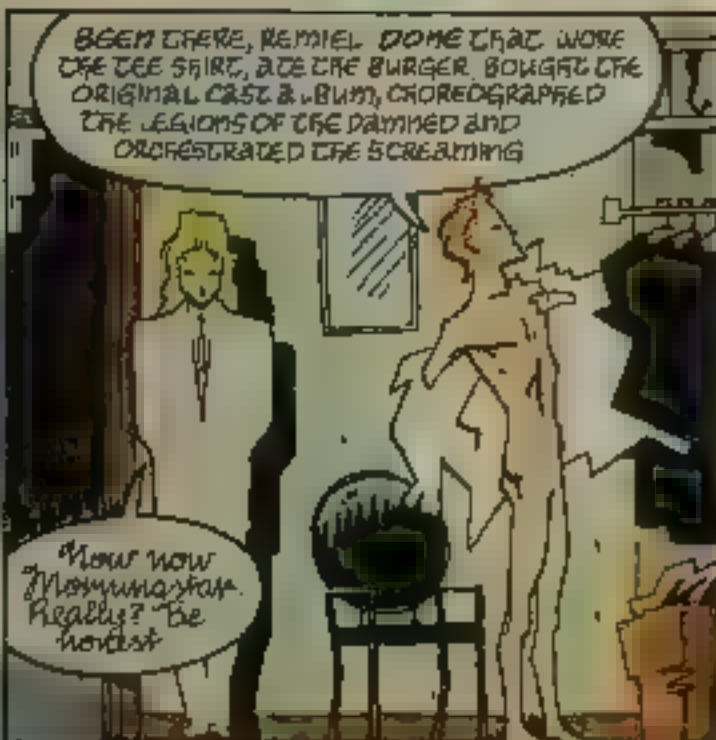
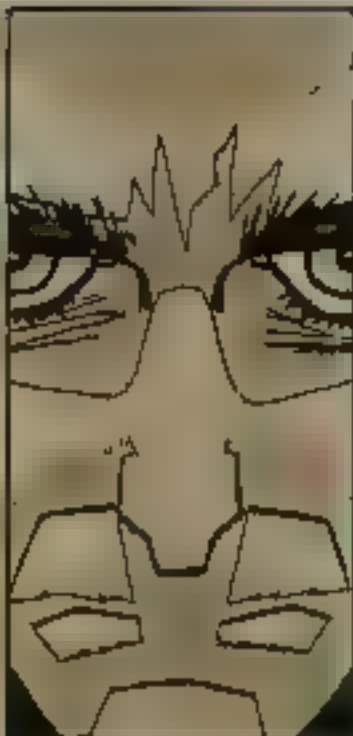




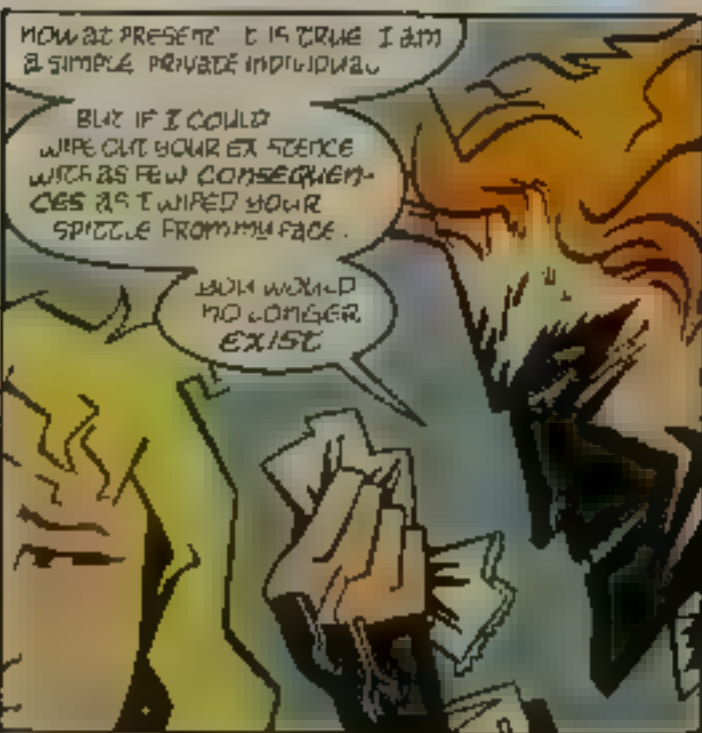
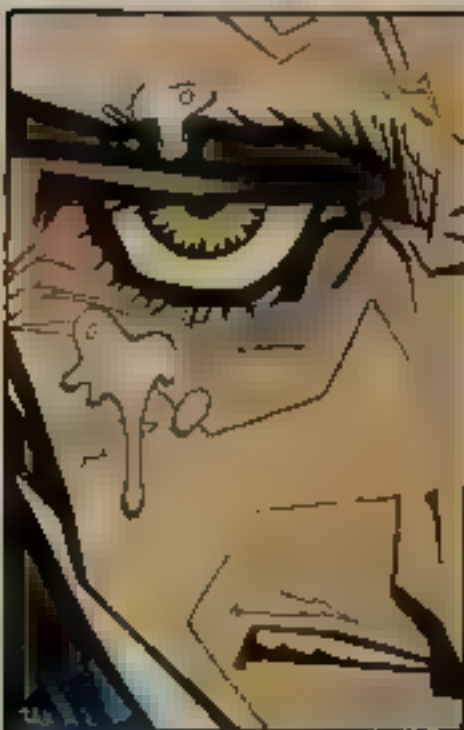


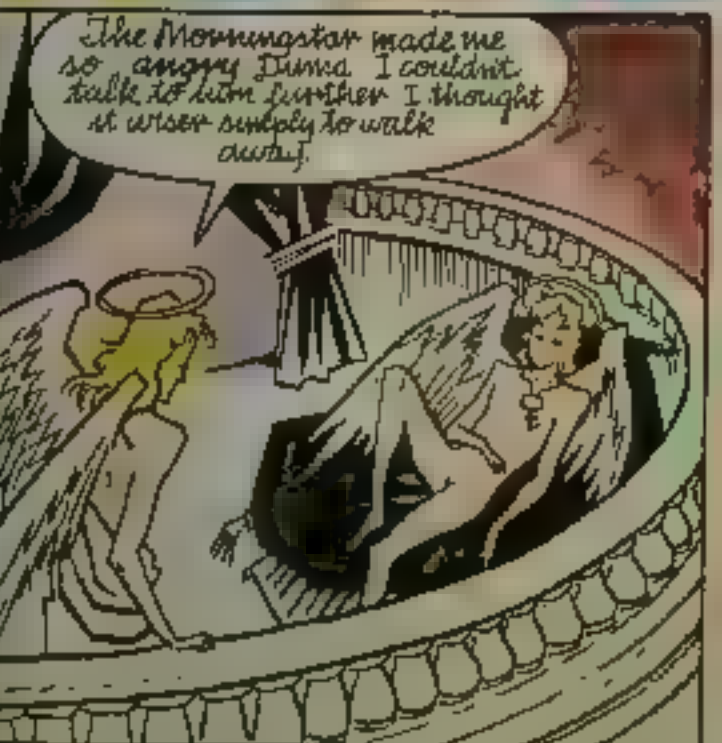












# THE KIND 4 ONES 4



WRITTEN BY  
NEIL GAIMAN

DRAWN BY  
MARC  
HEMPER

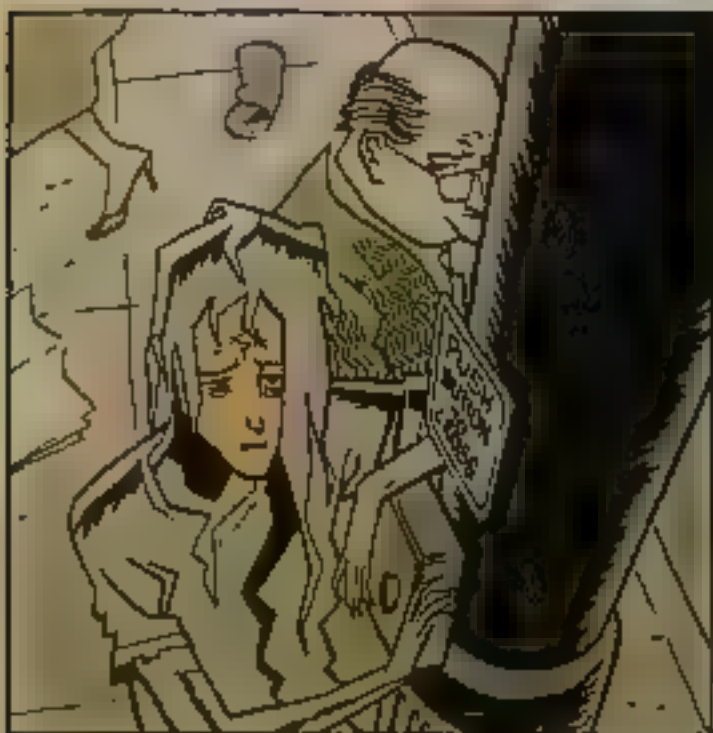
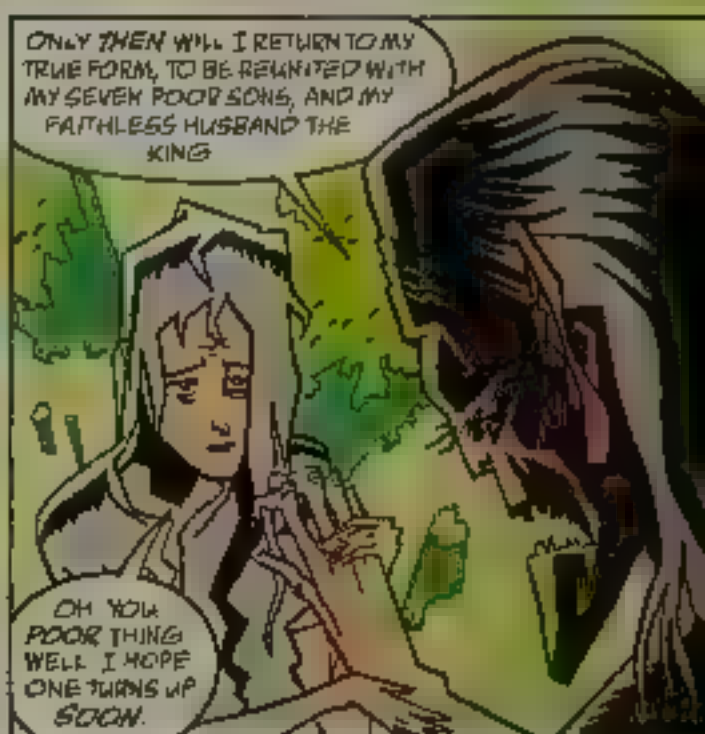
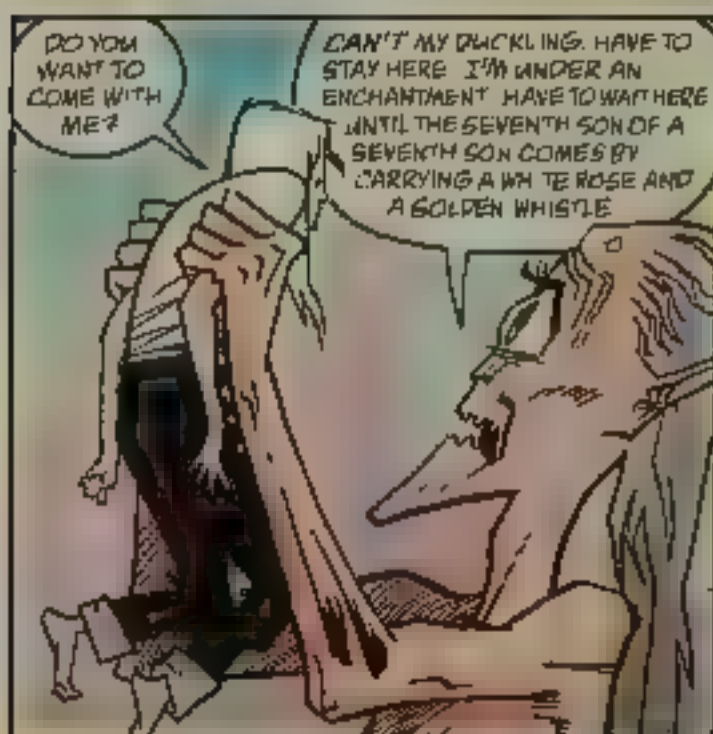
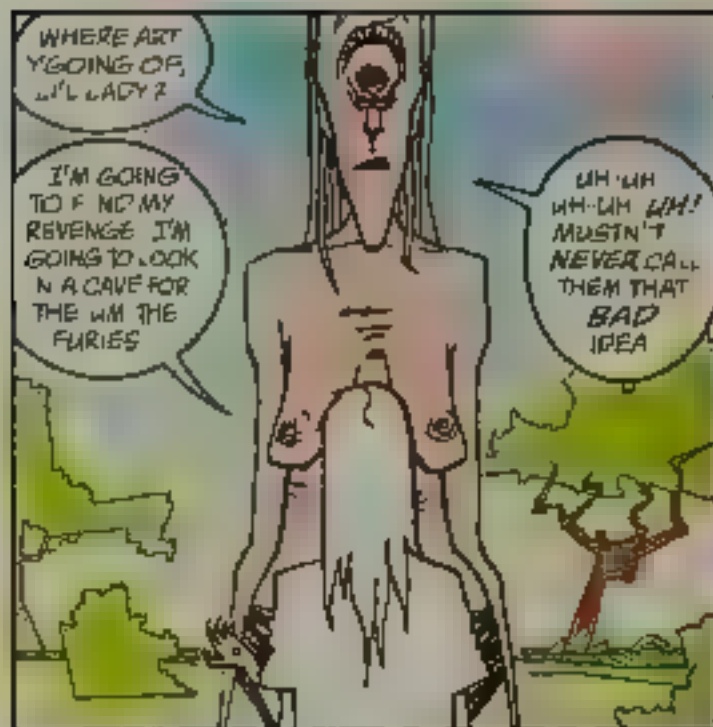
INKED BY  
D'ISRAEL

LETTERED BY  
TODD KLEIN  
COLORED BY  
DANIEL VOZZO  
COLOR SEPT BY  
ANDROID IMAGES  
EDITED BY  
KAREN BERGER  
ASSOCIATED BY  
SHELLY ROEBERG

SANDMAN  
CHARACTERS  
CREATED BY  
GAIMAN  
KIEHL &  
DRINGEN-  
BERG









WHAT'S YOUR SORROW,  
YOUNG LADY?

THEY  
BURNED  
MY SON TO  
DEATH

THEY  
LEFT HIM  
CHARRED  
AND BURNT  
IN THE  
DESERT

I'M  
SEEK'NG  
REVENGE

AND WHERE WOULD YOU  
BE A SEEKING OF IT?

IN  
GREECE  
MY MOTHER'S  
LAND

I'M OFF  
TO FIND THE "THE"

I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT TO  
CALL THEM ANY  
MORE THE  
LADIES

AH

THE LADIES  
INDEED WELL YOU  
COULD CALL THEM  
THE NICE LADIES  
OR THE KIND LADIES.  
THEY LIKE THAT  
ONE

I SUPPOSE  
BUT THEY'RE  
REALLY THE..

UH UH  
DON'T SAY  
IT

DO YOU  
WANT TO COME  
WITH ME  
KITTY-CAT?

I CAN'T I'M  
ON MY WAY TO THAT  
CASTLE IT'S OWNED  
BY A SHAPE  
CHANGING OGRE

I INTEND  
TO WAGER THE  
SILVER COLLAR  
AROUND MY NECK  
THAT THE OGRE CANNOT  
CHANGE ITSELF INTO  
THREE THINGS THAT  
I SHALL NAME  
FOR IT

WILL THE  
THIRD SHAPE BE  
A MOUNGE?

OF COURSE

BUT.. DON'T  
THEY EVER  
LEARN?

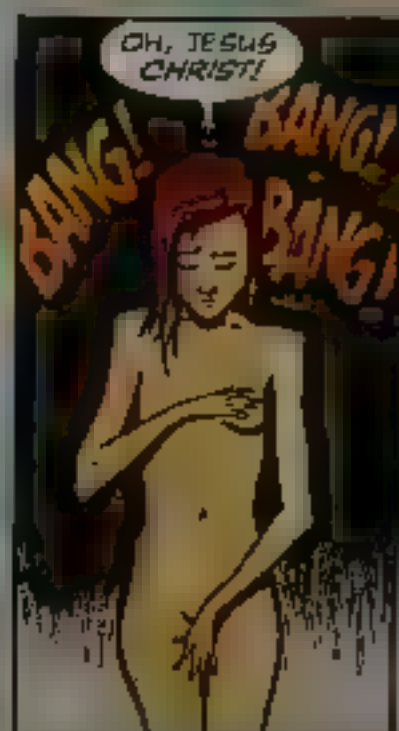
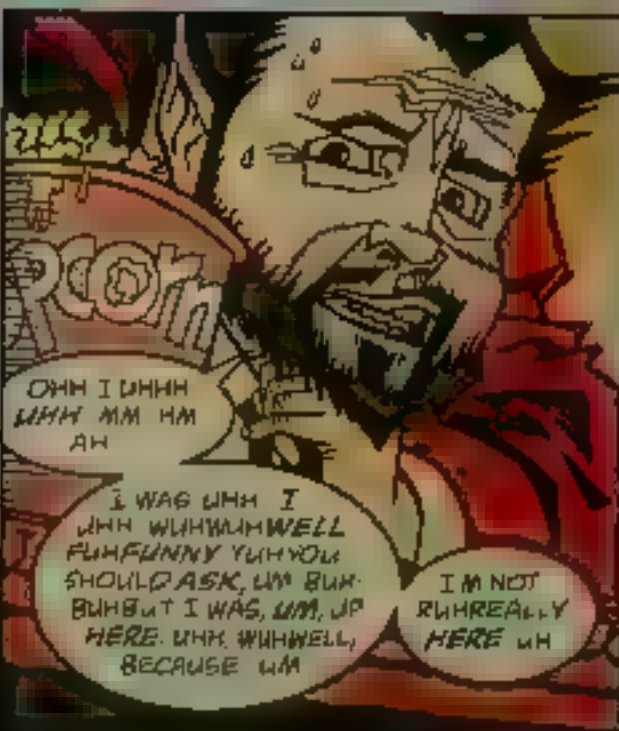
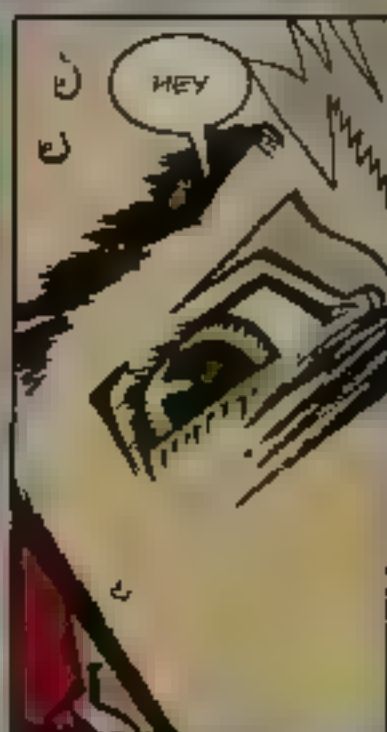
THEY CAN'T  
THEY'RE PART OF  
THE STORY. JUST  
AS I AM

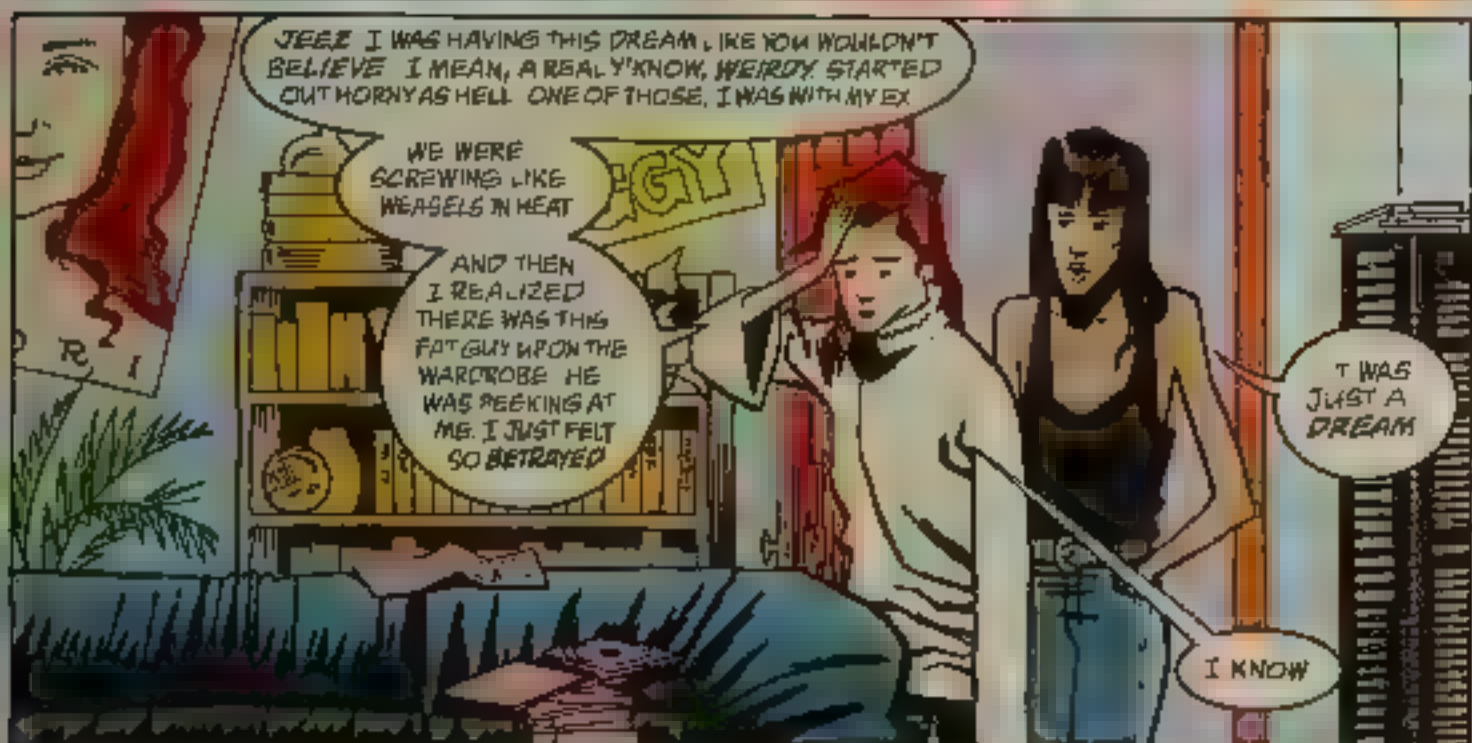
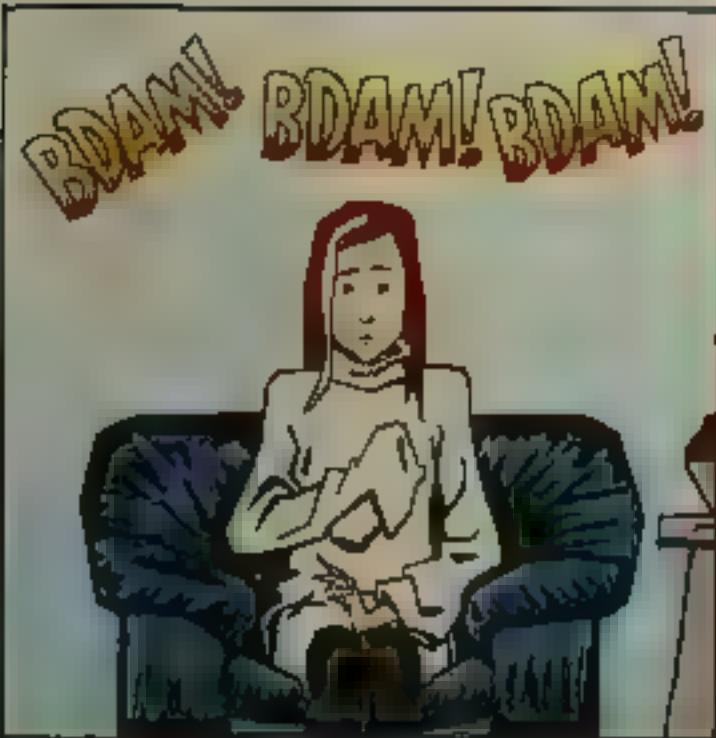
SORRY TO  
HEAR ABOUT  
YOUR SON

HIS NAME  
WAS DANIEL

I'M  
I'M VERY  
Tired









AND THEN TODAY I THOUGHT, GIRL, IF YOUR KID WAS STOLEN, YOU'D BE NUTS TOO AND SHE'S YOUR FRIEND. YOU GET STRAIGHT BACK UP THERE THIS MINUTE AND YOU DO WHATEVER HAS TO BE DONE TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT

BUT SHE'S NOT UP THERE

IS THERE ANY NEWS OF THE KID YET?

WH- WH

JESUS

I KEEP THINKING IT'S MY RESPONSIBILITY IF I HADN'T FALLEN ASLEEP LIKE THAT I WAS MEANT TO BE LOOKING AFTER DANNY ..

I WASN'T YOUR FAULT

I DIDN'T SAY IT WAS MY FAULT I SAID IT WAS MY RESPONSIBILITY I KNOW THE DIFFERENCE YOU WANT COFFEE?

GOD, YES.

SO, WHAT DID THE COPS SAY?

WHAT DID WHAT COPS SAY?

YOU KNOW FRIDAY AND GANNON WHATEVER THEIR NAMES ARE DIDN'T THEY TAKE A STATEMENT FROM YOU? THEY SAID THEY WERE GOING TO. WANTED TO KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU

NOBODY'S SPOKEN TO ME

THEY WANTED TO KNOW IF YOU WERE DOING ANY DRUGS

I FELL ASLEEP THAT WAS ALL I'VE NEVER FALLEN ASLEEP LIKE THAT...

I JUST DON'T

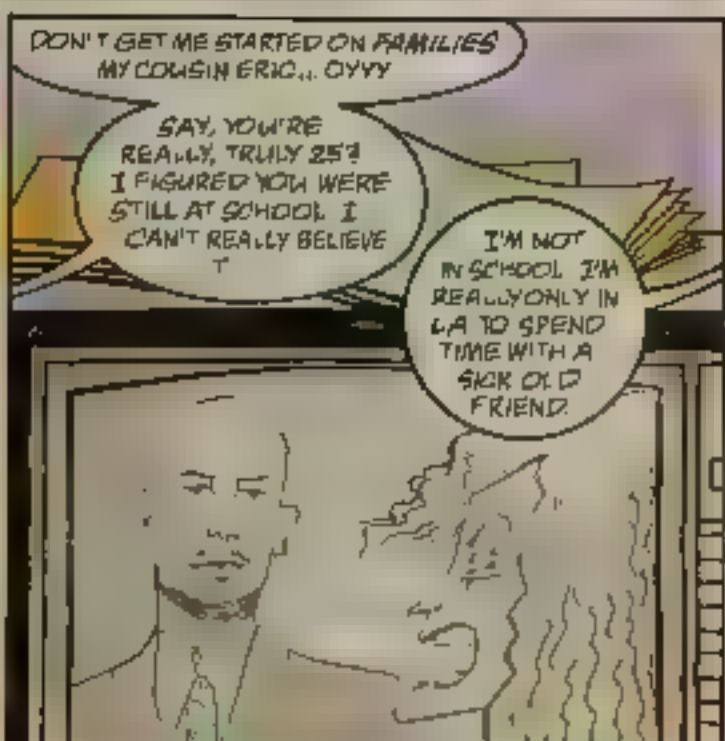
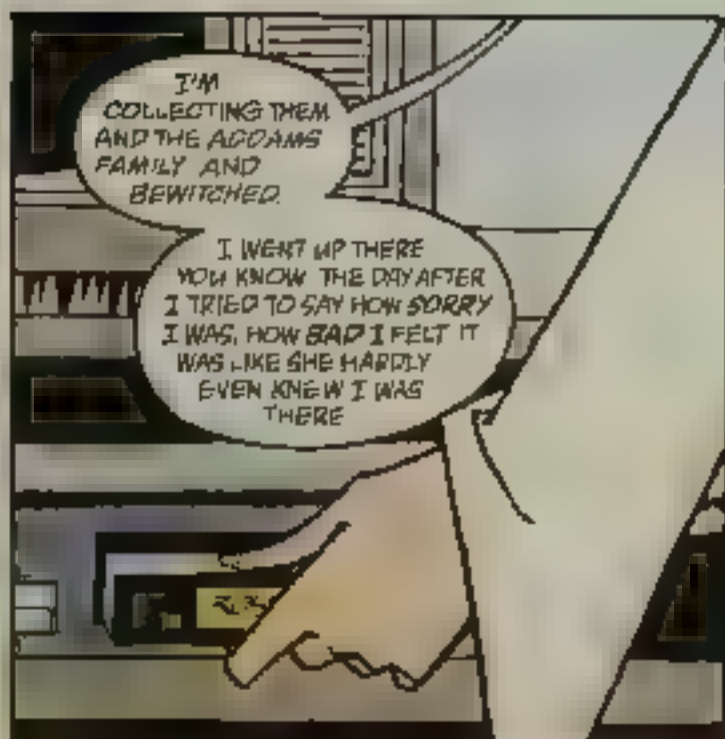
I PUT HIM TO BED, SAT DOWN, THEN LYTA WAS SHAKING ME AWAKE AND SAYING DANIEL WAS GONE

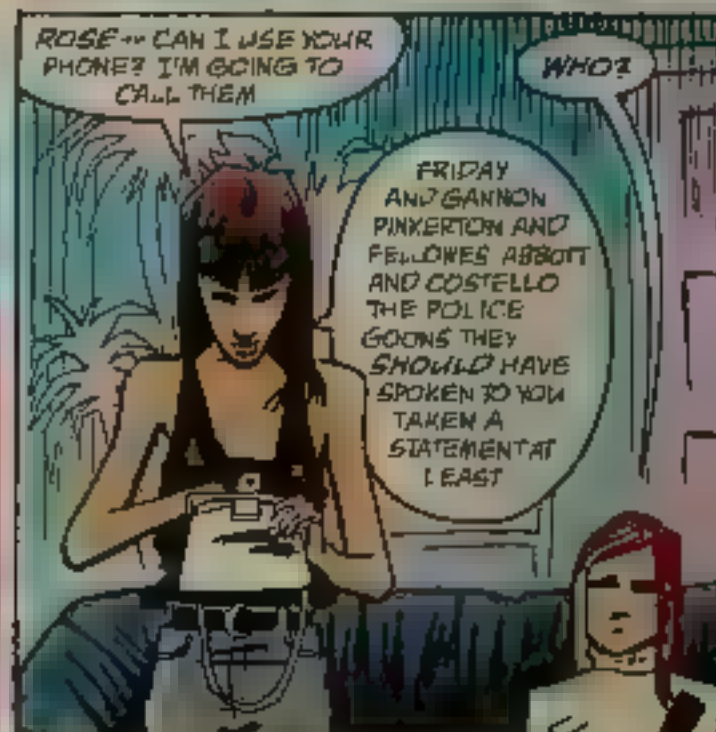
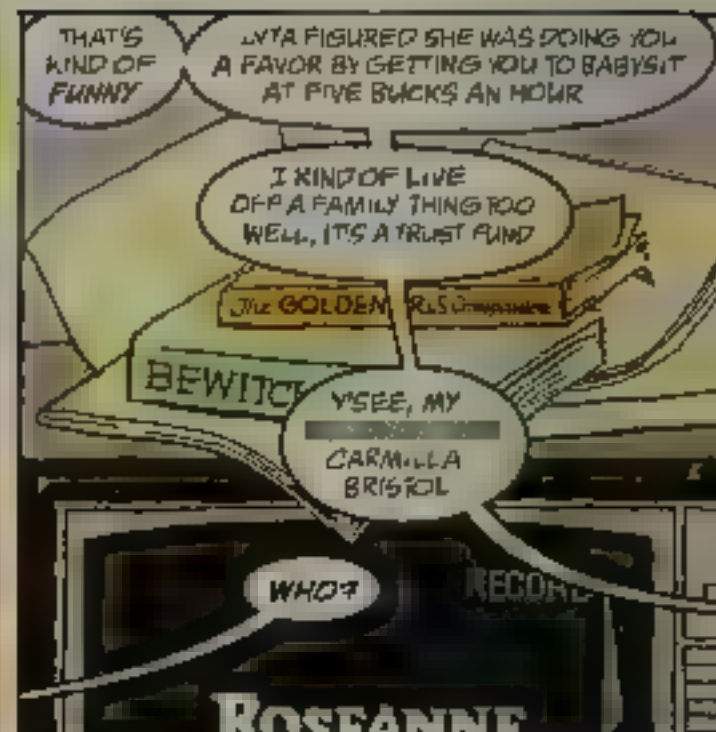
LOOK, KID YOU MUSTN'T JUST-

I'M NOT A KID CARLA I'M 25. FOR CHRIS'S SAKE NEARLY 26. I JUST LOOK YOUNGER THAN I AM. IS ALL WANNA SEE MY DRIVER'S LICENSE?

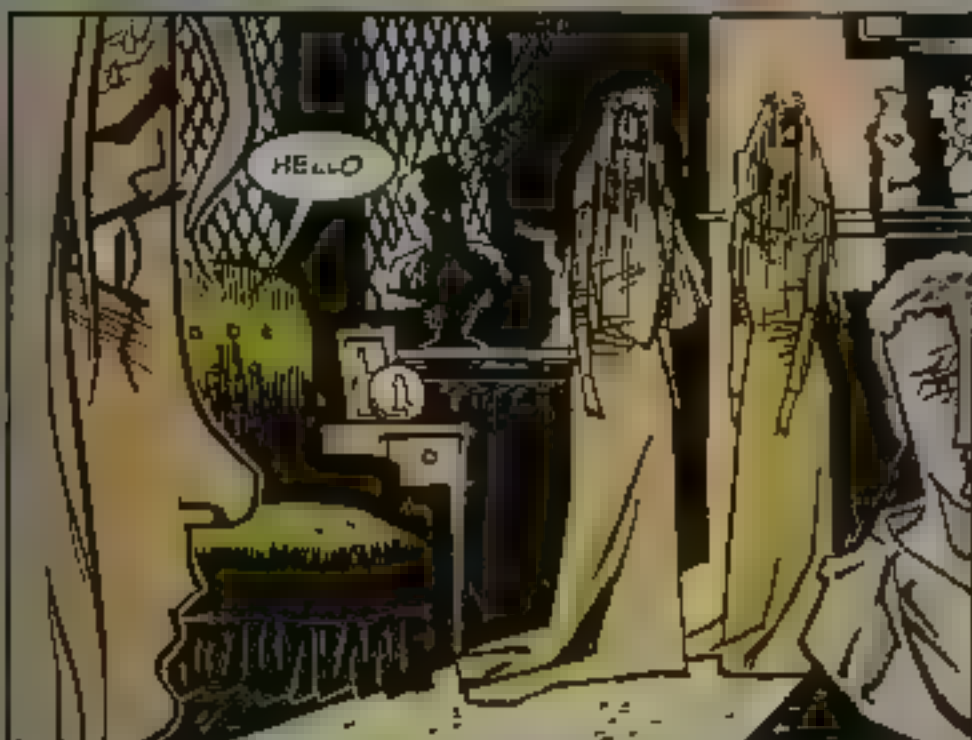
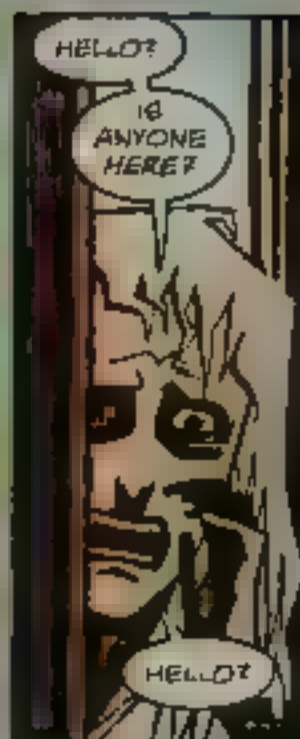
25? WOW SO WHAT'S YOUR SECRET, ROSE WALKER?













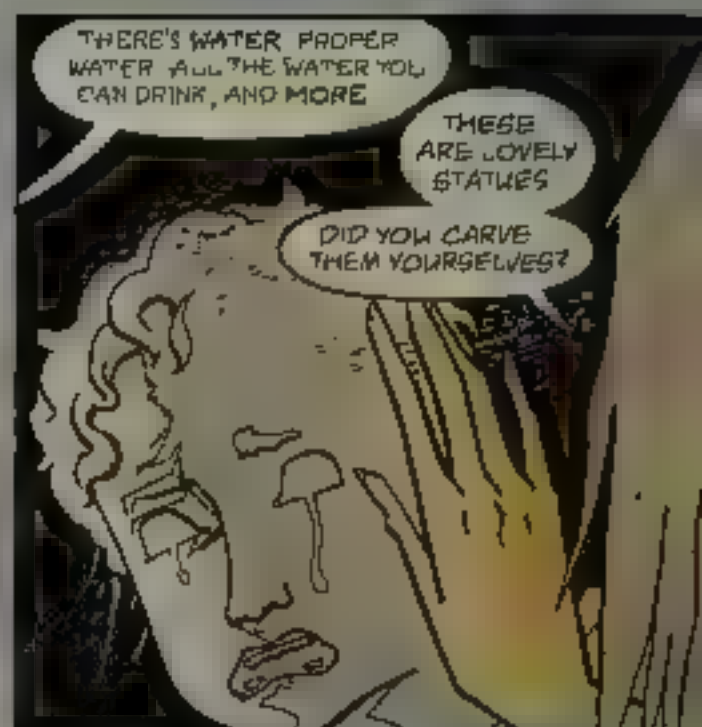


YOU'RE WELCOME TO STAY  
FOR A NIGHT AND A DAY  
AND ANOTHER NIGHT

BUT WE  
DON'T HAVE ANY  
FOOD HERE

WE HAD FOOD  
WHEN OUR SISTER  
WAS WITH US

BUT AFTER SHE WENT AWAY  
IT WENT FOUL AND BAD FLIES  
AND THEN IT BECAME DUST



THERE'S WATER PROPER  
WATER ALL THE WATER YOU  
CAN DRINK, AND MORE

THESE  
ARE LOVELY  
STATUES

DID YOU CARVE  
THEM YOURSELVES?



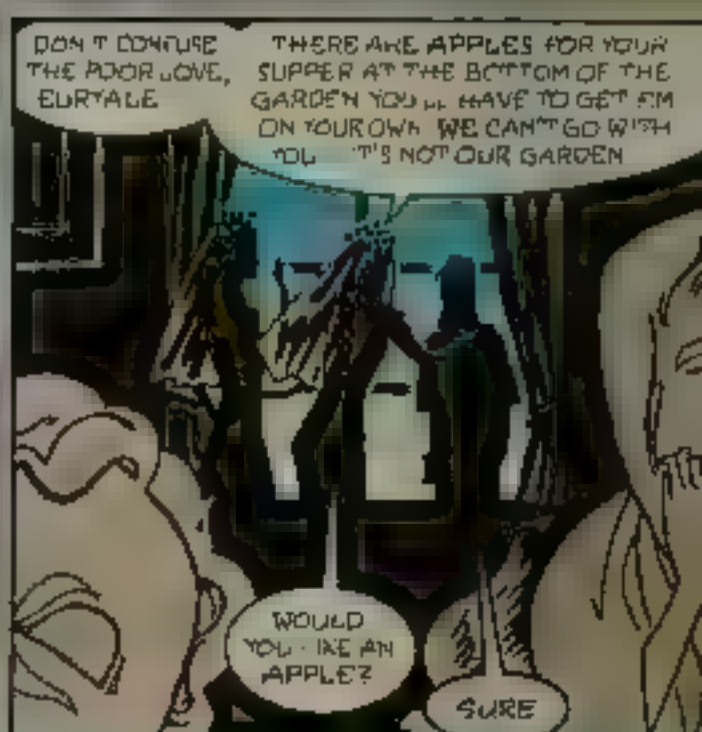
OH  
PLEASE

WOULD YOU  
LIKE TO BE OUR  
SISTER?

SORRY?

HE CUT OFF HER HEAD  
HE WAS A STRANGER WE  
WANTED TO BURY IT WITH  
HER BUT HE CARRIED IT  
OFF WITH HIM

THERE SHOULD BE  
THREE OF US YOU COULD  
BE THE MORTAL ONE

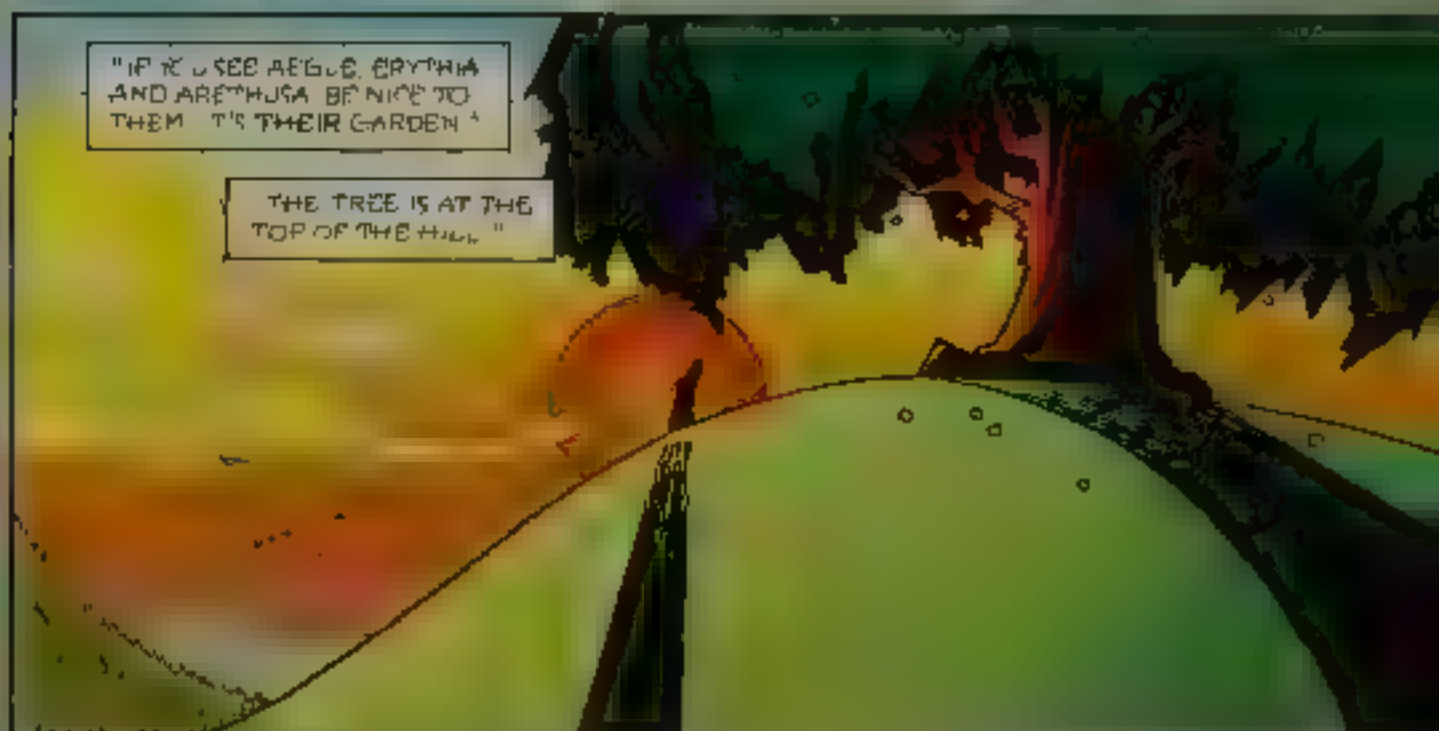


DON'T CONFUSE  
THE POOR ONE,  
EURYALE

THERE ARE APPLES FOR YOUR  
SUPPER AT THE BOTTOM OF THE  
GARDEN YOU HAVE TO GET THEM  
ON YOUR OWN WE CAN'T GO WITH  
YOU IT'S NOT OUR GARDEN

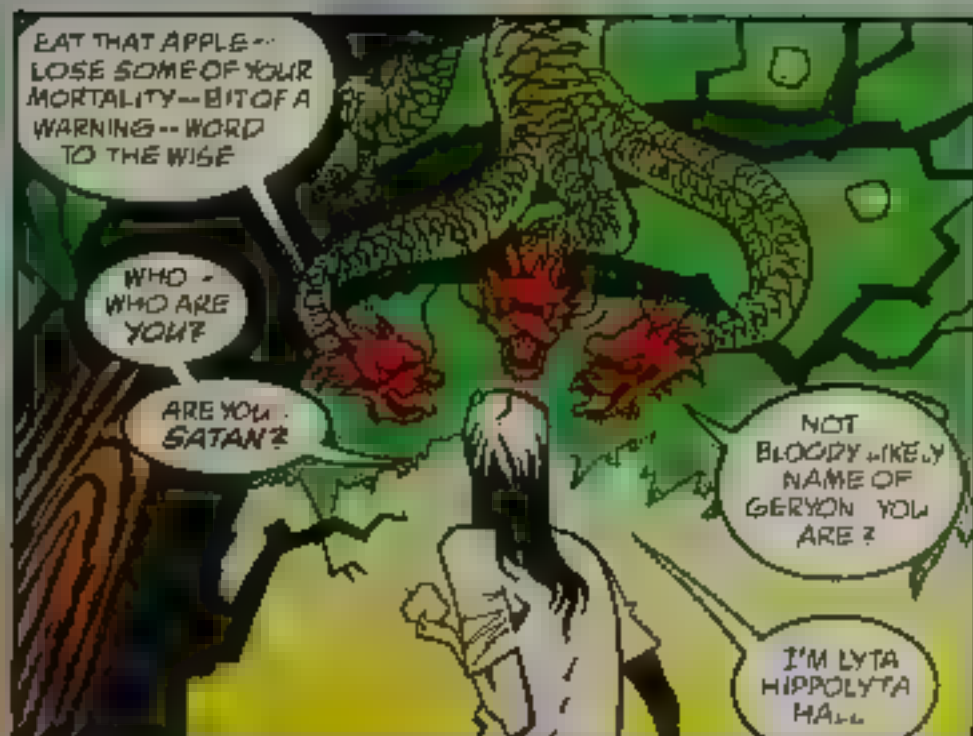
WOULD  
YOU LIKE AN  
APPLE?

SURE



"IF YOU SEE AEGLE, ERYTHIA  
AND ARETHUSA BE NICE TO  
THEM IT'S THEIR GARDEN"

THE TREE IS AT THE  
TOP OF THE HILL



EAT THAT APPLE--  
LOSE SOME OF YOUR  
MORTALITY--BIT OF A  
WARNING--WORD  
TO THE WISE

WHO--  
WHO ARE  
YOU?

ARE YOU  
SATAN?

NOT  
BLOODY LIKELY  
NAME OF  
GERYON YOU  
ARE?

I'M LYTA  
HIPPOLYTA  
HALL



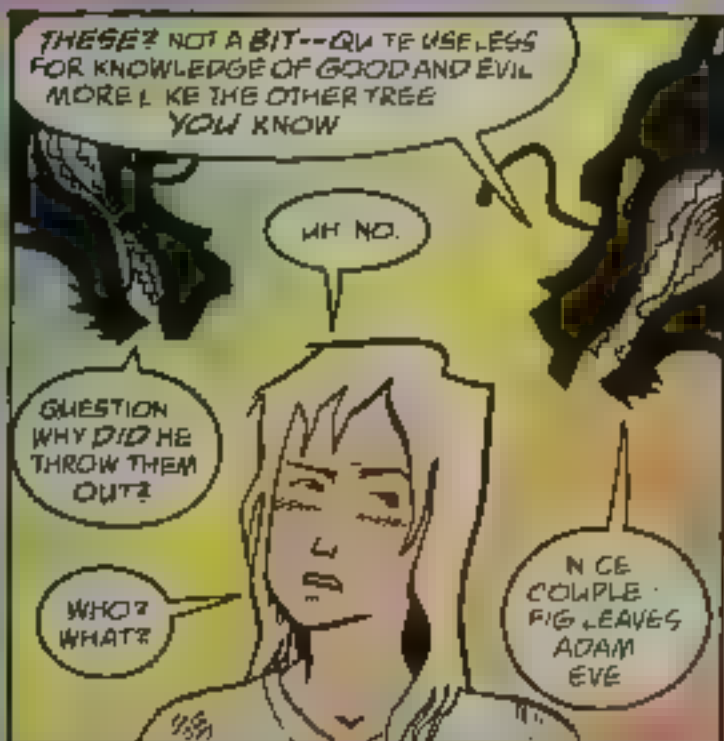
HIPPOLYTA ALSO  
ANTIOPE QUEEN OF  
AMAZONS & YEN IN  
MARRIAGE BY  
HERCULES TO  
THESEUS

HALL A  
CORRIDOR  
PLACE BETWEEN  
PLACES

LYTA--  
LESS DARK  
YEST

I  
SUPPOSE  
IT'S JUST A  
NAME

ARE THESE  
THE APPLES FROM  
THE BIBLE?



THESE? NOT A BIT--QUITE USELESS  
FOR KNOWLEDGE OF GOOD AND EVIL  
MORE LIKE THE OTHER TREE  
YOU KNOW

WH NO

QUESTION  
WHY DID HE  
THROW THEM  
OUT?

WHO?  
WHAT?

NICE  
COUPLE  
FIG LEAVES  
ADAM  
EVE

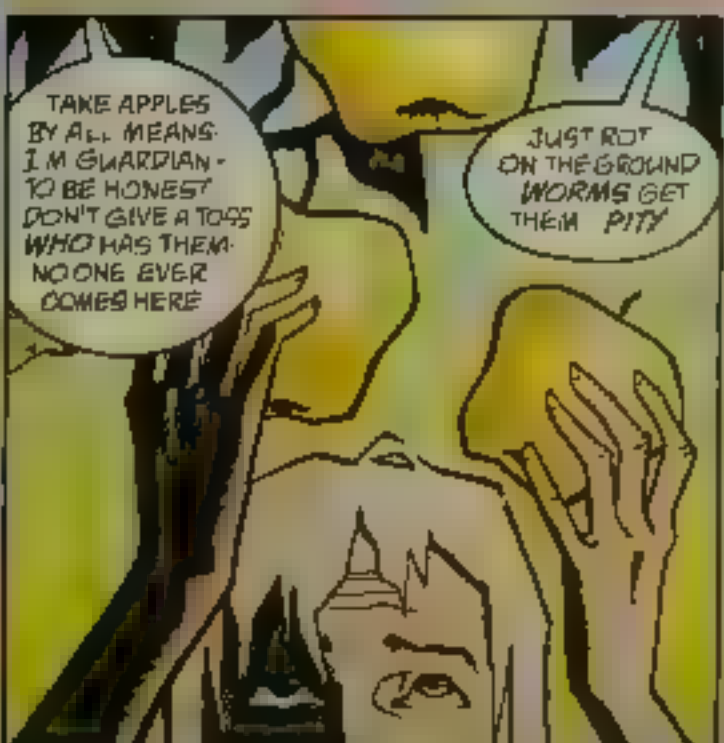


OH YES  
I SEE

WHY DID  
GOD EXPEL THEM  
FROM THE GARDEN  
OF EDEN? BECAUSE  
THEY DISOBEYED  
HIM, I SUPPOSE

NOT A  
BIT

SCARED  
THEY WOULD FIND  
THE TREE OF LIFE  
NEXT "AND EAT,  
AND LIVE FOR EVER"  
--GENESIS THREE,  
TWENTY-TWO

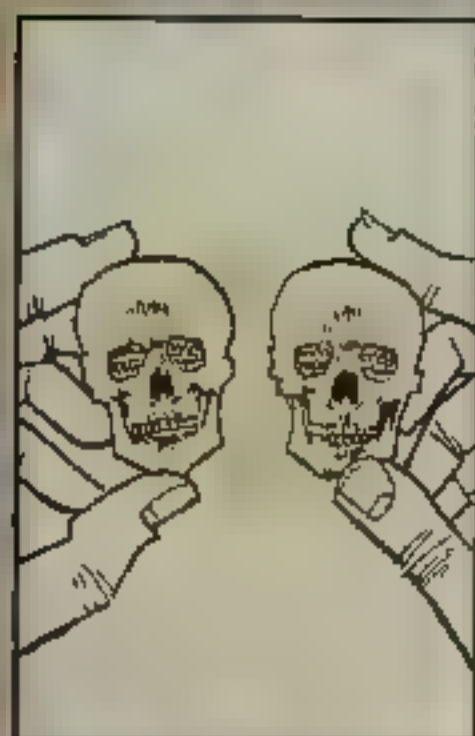
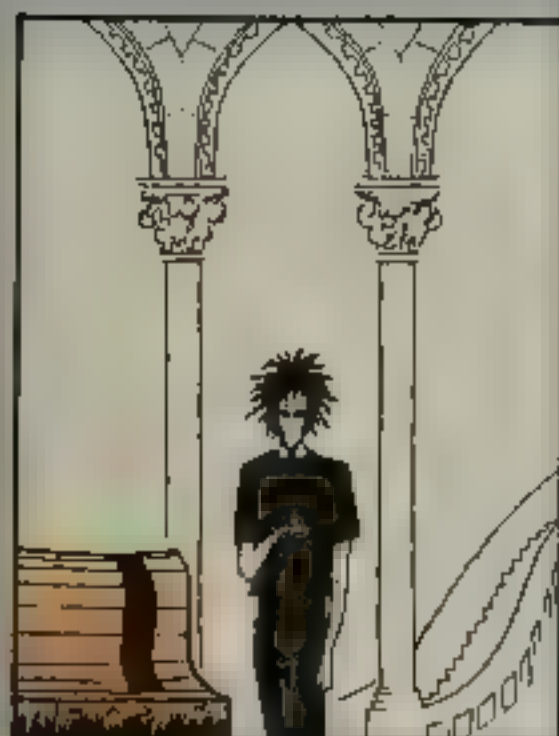
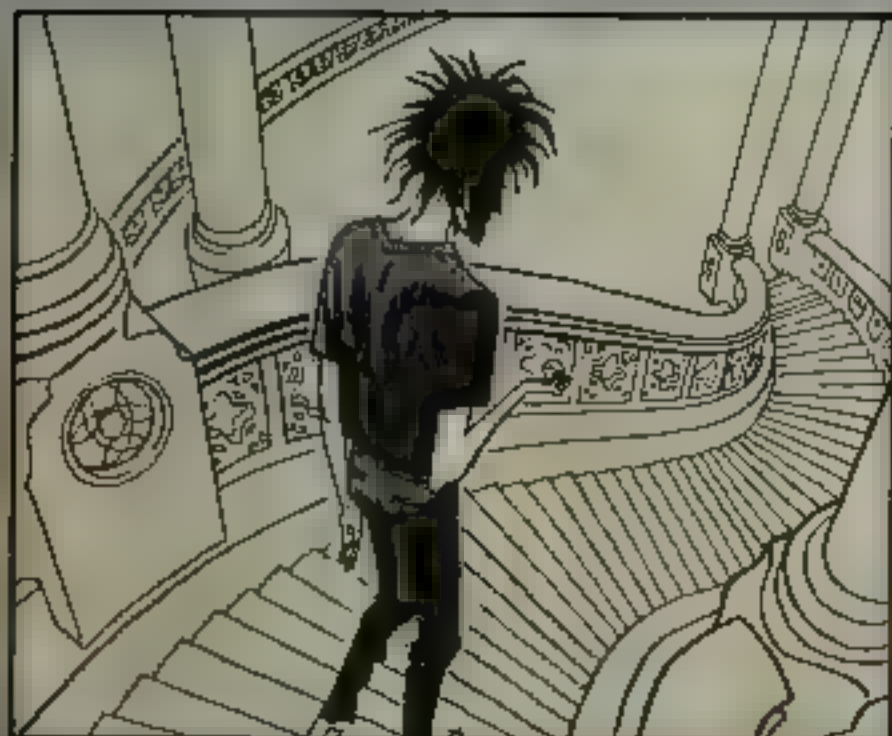


TAKE APPLES  
BY ALL MEANS  
I'M GUARDIAN--  
TO BE HONEST  
DON'T GIVE A TOSS  
WHO HAS THEM--  
NO ONE EVER  
COMES HERE

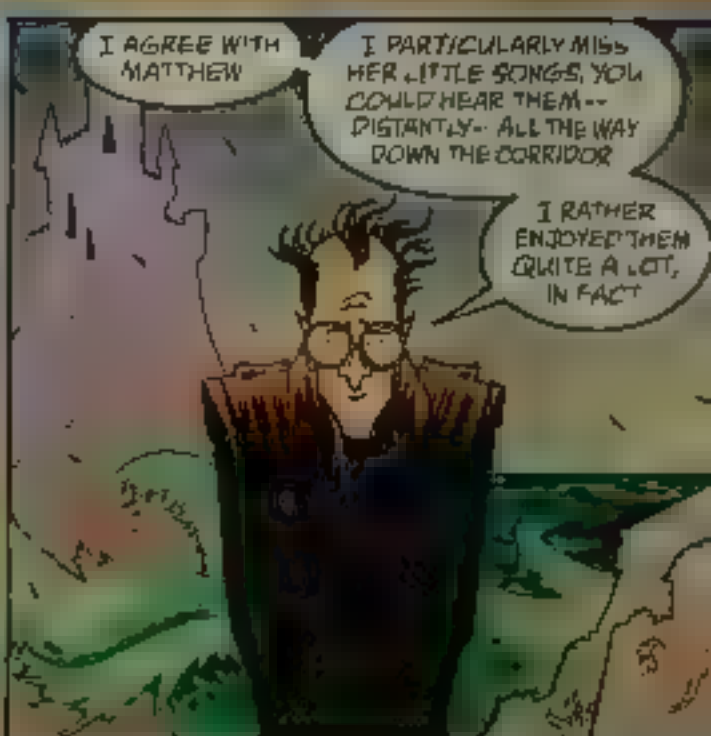
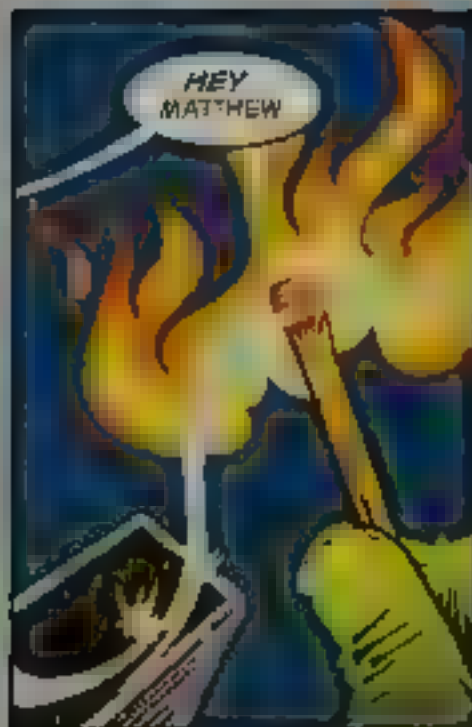
JUST ROT  
ON THE GROUND  
WORMS GET  
THEM PITY

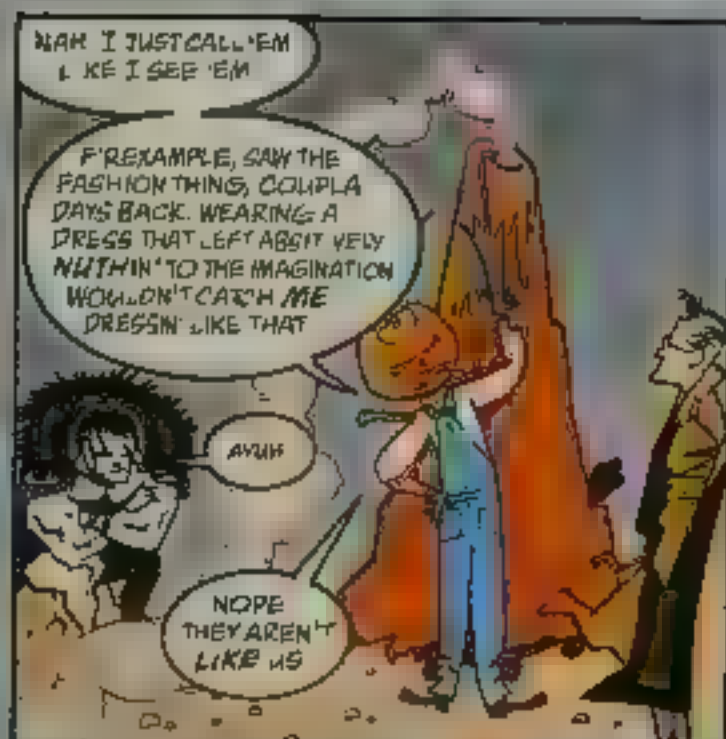




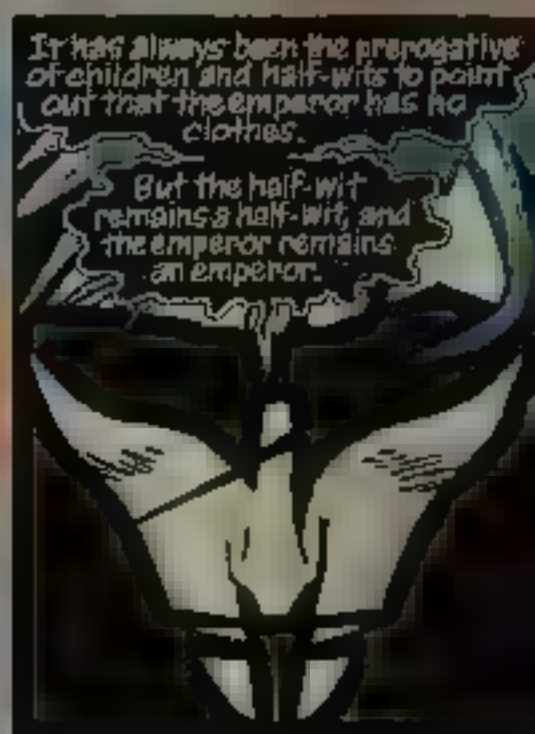
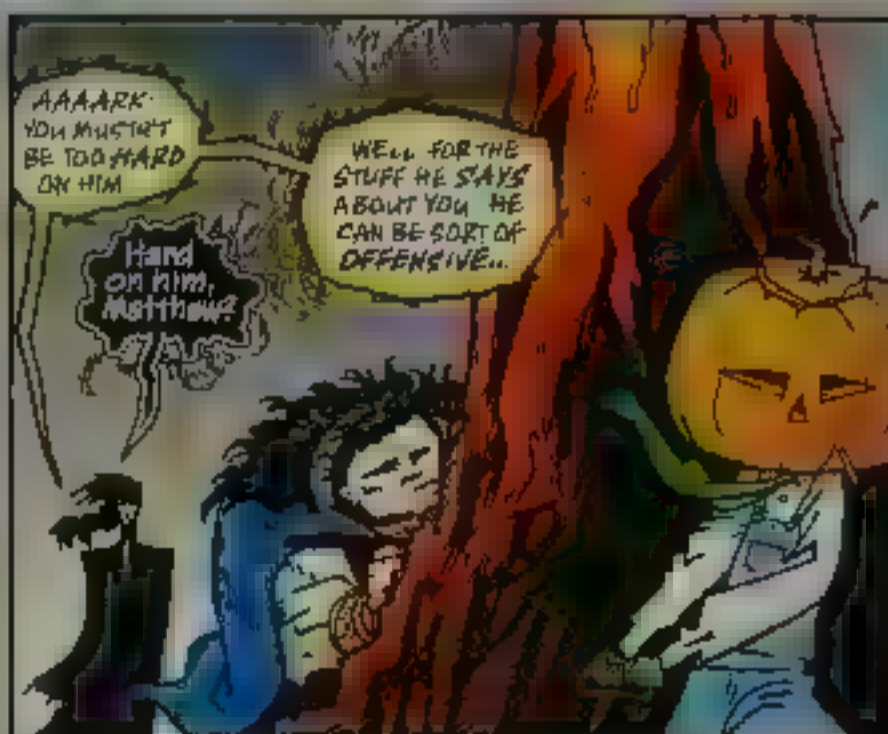




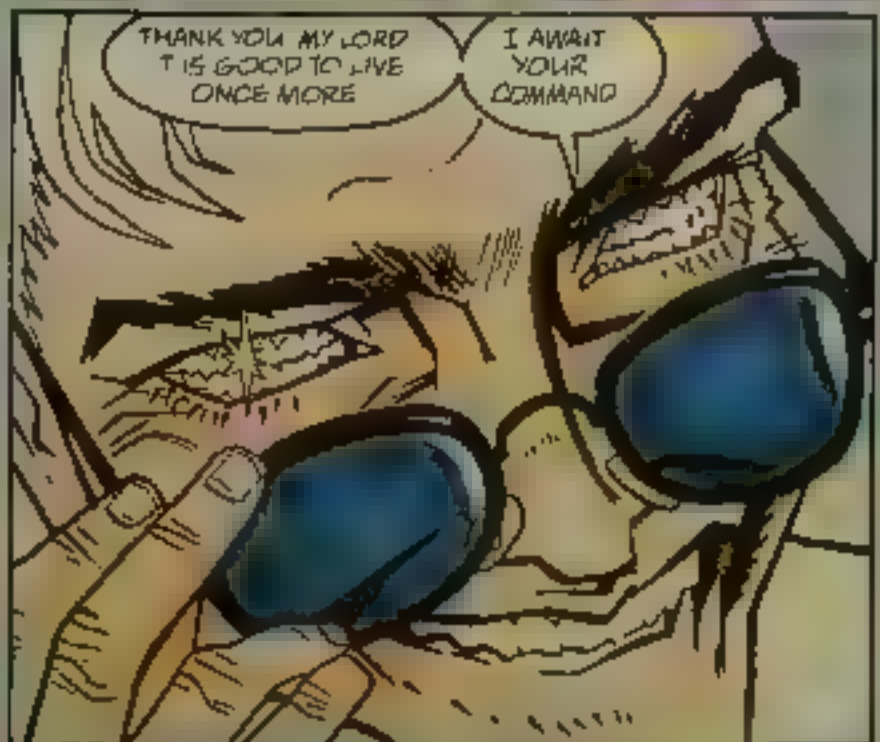
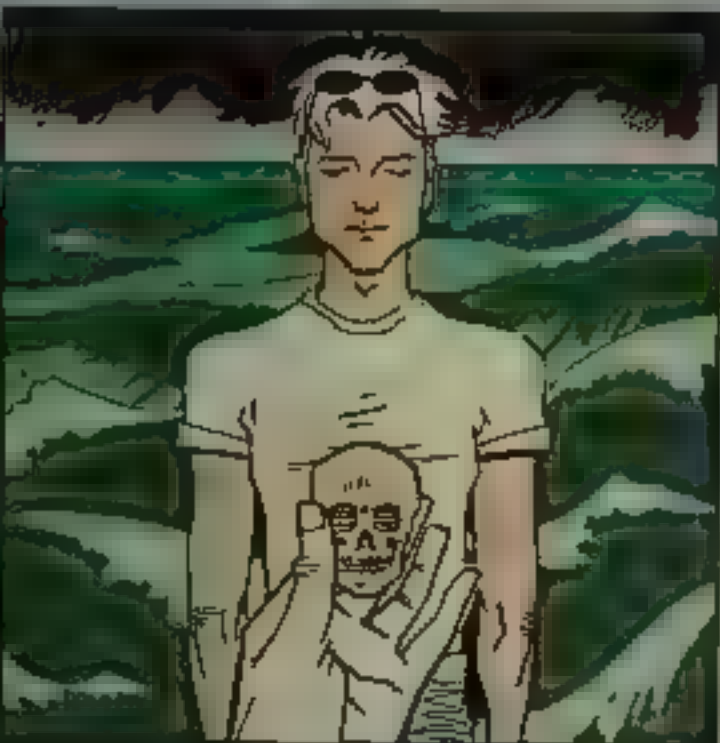




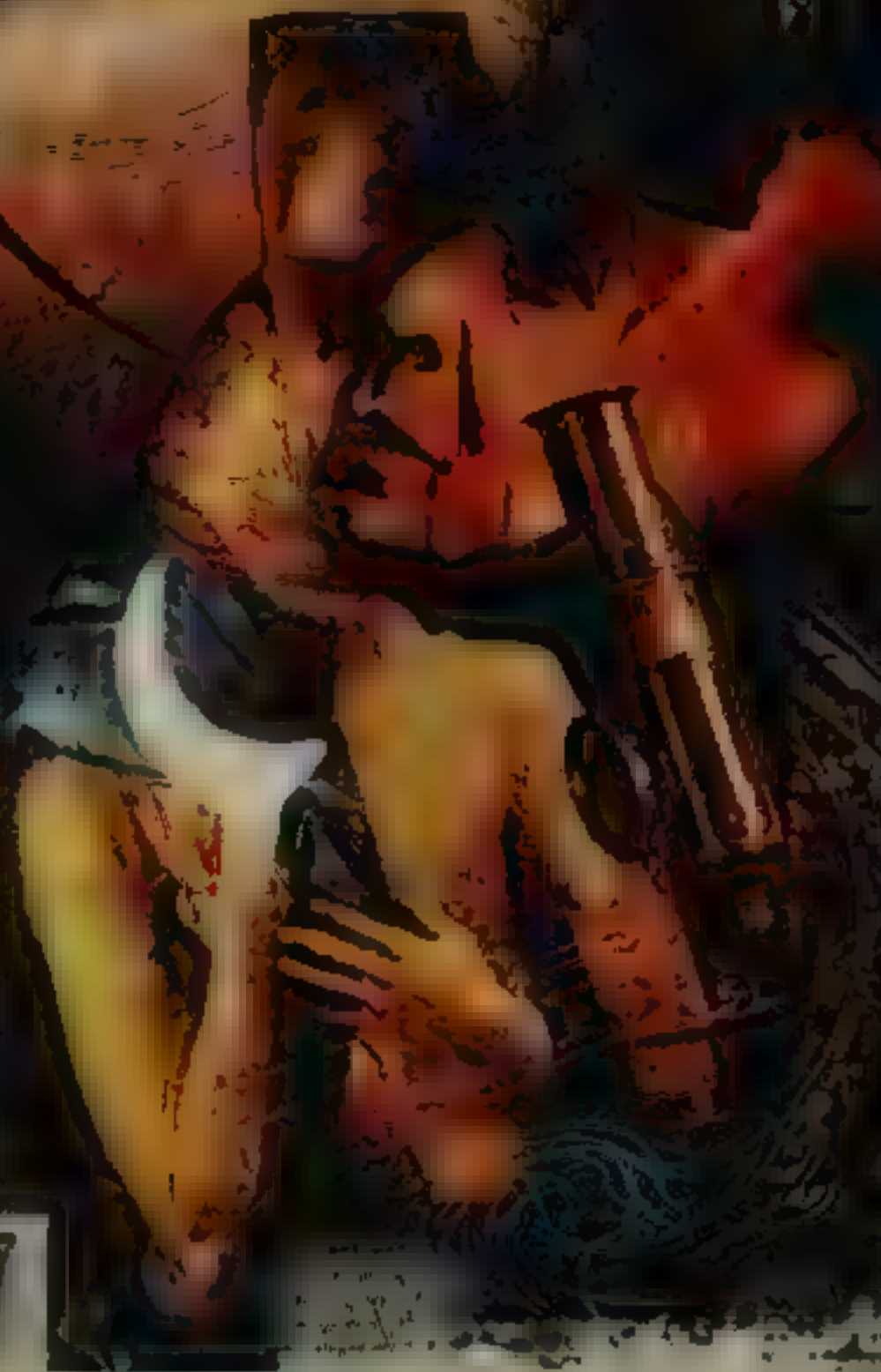








# Journal of Art & V&E







IT'S  
HAPPENING  
VERY SLOWLY  
BUT IT'S  
HAPPENING

IT  
ALWAYS  
TAKES LONGER  
THAN YOU THINK  
DOESN'T IT?



LOOK AT HER  
HAIR

SHE'S VERY BEAUTIFUL.  
STHENO, ISN'T SHE?

DO YOU THINK  
SHE'S GOING TO  
BE OUR SISTER?

WE CAN  
PRAY



THE GODS WE  
PRAYED TO WHEN  
WE WERE YOUNG  
USED UP THEIR  
TIME SO LONG  
AGO THEY  
CANNOT ANSWER  
ANYMORE

THEY  
NEVER LIKED  
US, DID THEY?

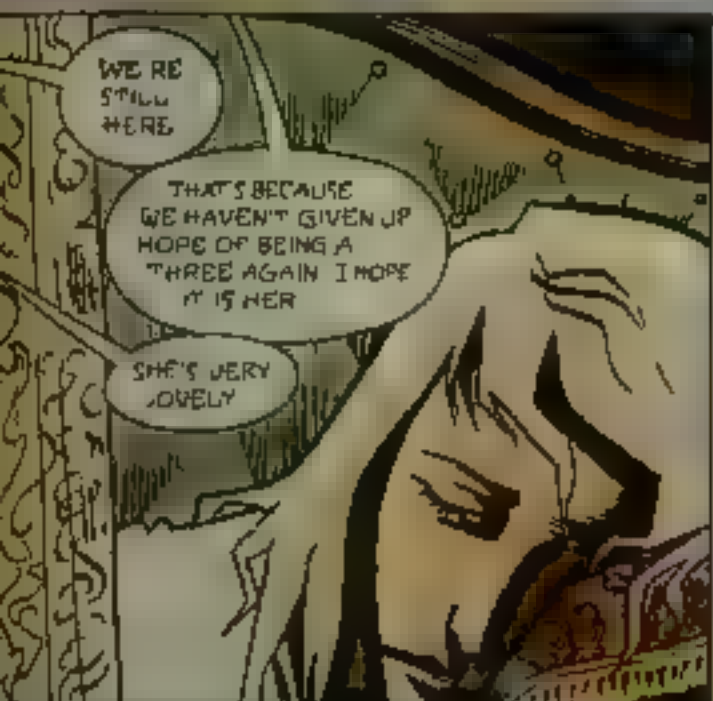
GODS  
DON'T "LIKE"  
THEY LOVE  
AND THEY  
HATE AND  
THEY  
IGNORE



IF THEY LIKED US THEY WOULDN'T HAVE  
LET THAT YOUNG MAN DECAPITATE OUR  
DARLING

IT WAS  
GOOD TO BE  
THREE I  
HAVEN'T  
FORGOTTEN

TWO'S DON'T  
WORK TWO'S HURT  
AND CRUMBLE TWO'S  
FALL INTO ONE'S AND  
THEN INTO DUST  
AND NOTHING'S



WE'RE  
STILL  
HERE

THAT'S BECAUSE  
WE HAVEN'T GIVEN UP  
HOPE OF BEING A  
THREE AGAIN I HOPE  
IT IS HER

SHE'S VERY  
LOVELY



GOOD MORNING SISTER WITA  
DID YOU SLEEP WELL?

I. I'M  
NOT YOUR  
SISTER

YOU  
CAN BE  
IF YOU  
LIKE

NO, I DIDN'T SLEEP WELL. I  
DREAMED OF MY HUSBAND, AND  
I DREAMED OF MY SON

DID YOU DREAM OF  
YOUR FATHER?

I NEVER  
KNEW MY  
FATHER

AH, PROBABLY A  
GOD. THEY NEVER  
SEEMED TO CARE WHERE  
THEY SPURT THEIR SEED.  
NOT KEEN ON THEIR  
RESPONSIBILITIES AS  
FATHERS, GODS.

I FEEL VERY  
STRANGE

HERE,  
HAVE SOME  
WATER

MY HAIR THERE  
ARE SNAKES IN  
MY HAIR

LITTLE A FEW NOW  
BUT THERE WILL BE  
MORE THE LONGER  
YOU STAY HERE

SOON YOU'LL  
BE JUST LIKE  
MEDUSA

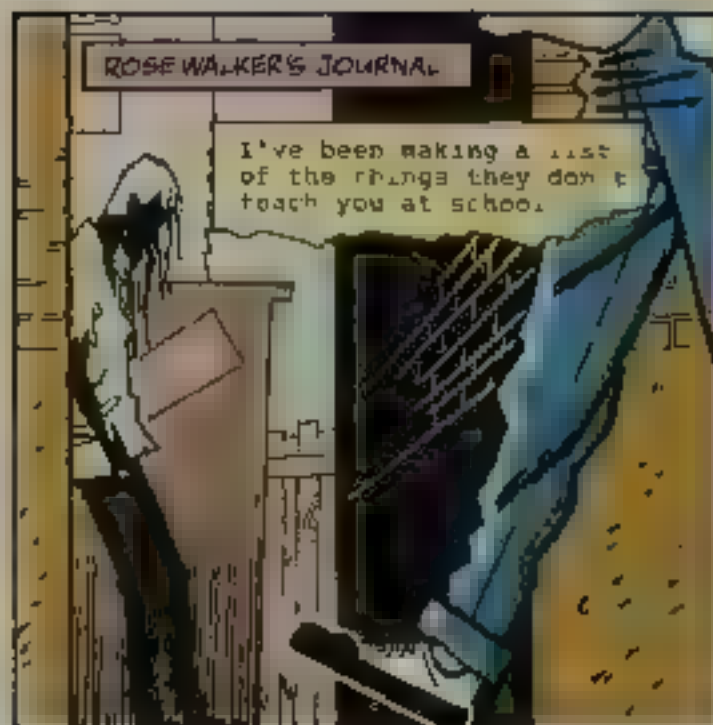
SNAKES

SHE  
WAS YOUR  
SISTER?

SHE WAS  
SPECIAL SHE'S  
STAY IN OUR  
HEARTS.







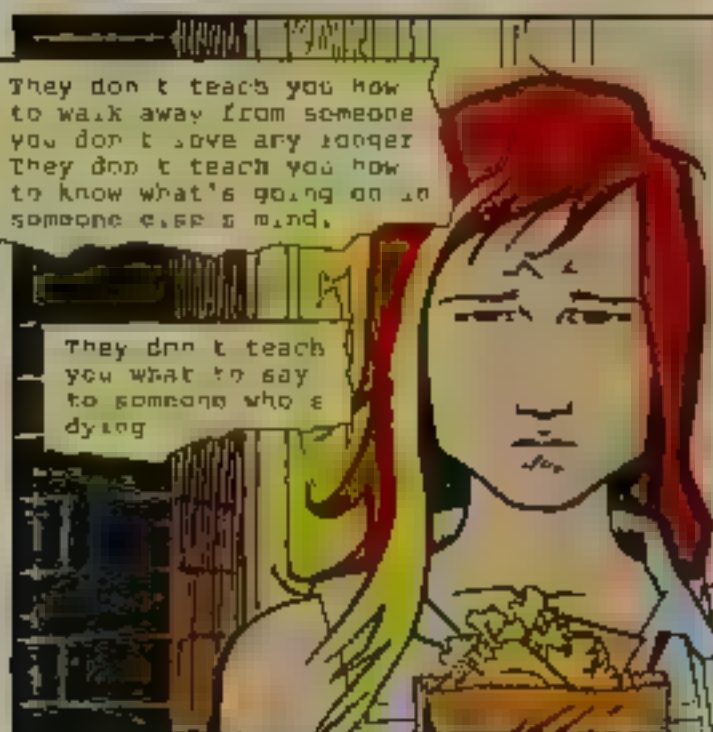
# ROSE WALKER'S JOURNAL

I've been making a list of the things they don't teach you at school.



They don't teach you how to love someone  
They don't teach you how to be famous  
They don't teach you how to be rich, or  
how to be poor

NINJA  
DEATH  
SQUAD



They don't teach you how to walk away from someone you don't love any longer  
They don't teach you how to know what's going on in someone else's mind.

They don't teach you what to say to someone who's dying



They don't teach you anything worth knowing



I've got a friend who's dying from A.D.  
How does that make me feel?

Empty. That's a 1. Just empty



Sometimes I feel shit, I don't know how.

Mostly when I don't feel what I ought to feel, inside

# THE KINDLY ONES!

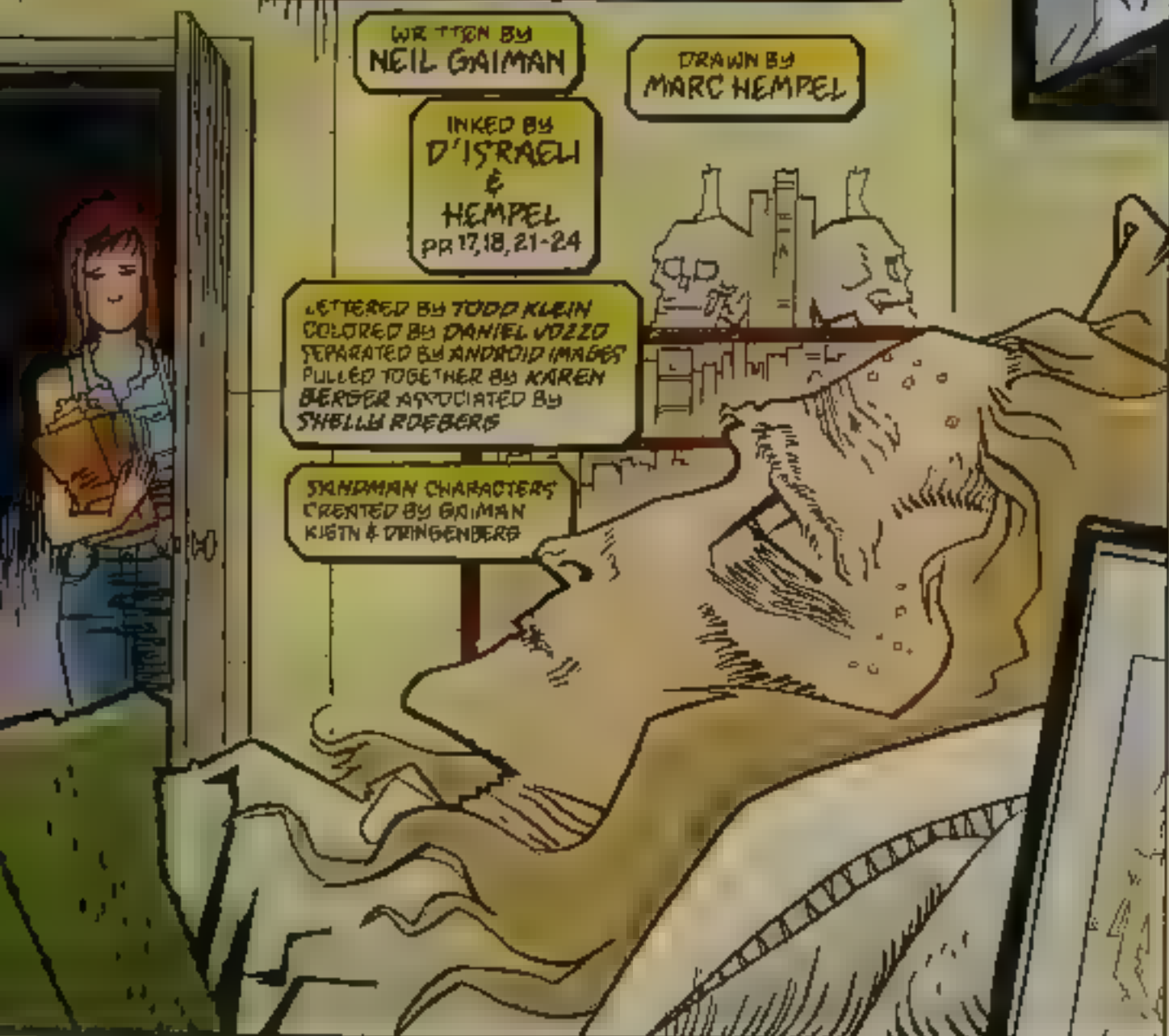
WRITTEN BY  
NEIL GAIMAN

DRAWN BY  
MARC HEMPEL

INKED BY  
D'ISRAEL  
&  
HEMPER  
PR 17, 18, 21-24

LETTERED BY TODD KLEIN  
COLORED BY DANIEL VOZZO  
SEPARATED BY ANDROID IMAGES  
PULLED TOGETHER BY KAREN  
BERGER ASSOCIATED BY  
SHELLY ROEBERS

SANDMAN CHARACTERS  
CREATED BY GAIMAN  
KISTN & DRINGENBERG



H' ZELDA  
T'S ME T'S  
ROSE

ROSE?

THAT'S  
RIGHT



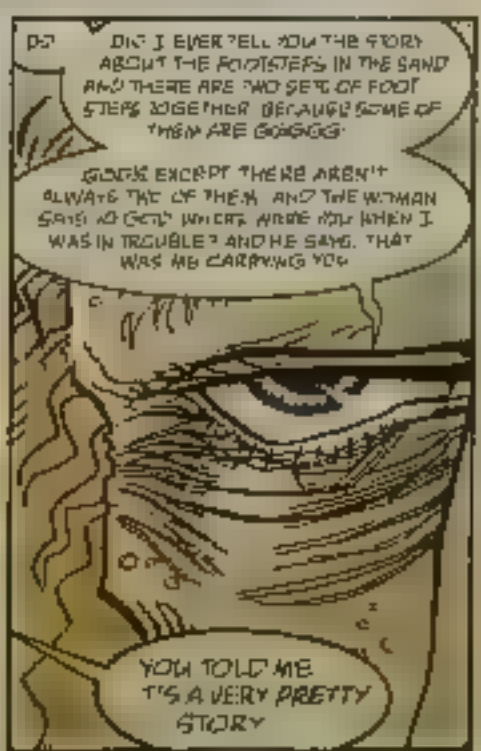
HOW  
YOU DOING  
TODAY?

A BE-  
BUT WEAK A  
BIT CRAZY FOR  
A WHILE I CAN'T  
SWALLOW PROPERLY  
THESE UP ALL MY  
PILLS AGAIN.

AND I'M  
SO HUP-  
HAPPY I  
COULD BE-

FEAR.

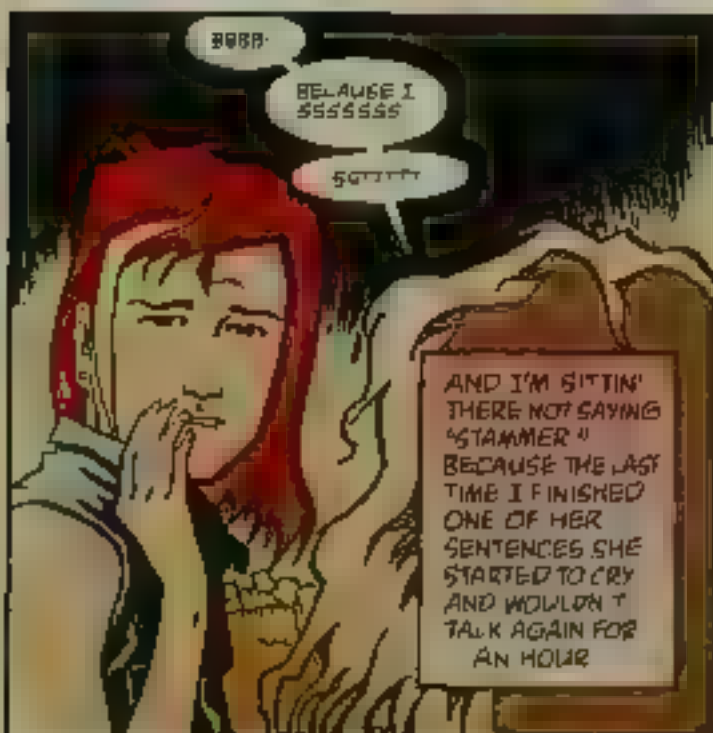
WE'LL HANG  
IN THERE



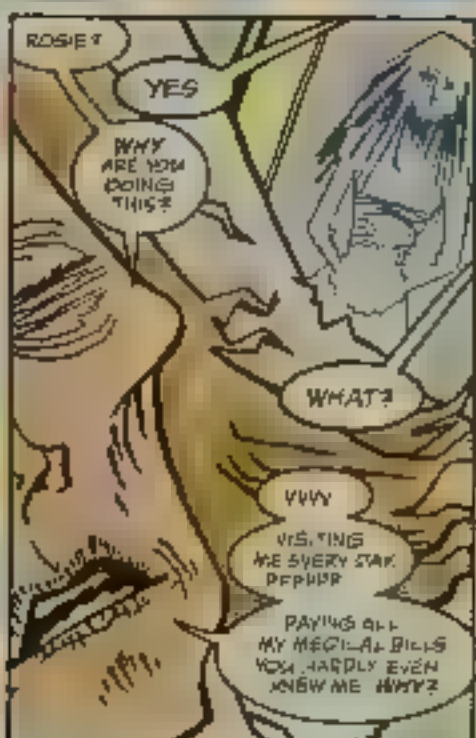
DID I EVER TELL YOU THE STORY  
ABOUT THE FOOTSTEPS IN THE SAND  
AND THERE ARE TWO SETS OF FOOT  
STEPS TOGETHER BECAUSE SOME OF  
THEM ARE GOING.

GOODS EXCEPT THERE AREN'T  
ALWAYS TWO OF THEM AND THE WITMAN  
SAID NO GODS WHOSE ARMS YOU WHEN I  
WAS IN TROUBLE? AND HE SAID THAT  
WAS ME CARRYING YOU

YOU TOLD ME  
T'S A VERY PRETTY  
STORY

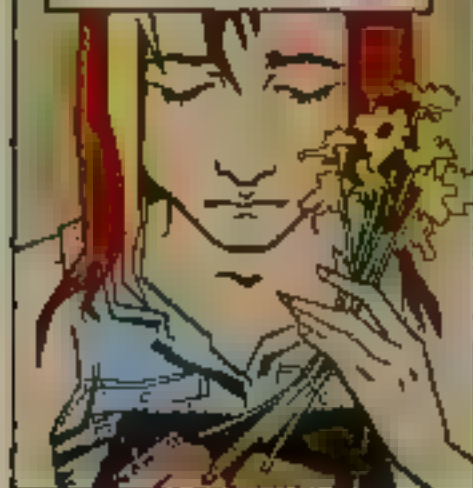






I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW SHE GOT AIDS IT DOESN'T MATTER REALLY, DOES IT?

HER IMMUNE SYSTEM DOESN'T WORK ANYMORE SIMPLE AS THAT



ZELDA SAYS THERE'S A GUY DOWN THE HALL HAS A DISEASE THEY'VE ONLY EVER SEEN BEFORE IN SHEEP THAT'S ALMOST FUNNY ISN'T IT?

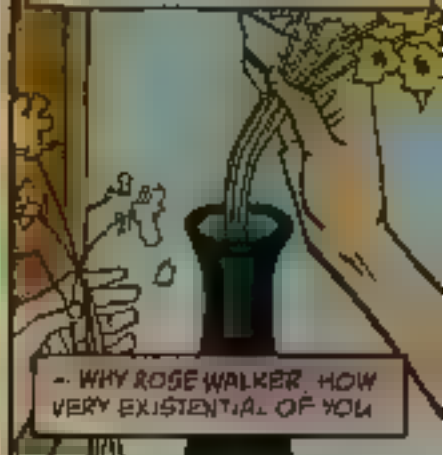
I MUST BE A REAL BETRAYAL, WHEN YOUR BODY TURNS AGAINST YOU

I WONDER IF SHE LIKES FLOWERS



ALL THE BITS OF YOU THAT CAN GO WRONG.

I DON'T LIKE FLOWERS, NOT REALLY. I LIKE GROWING THEM, BUT THAT'S ONLY BECAUSE I LIKE SEEING THEM BLOSSOM, AND SEEING THEM DIE



- WHY ROSE WALKER, HOW VERY EXISTENTIAL OF YOU

I SHOULD ASK HER IF SHE LIKES THEM, INSTEAD OF JUST BRINGING THEM

BUT OH, HOW I DO LOVE TO PLAY GOD



YOU KNOW, BECAUSE YOU DON'T LOOK A DAY OLDER THAN YOU DO IN FLORIDA

THANKS.



SLEEP WELL?

DID I FALL ASLEEP?

MM

I WAS TRYING TO TELL YOU I GAVE YOU A MESSAGE

OH YEAH? WHO'S THE MESSAGE FROM?

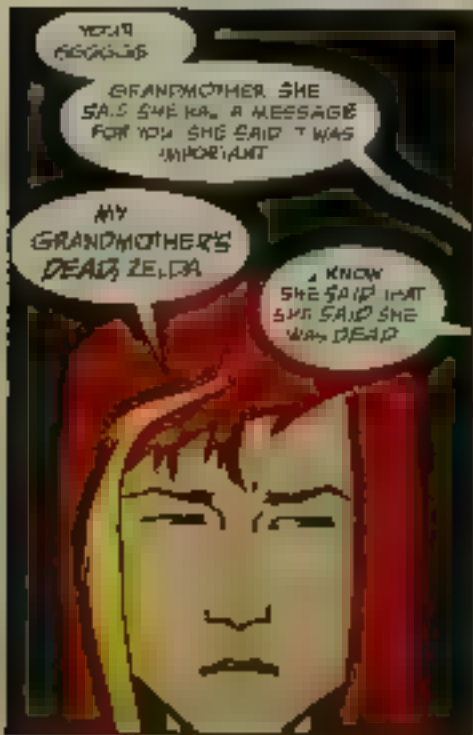


YOUR GRANDMOTHER

SHE SAID SHE KNEW A MESSAGE FOR YOU SHE SAID IT WAS IMPORTANT

MY GRANDMOTHER'S DEAD, ZELDA

I KNOW SHE SAID THAT SHE SAID SHE WAS DEAD



YOU HAVE TO GO BACK WHERE SHE LIVED

WHERE SHE USED TO SLEEP

SHE SAID YOU WOULD KNOW WHERE SHE MEANT

HEY-- ZELDA-- THIS IS JUST TOO WEIRD.



SHE SAID IF YOU GO TO HER SHE'LL GIVE YOU BACK YOUR HEART





# The Dreaming

WHAT AM I CALLED?

You are the Corinthian.

YES

I AM GOOD. AN IDENTITY

YES I AM ME

I AM NOT THE FIRST CORINTHIAN, AM I?

You are the second.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE FIRST?

He was a disappointment. I uncreated him.

WOULD NOT WISH TO BE A DISAPPOINTMENT

No.

I KNOW YOU I KNOW THIS PLACE THIS IS THE -THE DREAMING YES?

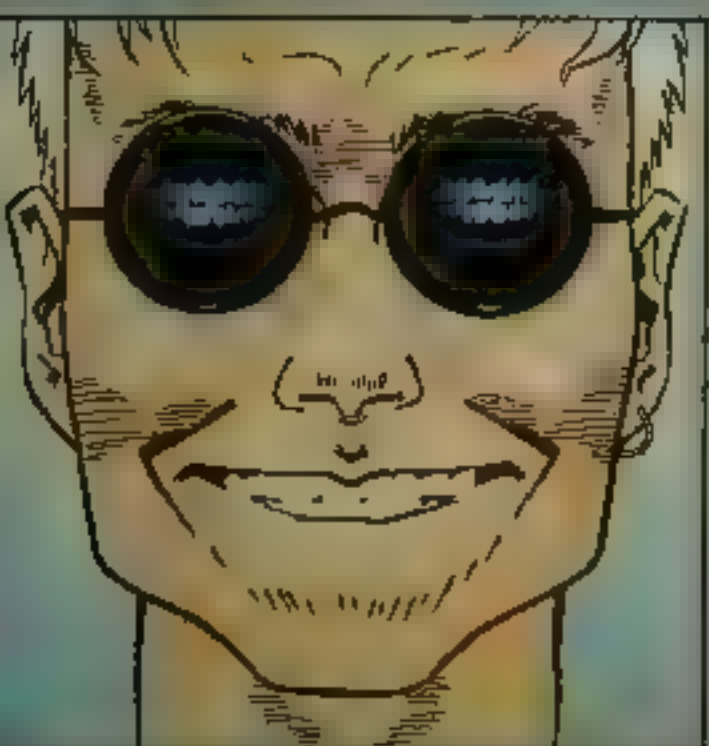
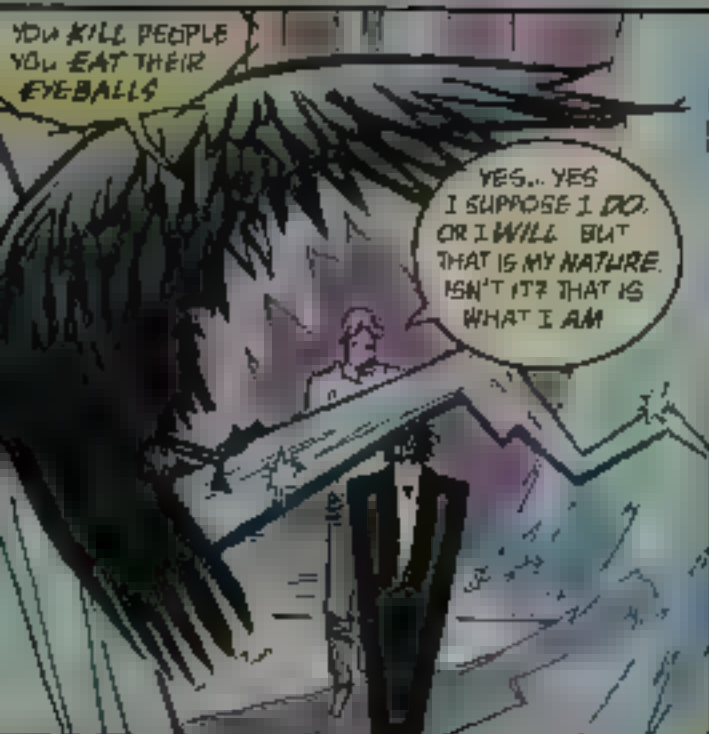
YES.

AND YOU ARE THE LORD OF THIS REALM

YES.









Loene®

"WELCOME HOME,  
DEAR DEAR NUALA  
WELCOME BACK "

"THANK YOU  
MY LADY "

I TRUST YOU DID NOT THINK YOUR  
EXILE WOULD BE PERMANENT NUALA.  
MY SWEET IT WAS F ITTING FOR ITS  
TIME BUT I ASSURE YOU THAT NO  
ONE HERE IS MORE PLEASED TO  
SEE YOU BACK THAN I

THANK  
YOU YOUR  
MAJESTY

HMM VERY  
PRETTY THAT'S  
NEW, ISN'T  
IT ?

YES...MY  
LADY

SO  
HOW WAS  
HE ?

WHO,  
MY LADY ?

THE LORD  
SHAPER NUALA IN  
WHOM ELSE'S REALM  
MIGHT YOU HAVE  
SPENT THE LAST  
THREE YEARS ?

OH HIM HE  
WAS PERFECTLY  
TOLERABLE

DID HE EVER SPEAK  
OF ME ?

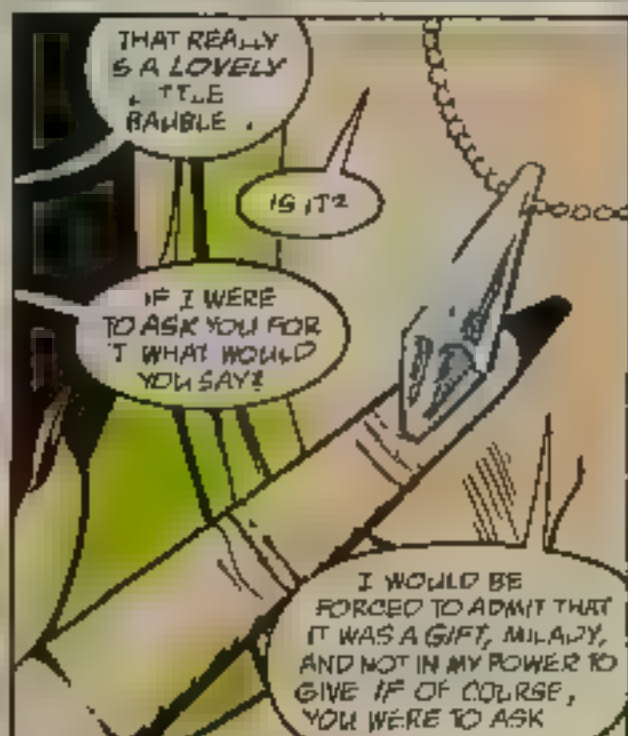
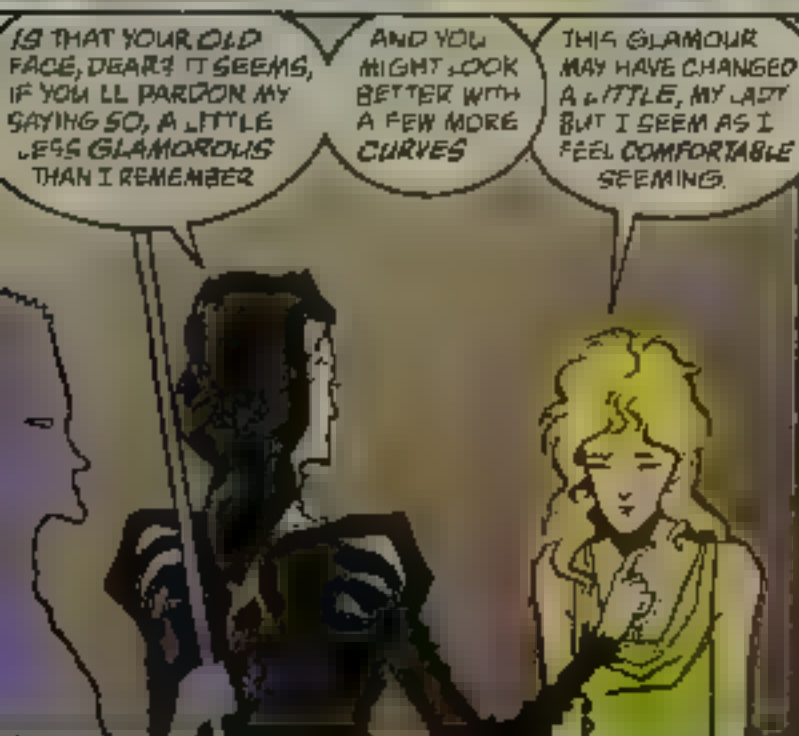
OF YOU,  
MY LADY ?

YES OF  
ME

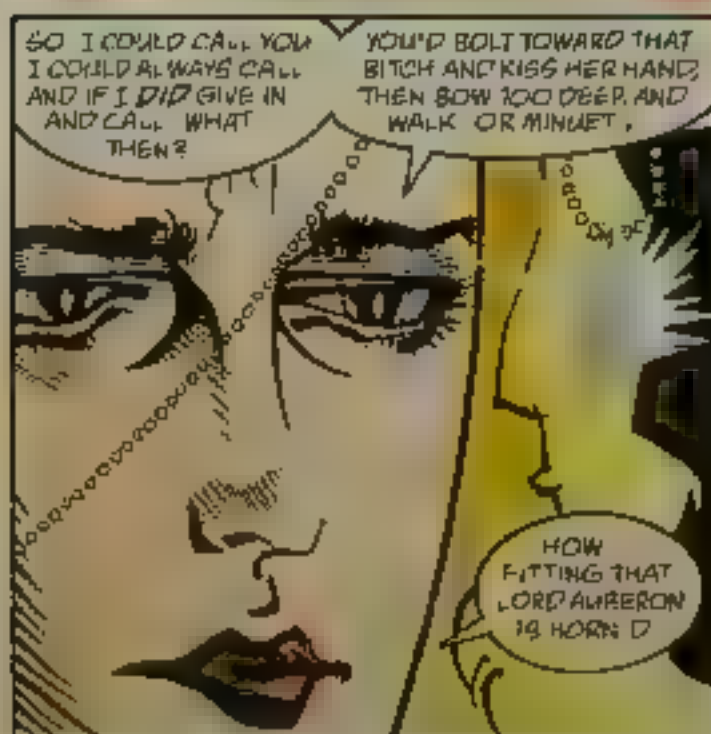
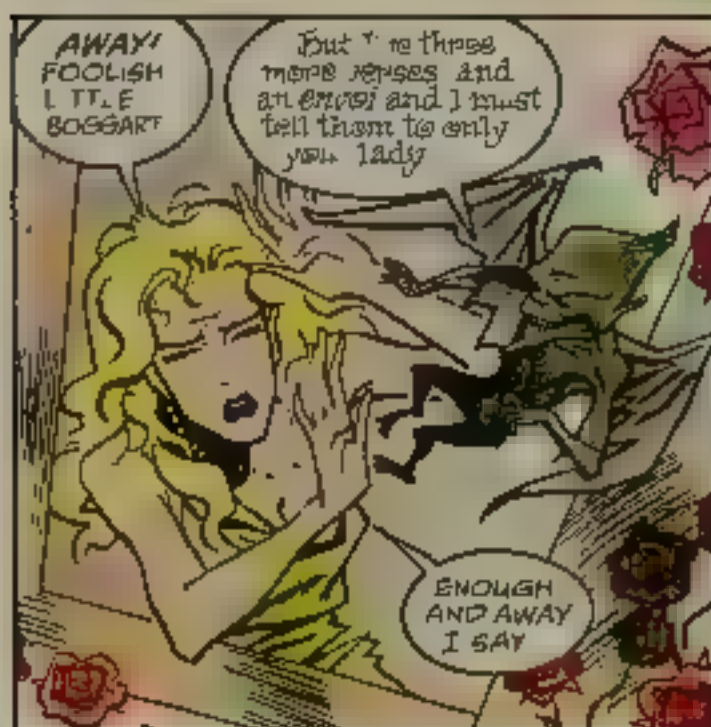
HE MIGHT  
HAVE GONE MY  
LADY I REALLY  
COULD NC  
SAY

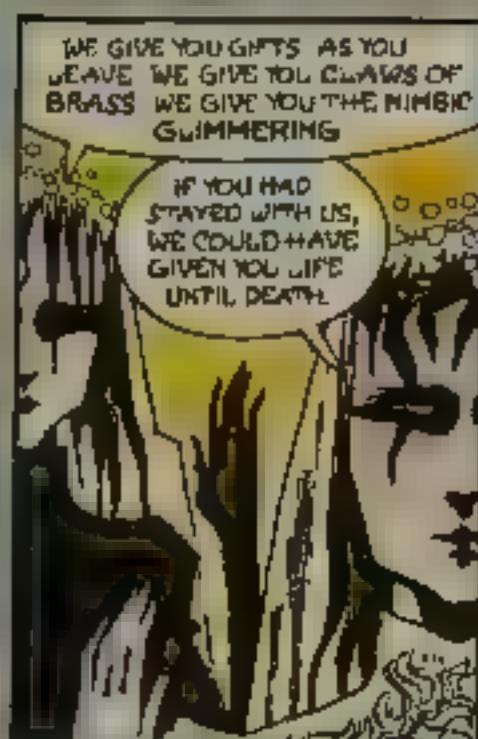
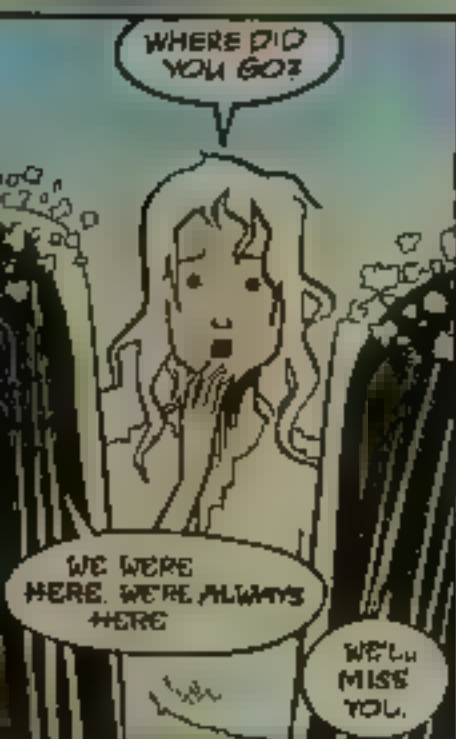
NO ?

I WAS RARELY  
PRIVY TO THE LORD  
SHAPER'S CONVER-  
SATION MY LADY  
HE KEEPS HIS  
OWN COUNSEL











"TO BE TOTALLY HONEST, NO,  
I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU

"COULD YOU START AGAIN  
AT THE BEGINNING?"

SURE. I'VE GOT A FRIEND  
NAMED LYTA HALL. RIGHT? SHE'S  
GOT A KID NAMED DANIEL--HE'S  
TWO, THREE YEARS OLD. OKAY?

THREE NIGHTS AGO,  
LYTA WENT OUT FOR THE  
EVENING. WHEN SHE CAME  
BACK, HER SON WAS GONE,  
RIGHT?

WE CALLED THE POLICE, AND  
EVENTUALLY YOUR DETECTIVES  
FELLOWES AND PINKERTON  
SHOWED UP AND TOOK OUR  
STATEMENT YOU WITH ME  
SO FAR?

UH. HUH

THEY'D BE TALKING  
STAIRS, TOO, BUT THEY  
NEVER DID, YEAH?  
I MEAN, SHE TOLD  
ME THAT

NOW, LYTA'S NOT REALLY VERY WELL-  
BALANCED, SHE USED TO DRESS UP IN  
COSTUMES, Y'KNOW? THEN SHE GOT  
MARRIED, AND PREGNANT, AND SHE  
VANISHED FOR A FEW YEARS.

WHEN SHE GOT  
BACK SHE WAS STILL  
PREGNANT, AND IT WAS  
LIKE, HER MIND WASN'T  
QUITE THE SAME

SHE HASN'T REALLY BEEN OUT  
OF THE HOUSE IN YEARS. SINCE  
DANIEL WAS BORN. AND NOW  
SHE'S VANISHED AND I'M  
REALLY WORRIED

THESE  
DETECTIVES  
WHAT DID  
THEY LOOK  
LIKE?

PINKERTON'S A TALL,  
SKINNY WHITE GUY WITH RED  
HAIR, FELLOWES IS A REALLY  
SHORT WHITE GUY WITH  
DARK HAIR

MM. DOESN'T RING

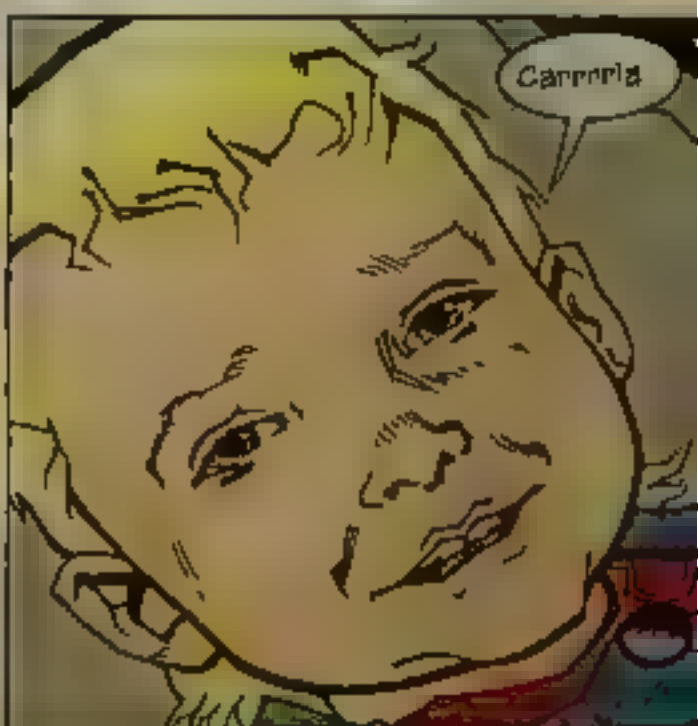
WELL, MAYBE THEY  
WERE FROM ANOTHER  
PRECINCT, OR SOMETHING.  
AND WHAT ABOUT FINDING  
LYTA? WHAT ABOUT  
DANIEL?

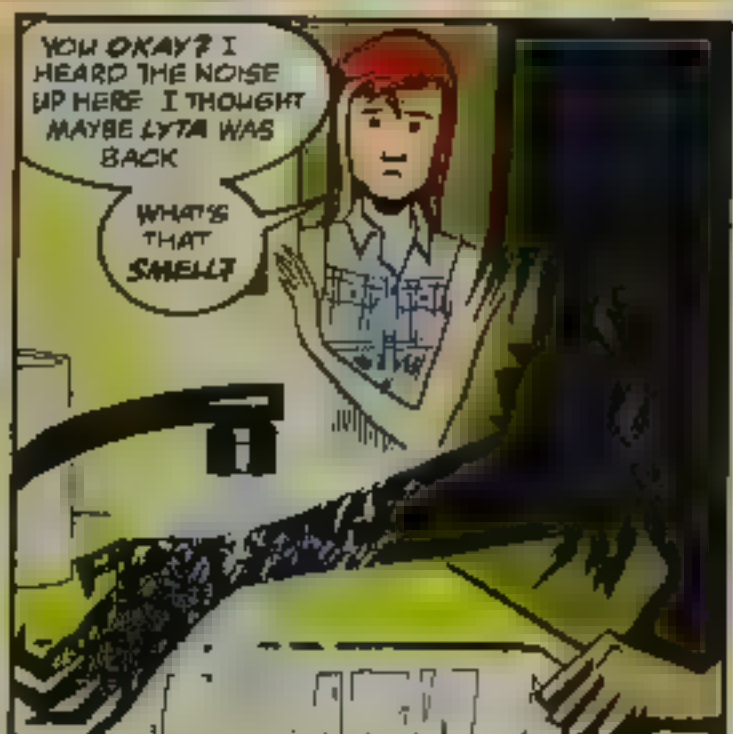
WE'LL  
MAKE OUR OWN  
ENQUIRIES.

THANKS  
FOR STOPPING  
BY

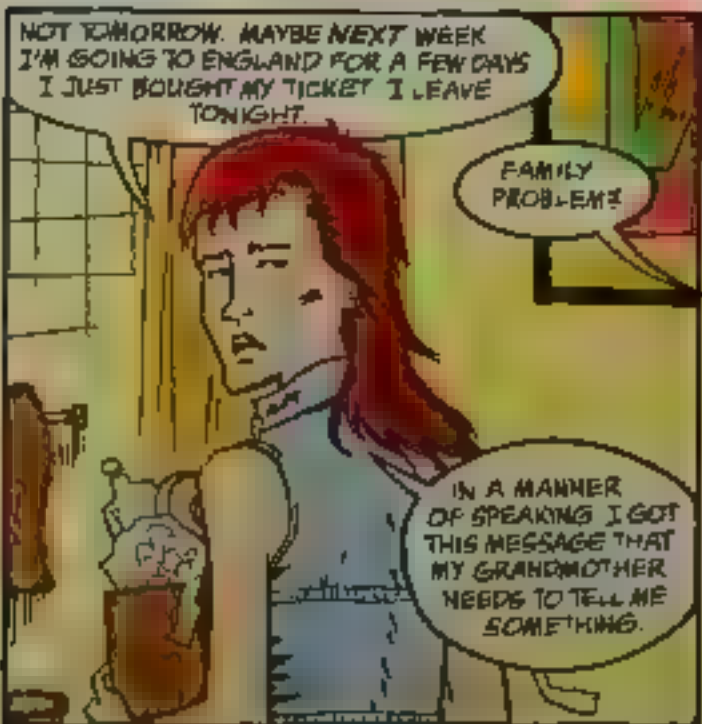
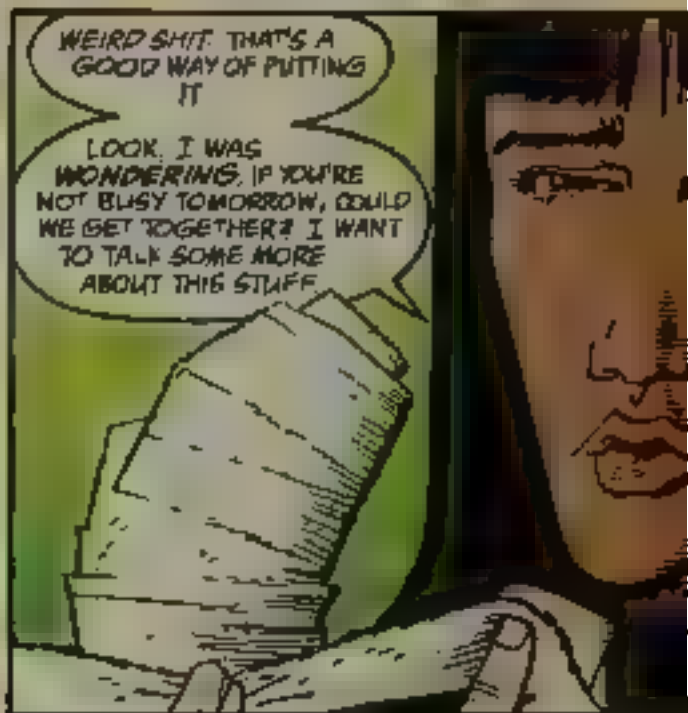
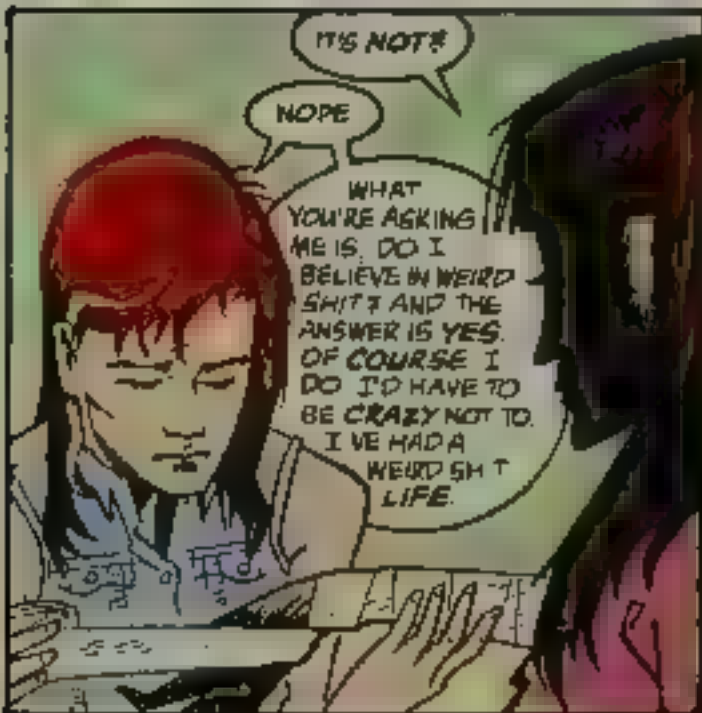
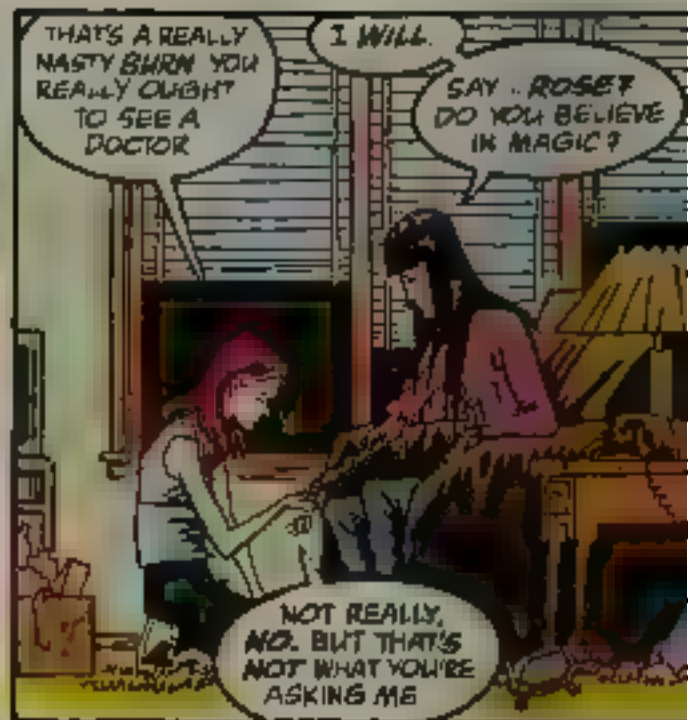


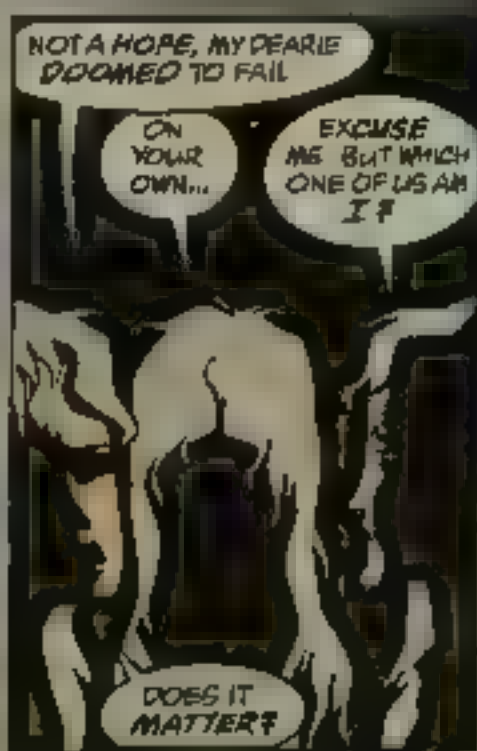
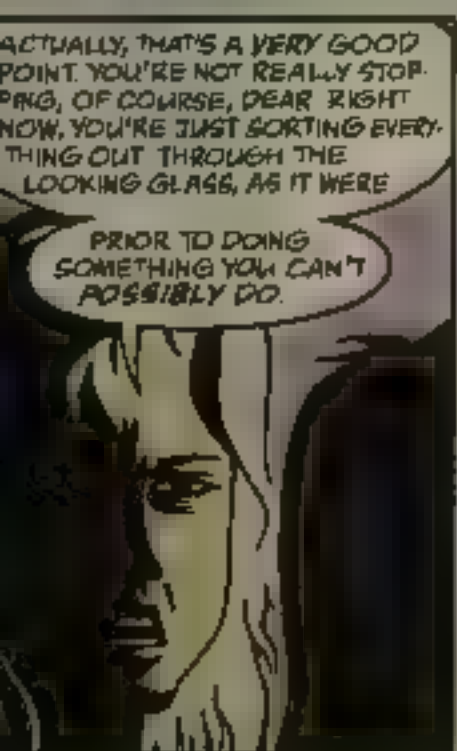
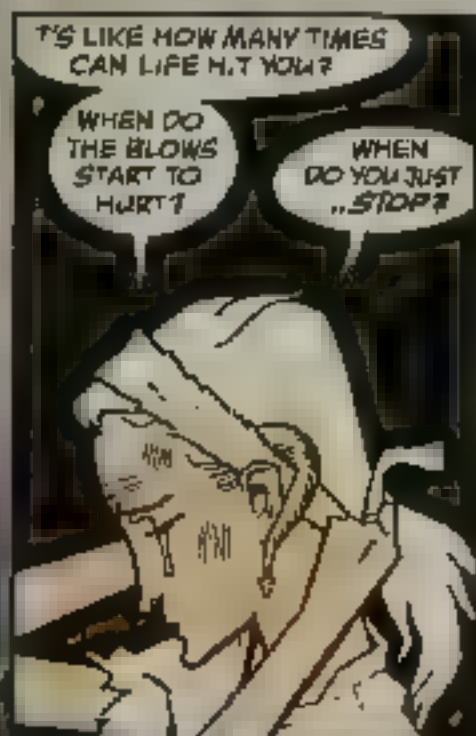
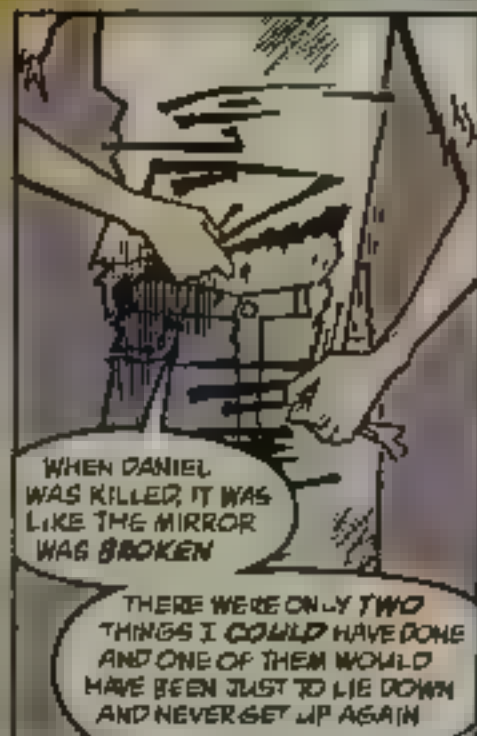
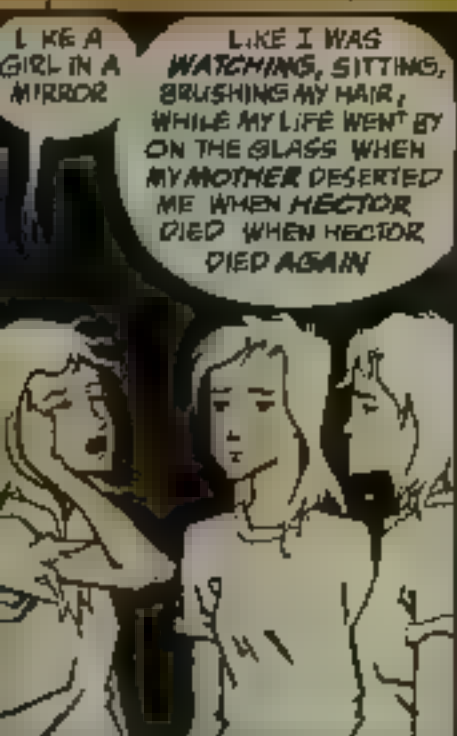
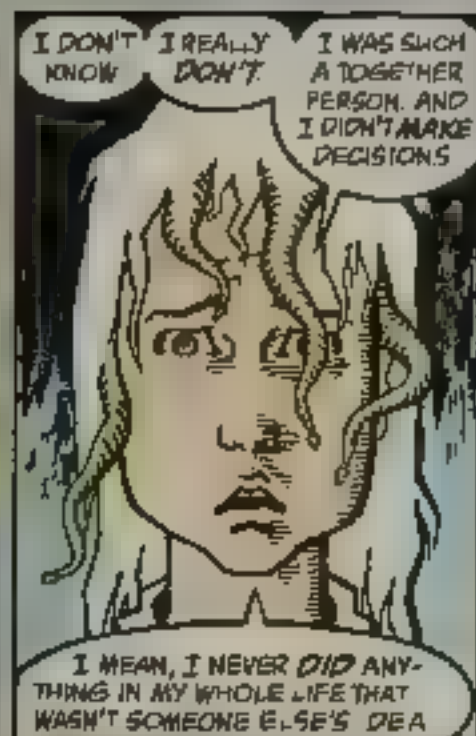




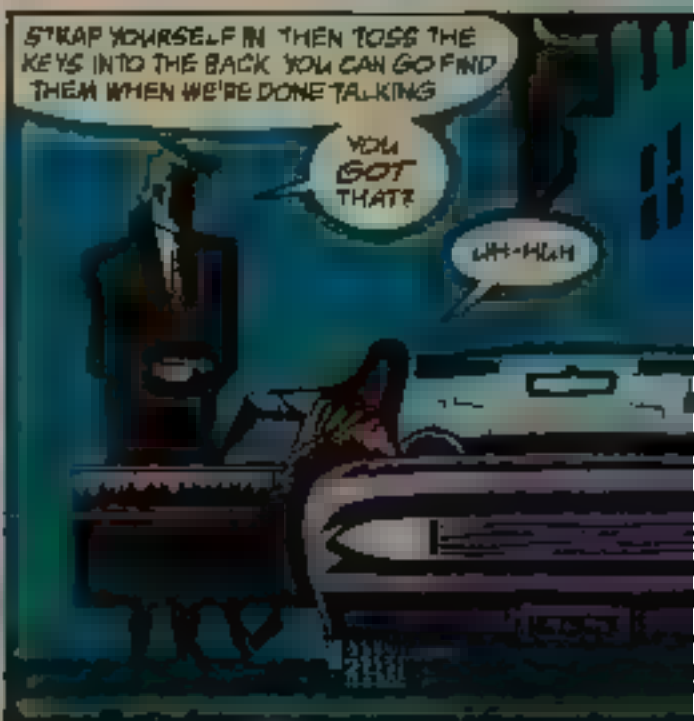
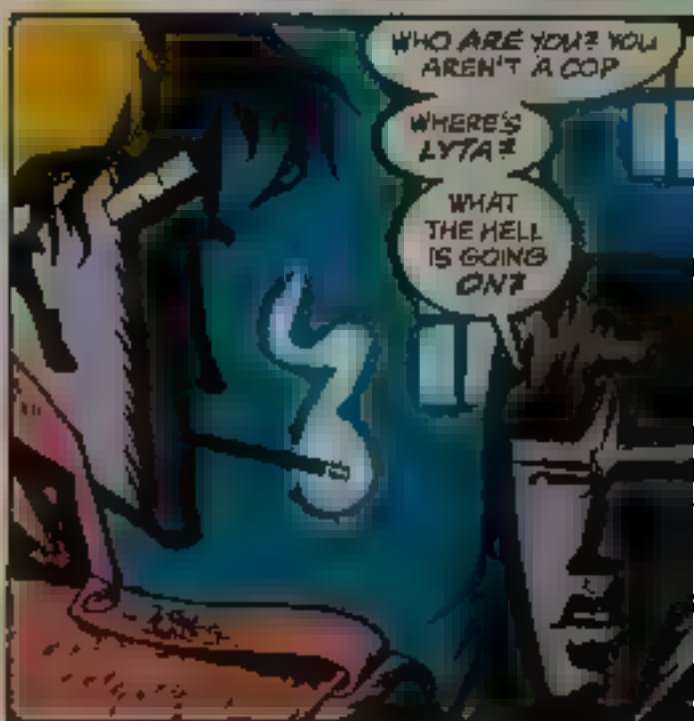
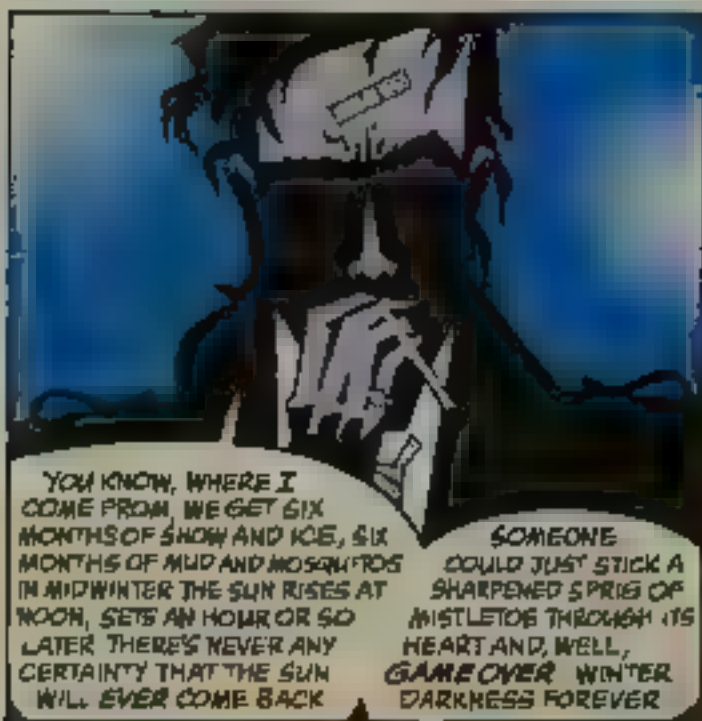
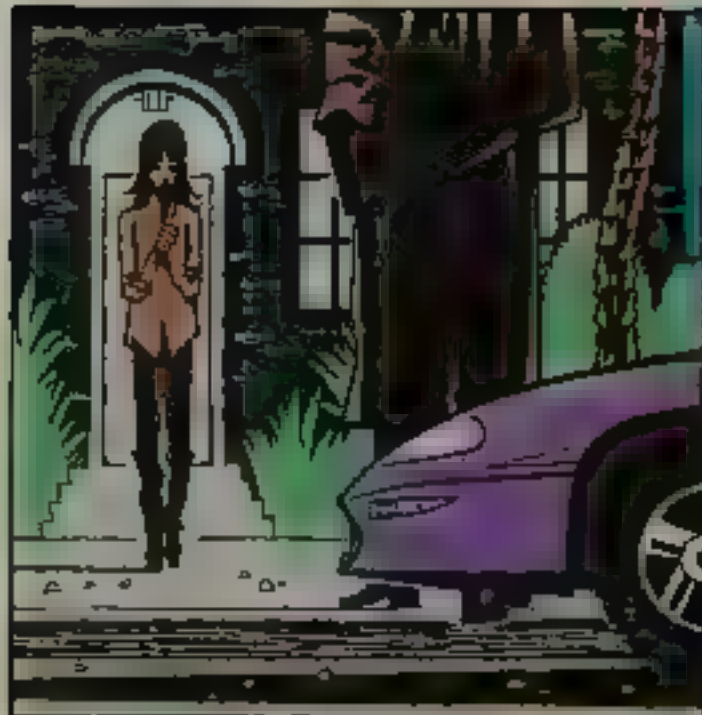


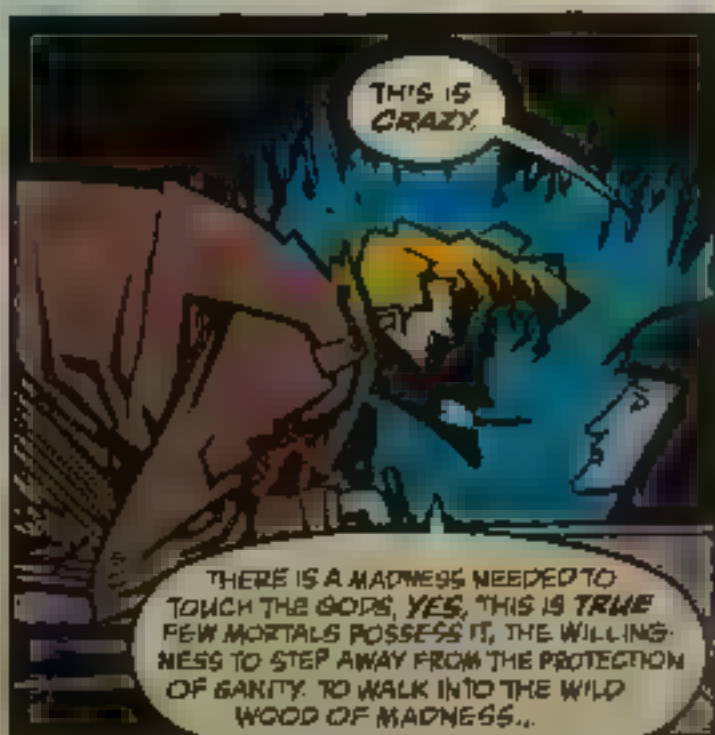
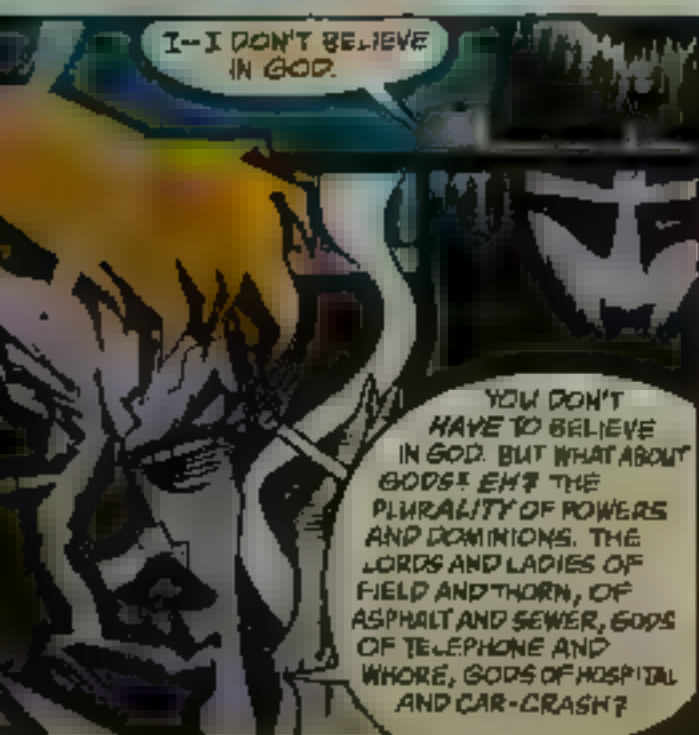
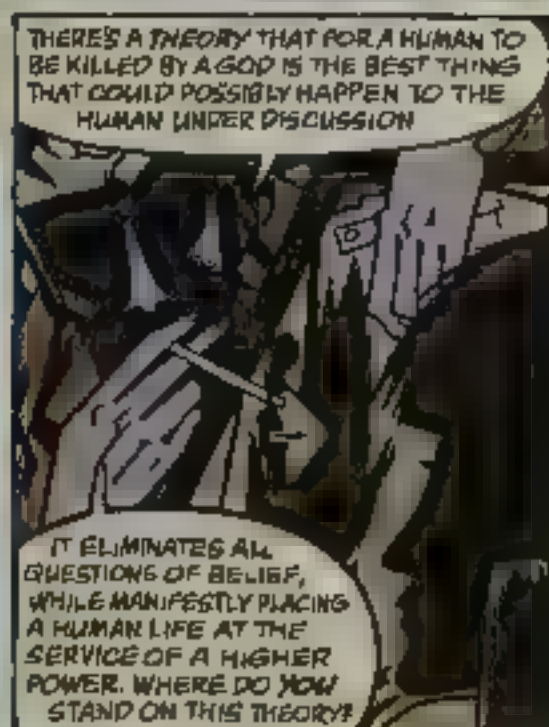




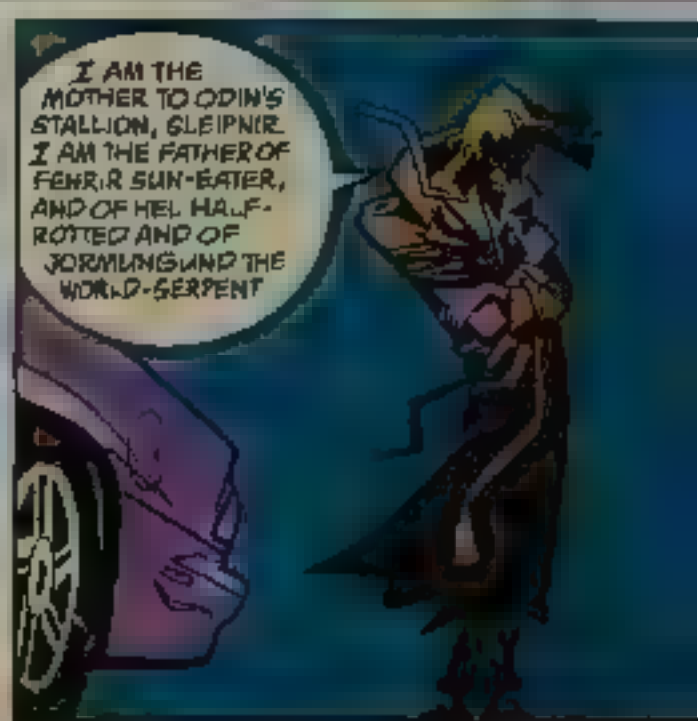












# Part Skæ





PRESSURE IN MY EARS WOKE ME UP WHEN WE WERE COMING IN FOR A LANDING

I WOKE UP IN PAIN, DISORIENTED

I HELD MY NOSTRILS SHUT WITH MY FINGERS, BLEW HARD UNTIL MY EARS POPPED OUT AND THE PAIN STARTED TO GO AWAY



SOMEHOW, WHEN I WOKE I WAS EXPECTING TO SEE MY MOM IN THE SEAT BY THE WINDOW

INSTEAD OF MOM, THERE'S A GUY BY THE WINDOW AS BIG AS GILBERT WAS

HOW DO YOU READ THE SAME PORN MAG FOR TWELVE HOURS?

I WAS GOING TO TELL HER THE DREAM I JUST HAD IT WAS ABOUT THE OLD DAYS IN FLORIDA WITH HAL AND CHANTAL AND GILBERT AND EVERYONE

GILBERT SMELLED LIKE C NHAMON AND LICORICE A LITTLE LIKE THANKSGIVING, OR CHRISTMAS. THIS GUY SMELLS SOUR AND UNWASHED

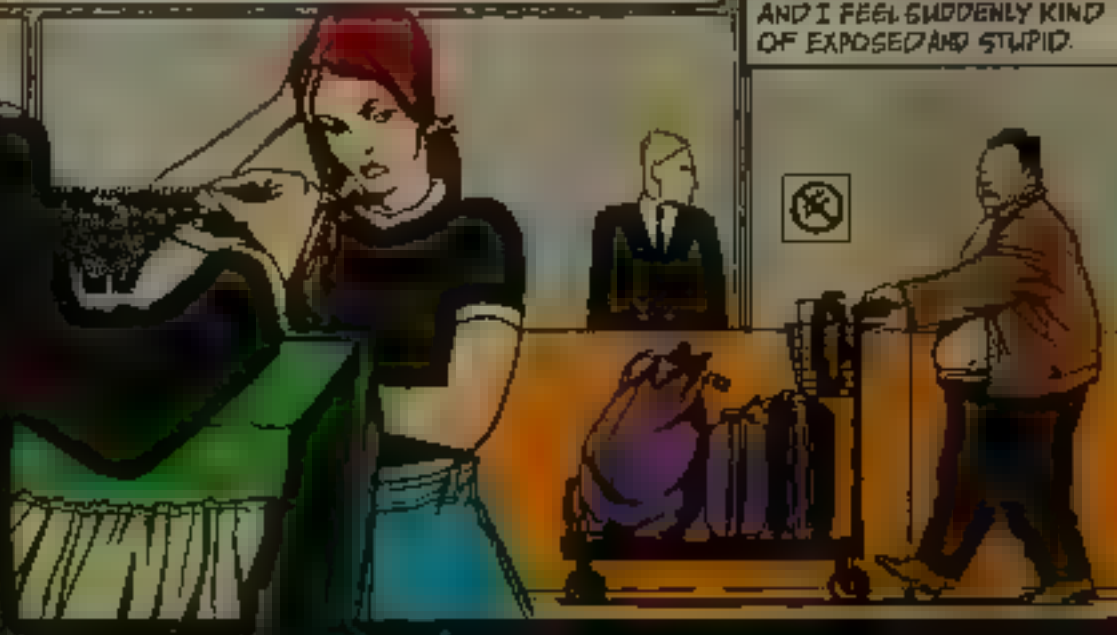
EVERYONE EVEN LOOKS OUT OF THE WINDOW AS WE COME DOWN

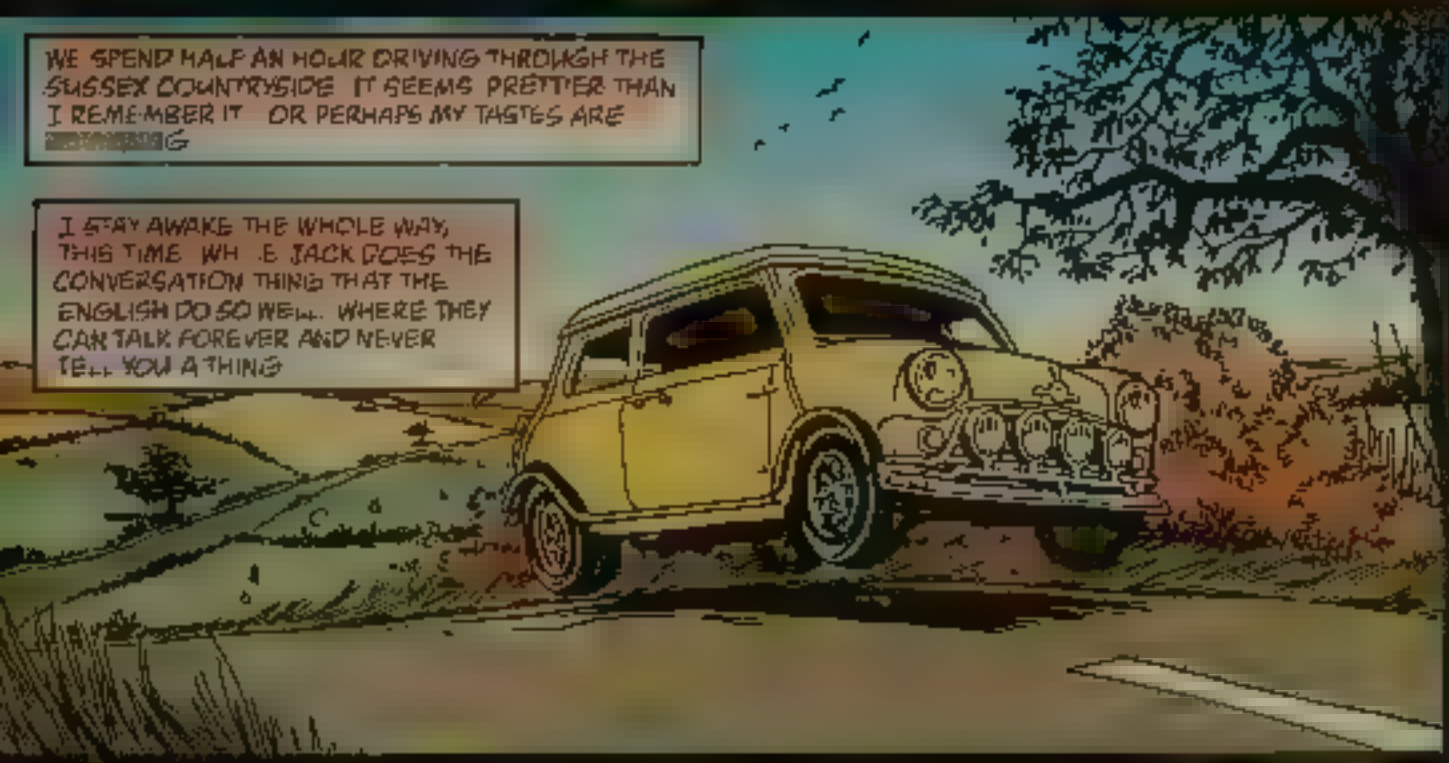
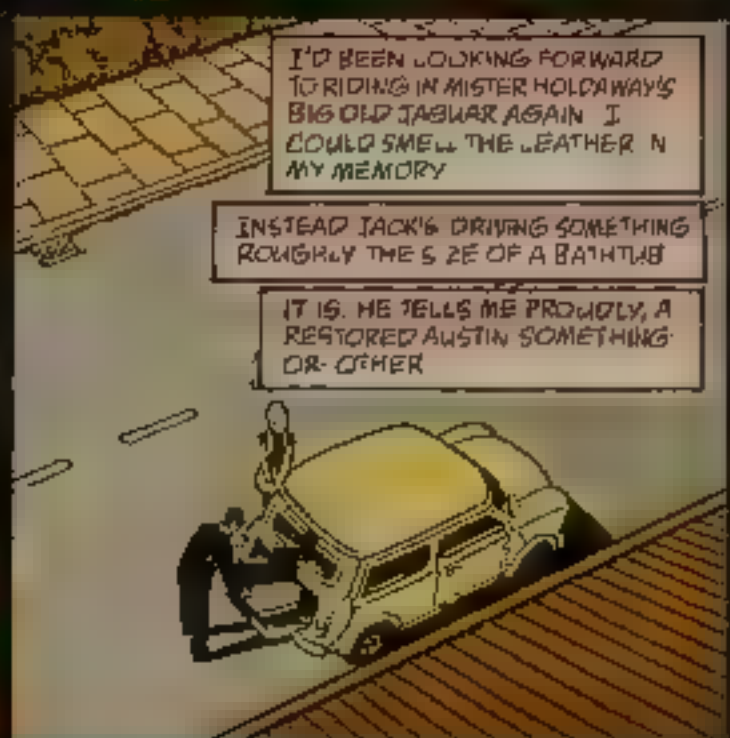
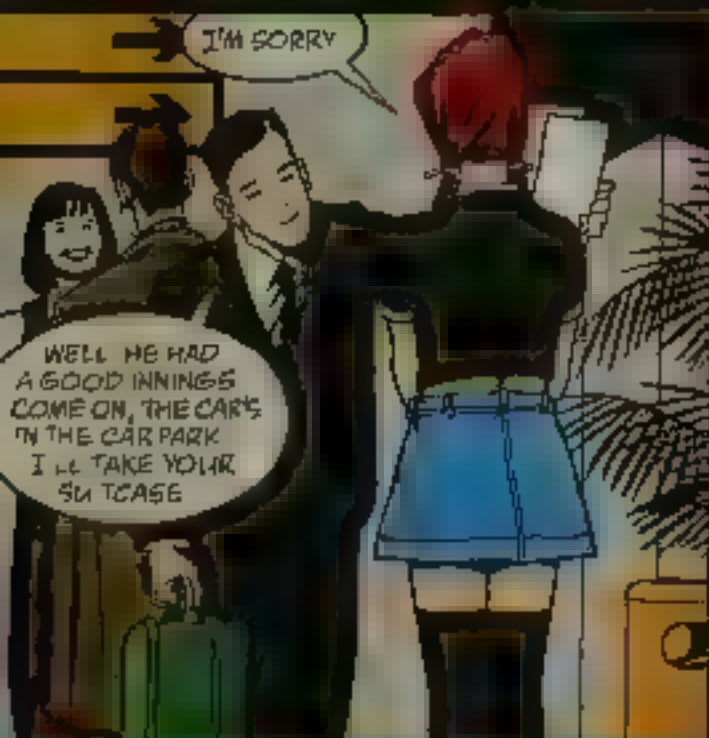
HE'S SITTING READING THE SAME LITTLE PORN MAG HE PULLED OUT OF HIS BAG WHEN WE TOOK OFF



GATWICK AIRPORT HASN'T CHANGED FROM HOW I REMEMBER. THIS TIME I GET GRABBED BY A CUSTOMS GUY. HE'S GOING THROUGH MY VALISE WHEN I SMELL THE SAME SOUR SMELL AGAIN

THE CREEP'S TRUNDLING HIS TROLLEY PAST ME. I REALIZE HE'S SEEN MY MAYBE-I'LL GET-LUCKY LACY PANTIES, AND I FEEL SUDDENLY KIND OF EXPOSED AND STUPID.







# THE KINDLY ONES #6

WRITTEN BY  
NEIL GAIMAN

ART BY  
GLYN DILLON  
CHARLES VESS  
DEAN ORNSTON  
D'ISRAELI

LETTERED BY  
TODD KLEIN  
COLORED BY  
DANIEL WOLFE  
SEPARATION BY  
ANDRE D'AMICO  
EDITED BY  
KAREN BERGER  
ASSISTED BY  
SHELLY RUBBERG

GAIMAN  
CHARACTERS  
CREATED BY  
GAIMAN  
KLEIN &  
DILLON  
BERG



SO, DO YOU UM KNOW HOW  
LONG YOU'RE GOING TO BE HERE?

NO I JUST WANT  
TO WANDER AROUND  
TALK TO PEOPLE

THIS WAS WHERE  
MY GRANDMOTHER  
SPENT MOST OF HER  
LIFE, YOU KNOW

WELL, YES  
UNCLE JACK  
TOLD ME A  
LITTLE BT  
ABOUT IT  
FUNNY  
BUSINESS  
SLEEPING  
YOUR LIFE  
AWAY

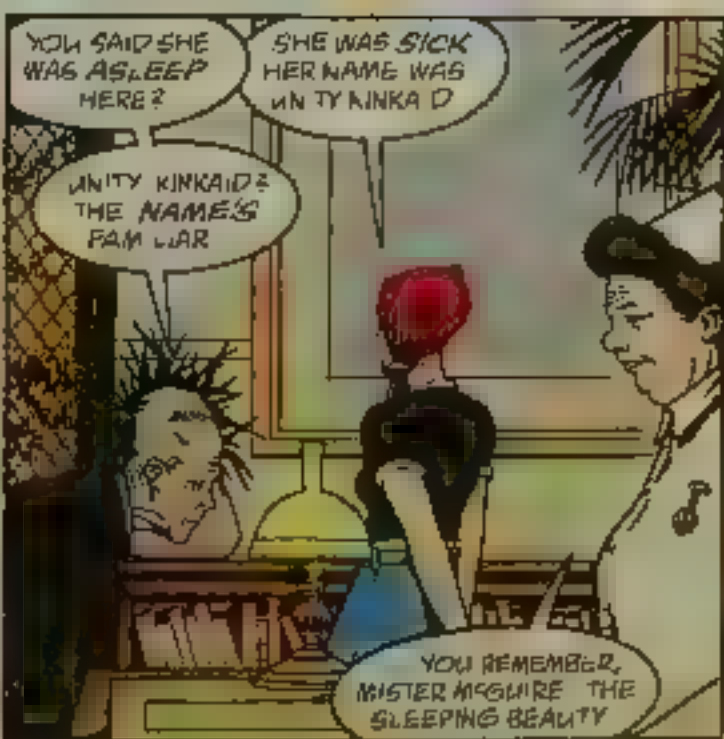
LIKE  
THAT ROBIN  
WILLIAMS  
FILM

WELL, I LL INTRODUCE YOU TO  
THE DUTY NURSE AND THEN IF  
YOU DON'T NEED ME TO HANG  
AROUND, I LL TAKE THE CAR NIC  
WYCH CROSS AND GET YOU ALL  
BOOKED INTO THE HOTEL

I PICKED THE  
WH-TE HART INN IT'S  
MEANT TO BE VERY  
NICE

I CAN  
DROPOFF  
YOUR  
SU TCASE  
TOO

THANKS





OF COURSE OUR LONGEST  
RESIDENT THE MIRACLE CURE  
I MET HER ONCE TOWARD  
THE END AFTER SHE HAD  
WOKEN UP

VERY  
VITAL WOMAN  
VERY YOUNG IN  
THE HEART



I'M AFRAID  
THAT AT THE TIME I  
FOUND IT DIFFICULT  
TO APPRECIATE  
THE IRONY



WELL, I MUSTN'T KEEP YOU. FEEL FREE  
TO POTTER AROUND AS MUCH AS YOU  
LIKE

JACK GOOD SEEING  
YOU. YOU SHOULD COME DOWN  
TO THE GATEHOUSE SOME  
TIME

GOODBYE  
MISS WALKER



NURSE I'M GOING TO HAND ROSE OVER TO YOU  
I'LL COME BACK AND PICK HER UP IN, WHAT, A  
COUPLE OF HOURS, ROSE?

THREE

THREE HOURS THIS I'LL  
HAVE YOU ALL CHECKED IN AND  
EVERYTHING



RIGHT, LOVE WHAT  
CAN I DO FOR  
YOU?

I'D REALLY LIKE TO SEE  
MY GRANDMOTHER'S OLD  
ROOM, I THINK WHERE  
SHE SLEPT

VERY GOOD DO YOU  
REMEMBER WHICH ROOM  
IT WAS?

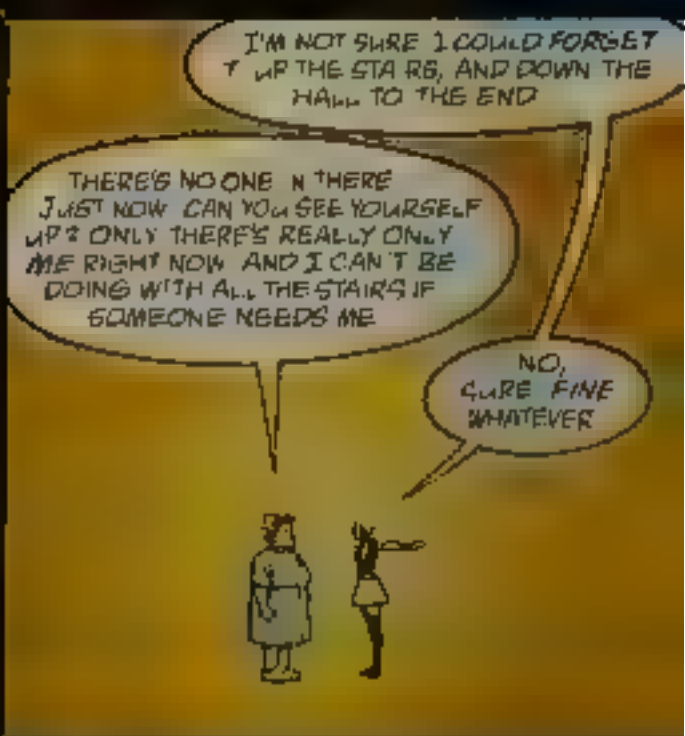


I COULD  
PROBABLY LOOK IT UP  
IF YOU CAN'T

I'M NOT SURE I COULD FORGET  
T UP THE STAIRS, AND DOWN THE  
HALL TO THE END

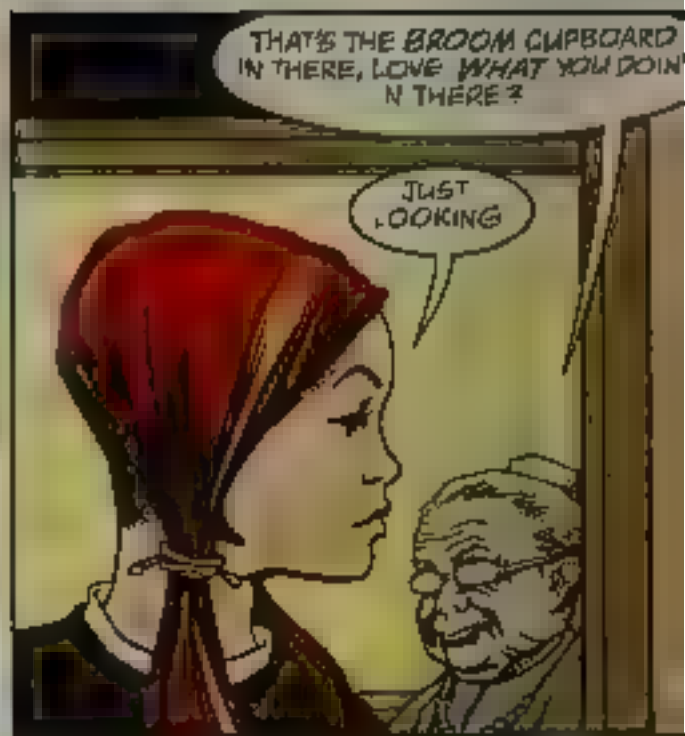
THERE'S NO ONE IN THERE  
JUST NOW. CAN YOU SEE YOURSELF  
UP? ONLY THERE'S REALLY ONLY  
ME RIGHT NOW AND I CAN'T BE  
DOING WITH ALL THE STAIRS IF  
SOMEONE NEEDS ME

NO,  
SURE FINE  
WHATEVER



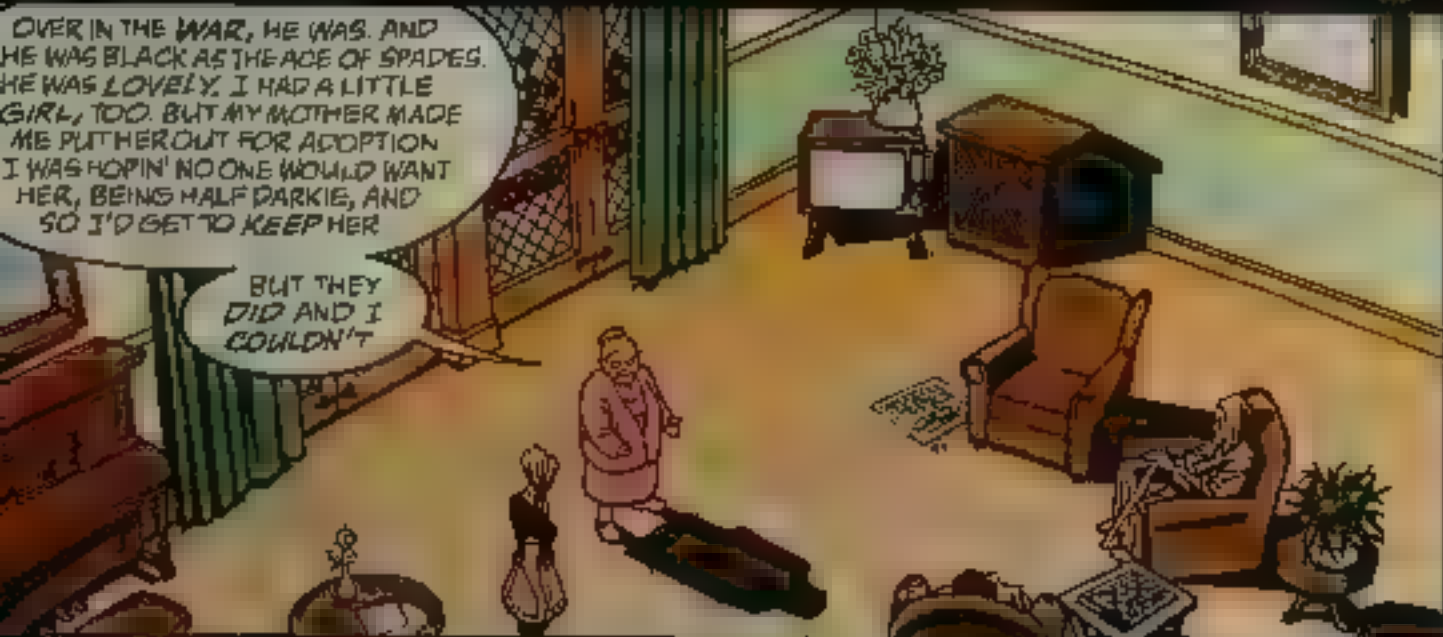






OVER IN THE WAR, HE WAS. AND HE WAS BLACK AS THE ACE OF SPADES. HE WAS LOVELY. I HAD A LITTLE GIRL, TOO. BUT MY MOTHER MADE ME PUT HER OUT FOR ADOPTION I WAS HOPIN' NO ONE WOULD WANT HER, BEING HALF PARKIE, AND SO I'D GET TO KEEP HER

BUT THEY DID AND I COULDN'T



EVEN THE OLDEST STORIES ARE NEW TO SOMEBODY.

WE BETTER INTRODUCE OURSELVES, DEARIE I'M AMELIA CRUPP, THIS IS MAGDA TREAGOLD, AND THIS IS „I CAN'T SAY YOUR LAST NAME DEARIE

THEY NEVER GET MY NAME RIGHT CALL ME HELENA, MY DEAR

I'M ROSE ROSE WALKER MY GRANDMOTHER WAS MINTY KINKAID SHE WAS HERE, UNTIL A FEW YEARS AGO

SLEEPING BEAUTY YES?

THAT WAS HER

YOU'RE NOT TELLING THAT OLD STORY AGAIN?

I REMEMBER HER THEY WOULD WHEEL HER OUT INTO THE SUN OR DOWN HERE WHEN IT WAS COLD. SHE WAS FAST ASLEEP.

THIS IS WHERE WE SIT IN THE EVENINGS WE WATCH TELLY IN THE AFTER-NOON. TOO, ONCE BLOCKBUSTER COMES ON 'I LL HAVE A P, BOB

HEHEHEH

WE PLAY A LITTLE DRAUGHTS AND SNAKES AND LADDERS WE USED TO PLAY BRIDGE UNTIL MRS. SMALL HAD HER STROKE

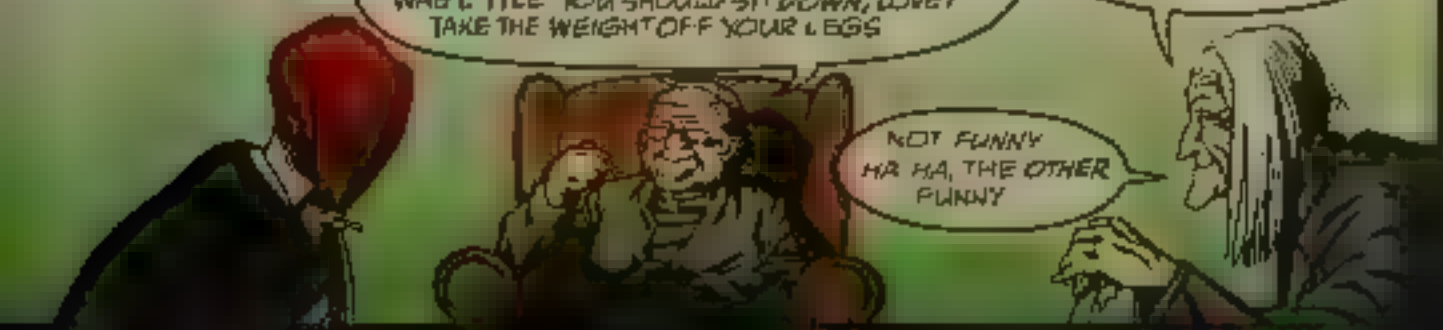
YOU DON'T PLAY BRIDGE DO YOU?

NO

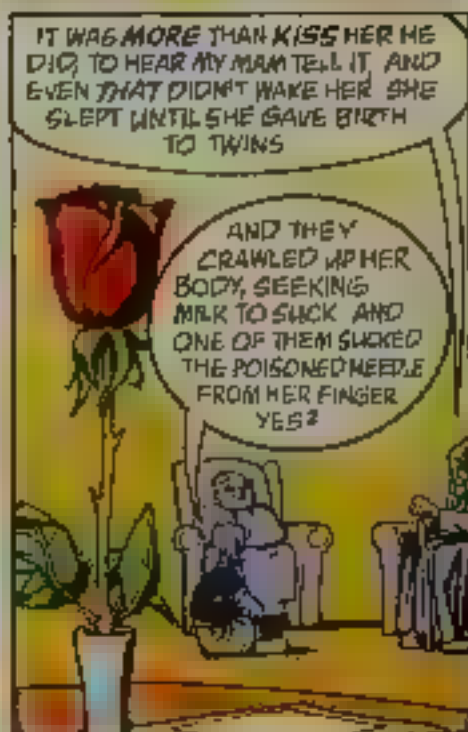
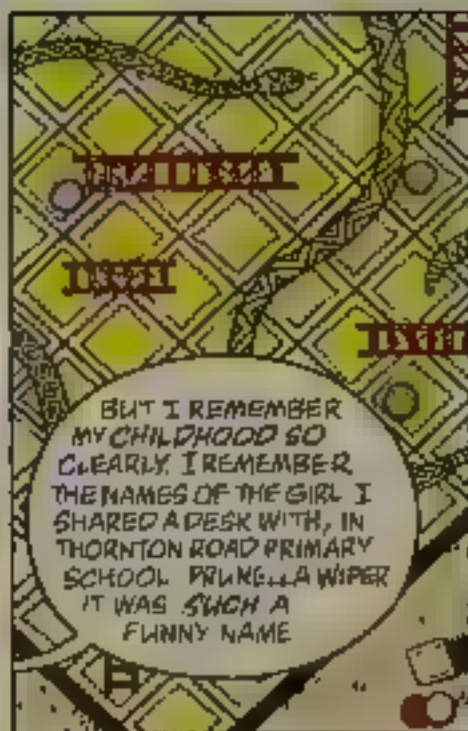
PITY WE ALSO TELL STORIES THINGS WE DID AND THINGS WE HEARD. STUFF FROM WHEN WE WAB LITTLE YOU SHOULD SIT DOWN, LOVEY TAKE THE WEIGHT OFF YOUR LEGS

IT'S FUNNY WHAT YOU REMEMBER

NOT FUNNY HA HA, THE OTHER FUNNY







Well, the way me mam told it, there was a man who loved the ladies. He was always carrying on with one pretty face after another. Loved 'em, and forgot 'em as he went from town to town.

So one day he spied a gal washing herself in the river mother-naked and all in her burthday suit. So he hides her clothes. And when she comes out of the river, she sees him.



He says he'll give her back her clothes if she'll be his lady-love, but she won't be his lady unless he swears he'll make her his wife--- and in the first church they come to, at that.

*I swear if I set foot in a church, it'll be to marry you, he said (and the devil he d. step into a church ever again, he swore under his breath)*

*And what if you swear, she asks, if you break the vow?*



**I**f I don't marry you, he said, may that worms shall eat me (for they'll do that anyway, he thought, when my times over and up), and if I don't marry you, I wish our children might grow wings and fly away (and no great matter if they do, he thought).

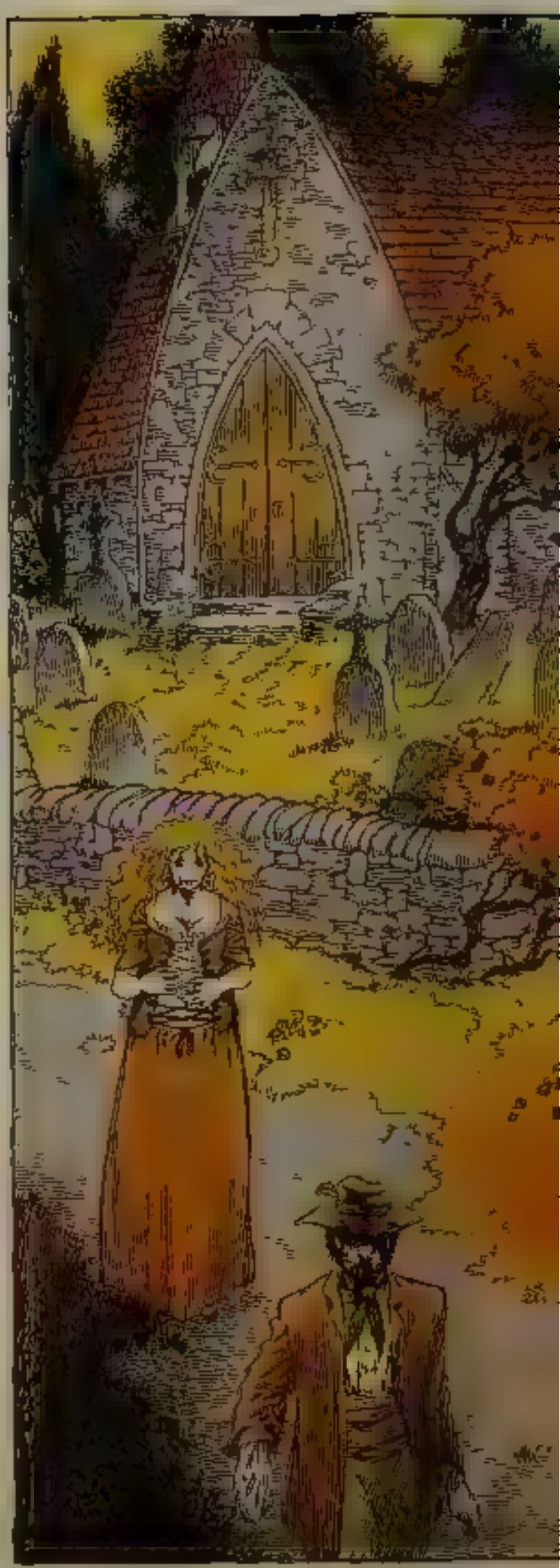
So they kissed then and there, and did other things besides, and when they were all done, he gave her her clothes back, and she followed him down the road.

They passed the first church  
Let's get married here, she says  
Oh, he says, we can't get married here, for the vicar's a sickman, and besides, he's off a-hunting

She said nothing but she looked at him as if her heart would break.  
When they came to the next church, her belly was already beginning to swell.

Let's be married here, she says.  
I'm not going into that church, he says, for the vicar's a drunkard, and no better than he should be, and the sexton's no particular friend of mine, neither.

But you **SWORE**, she said.  
I'm not going in the church, he tells her, and he knocks her down.  
Her face is bleeding when she gets up  
So **THAT'S** how it is, she says  
That's how it is, he tells her



**W**ell, she says, my belly's big with child And I want to stop for a while.  
I can't keep on the road. Isn't there a place where I can rest?

So he has her stop there and sit, at the side of the road, and he goes on ahead.

He gets to a cottage, and he goes into the cottage, for the doors just on the latch, not locked, and in the cottage he sees an old woman fast asleep on the bed.

Now, sometimes the way me mam would tell it, the woman was a witch, and sometimes when she told it, she wasn't. But whichever, she was old and weak, and he held her mouth shut, and held his fingers over her nose until she couldn't breathe no more, and he took her out the back, and buried her in the mudden heap.



He went back to his wife, and he says It's a good thing we passed by here, as my old aunt has just died and left us her cottage.





h, he was a bad one,  
that man So he took  
her to the cottage...

|| He was a man. They're  
all bad

Not my Danny, he wasn't, God  
rest him.

|| So he took her to the  
cottage...?

Yes, dear, and there he  
left her He'd come back  
every few weeks to make  
sure she was still there,  
and to see his children, for she  
had three lovely girls over the ne  
few years But he was only home  
for a day here or there, and then  
he'd be off tomcatting over the  
whole countryside again.

It was a deserted part of the  
country, but there were  
vegetables in the garden, and  
now and then he'd bring her  
back a hen or a pig, so she never  
starved, and neither did the  
children

Only, one day he comes home,  
and the children are nowhere  
to be seen And the little girls  
are the apples of his eye ..

**W**here are the children? He asks his wife. Gathering berries, she says.

In the spring? He says (There aren't any berries in the spring, dear I don't know if they have sprung where you come from.)

But she says nothing, and the children don't come home.

So when night comes, he says to her Where's the children? Off fishing, she tells him. The baby too? he asks her. But she pretended she couldn't hear him.

In the morning he woke her up: Where are the children? WHERE ARE MY GIRLS?

They've flown away, she told him.

Flown away? He shakes her to make her tell him the truth, but she won't change her tale.

So he fetches the axe in from outside, and he chops her up into bits.

There's a noise from outside, so he pushes the lumps and limbs and lights of her under their bed.

And it's his daughters, the oldest, the middle, and the little wee baby, coming down from the sky, each on wings.

They come inside the cottage.





**W**here's our mam? they asked him.  
She's out, picking berries, he tells them  
And what's all this blood on your hands and on the floor?

I was killing a pig, he says.

But the youngest girl she looks under the bed, and she sees her mother's dead face,  
staring out at them

And they let out a wail deep and long and sad. When they fell on him, all three of them  
teeth and claw, and they killed him. They left his body there on the floor.

And they flew off into the sky, and nobody saw them again.

And as soon as he was sure that he was dead, he got up and shook himself, and looked  
around, and there waiting for him on the bed was his wife, with long claws out, and  
her eyes blazing like a green cat ready to spring.



And naturally the man got up and ran away, but he could feel her cold breath on  
the back of his neck.

And he called out to the  
thunder, *Strike me dead,*  
but the thunder wouldn't,  
for he was dead already.

And he ran to the fire, and begged  
the fire to burn him up.

But the fire couldn't burn him, for  
the chill of death put it out...

And he threw himself in the water,  
and he screamed, *Drown me blue,*  
but the water wouldn't, for the  
death-color was coming into his  
face already, and the water  
kicked him out.

And last of all, he throws himself  
onto the ground, onto the midden-  
heap, and prays for the worms to  
come and eat him, so he could rest  
in his grave, and be quit of the  
woman.

He puts out one hand and he  
finds himself touching the  
skeleton hand of the old woman  
he'd killed for the cottage.

And he lies on the mud, his hand  
holding tight to that skeleton  
hand, waiting for his wife..





**A**nd by and by along crept a great worm, and a strange thing it was, with his wife's face on the end of its long slimy body, and it crept up beside him and over him and all around him, and it drew all the other worms away. Her teeth were sharp and long.



And she wrapped her slimy worm body around his, and she whispered his name into his ear.

And he screams, Kill me, for god's sake, just get it over with. But she licks his lips with a long worm tongue, and she shakes her head.

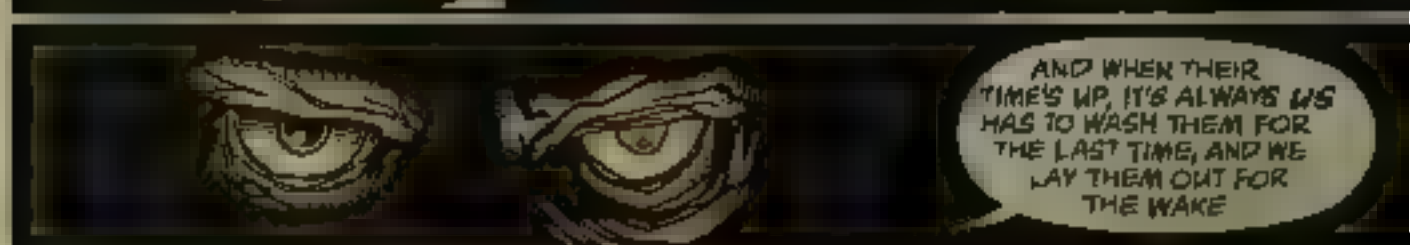
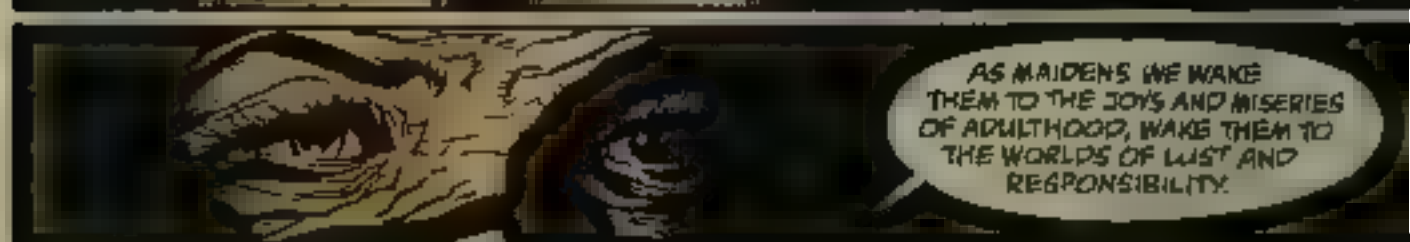
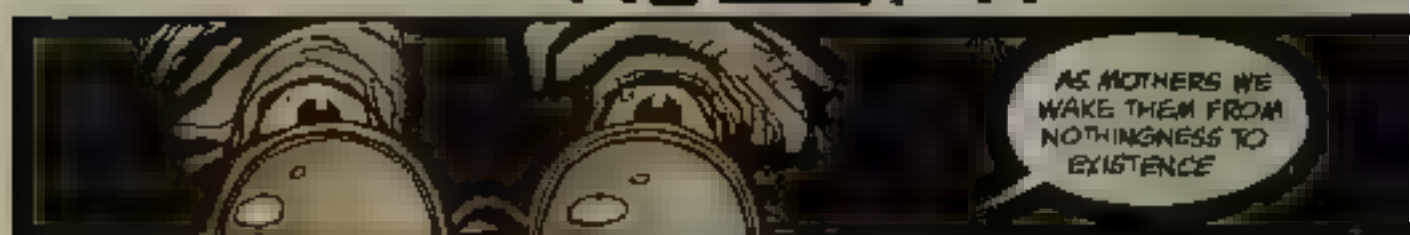
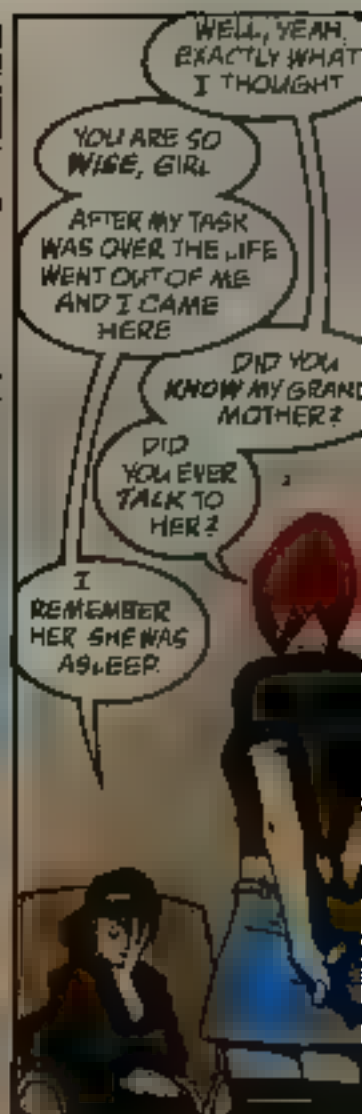
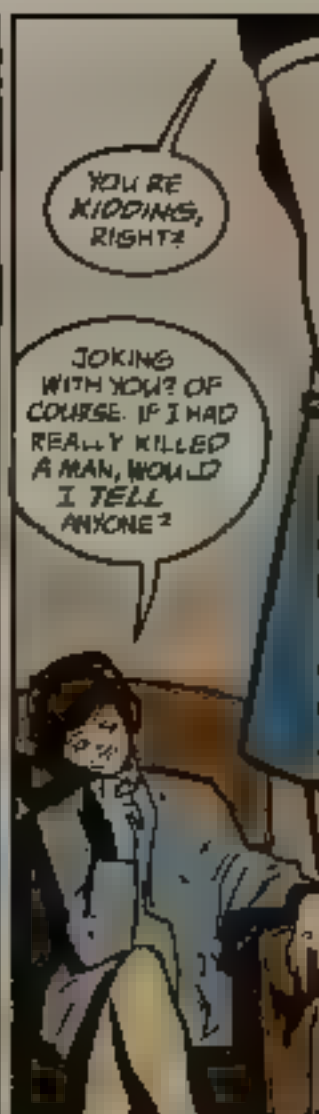
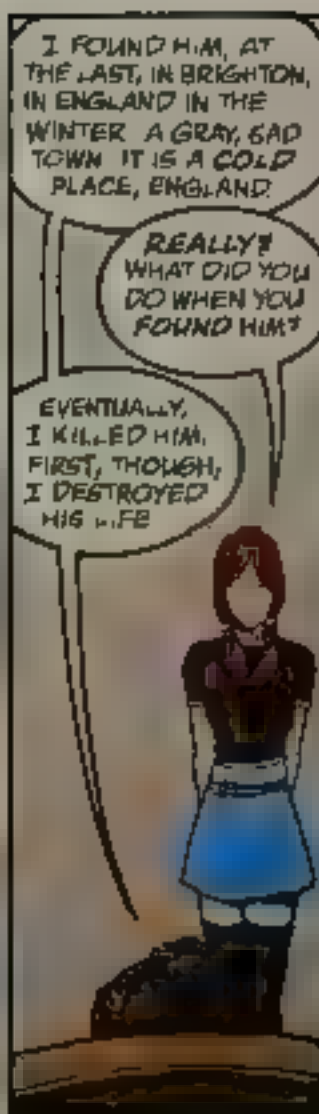
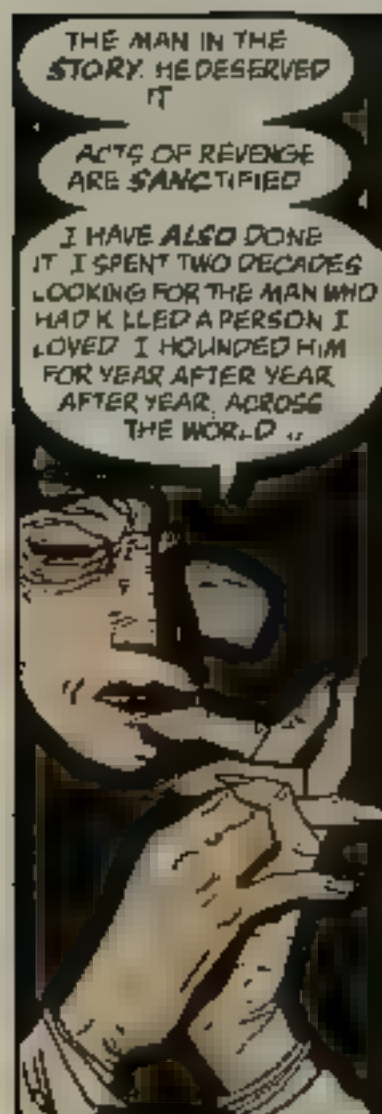
A meal this good must never be hurried, she says. Just hold still, boy, and let me enjoy myself.

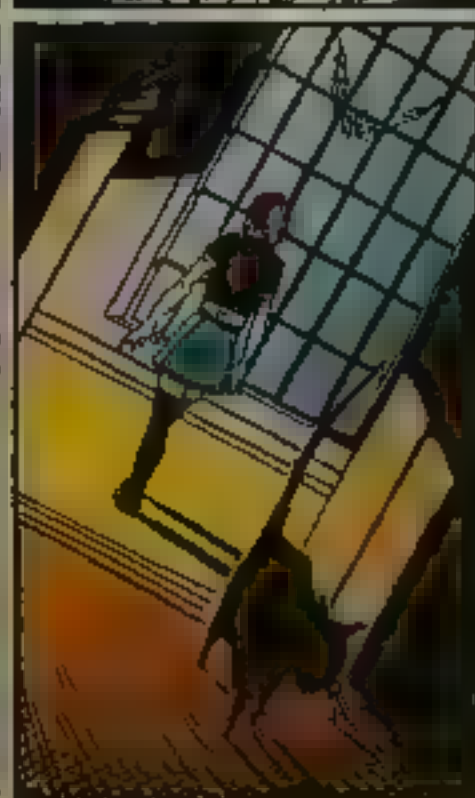
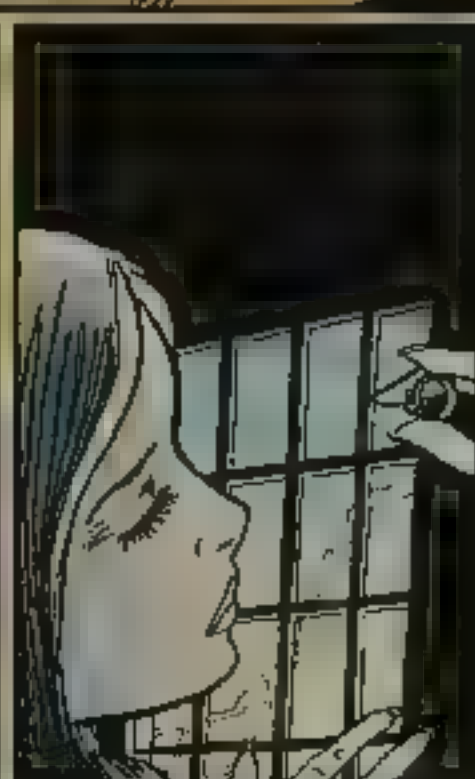
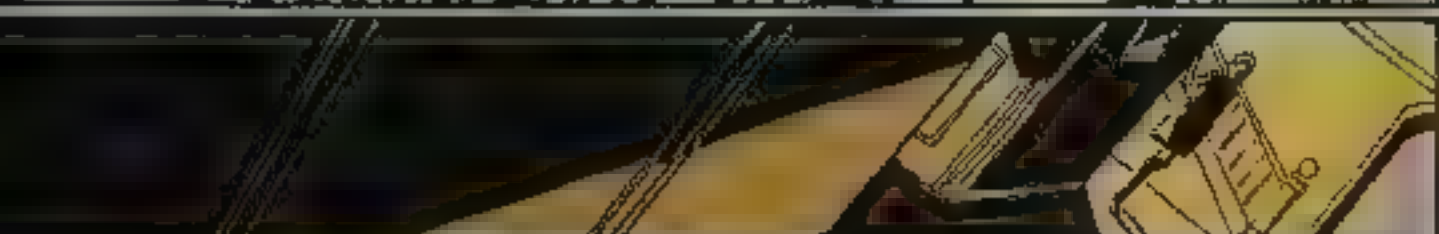
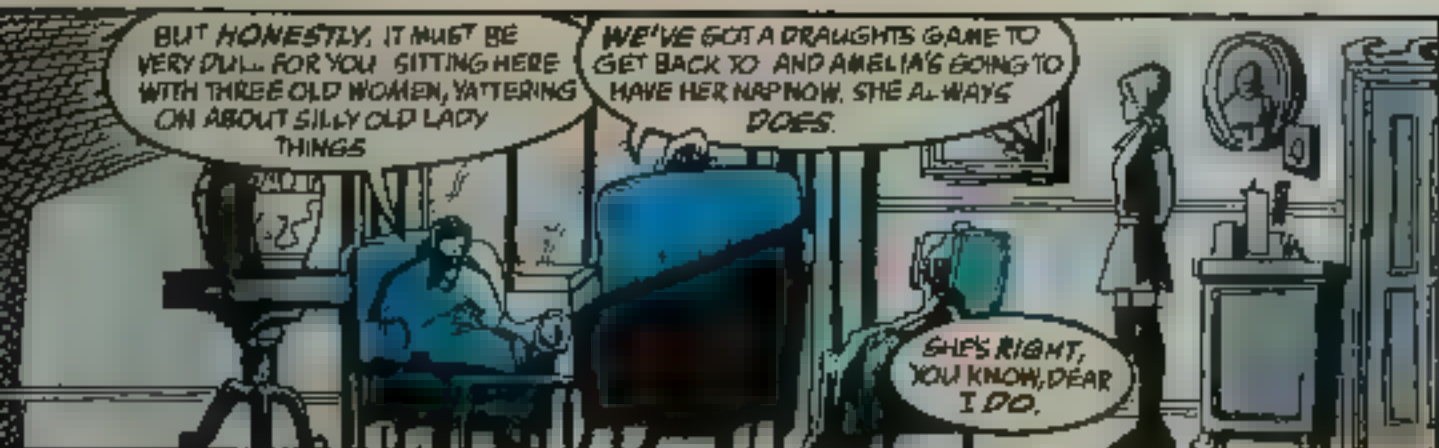
And she takes her first, gentle bite from his cheek with her sharp sharp teeth.

And that's the story, as my mother used to tell it.

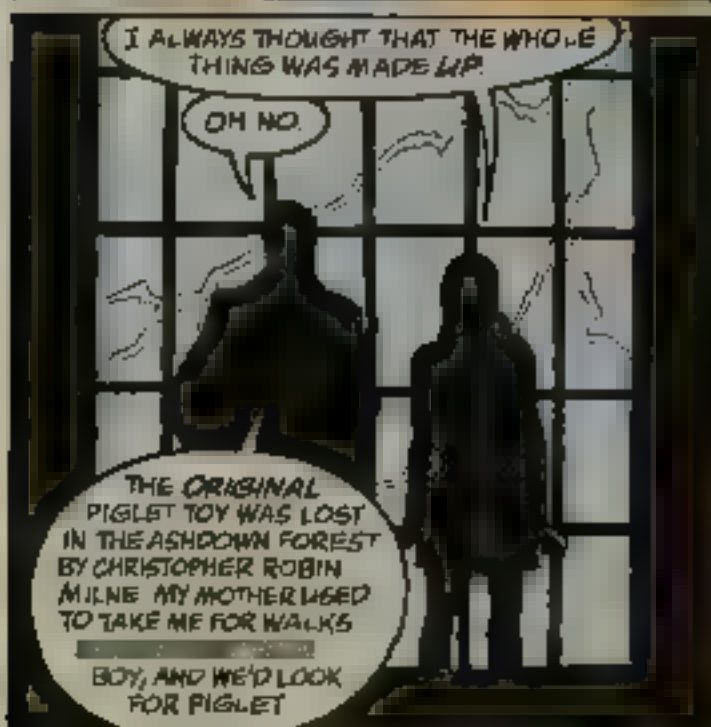
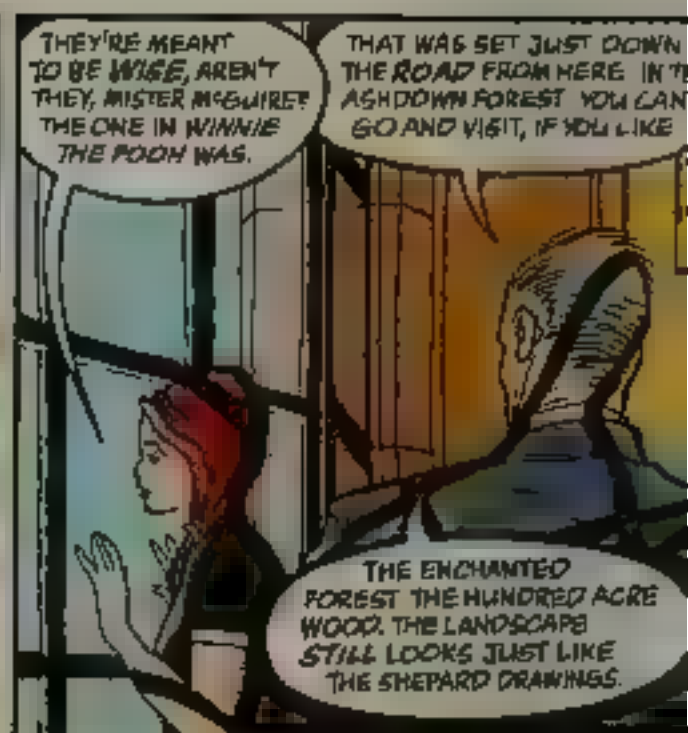


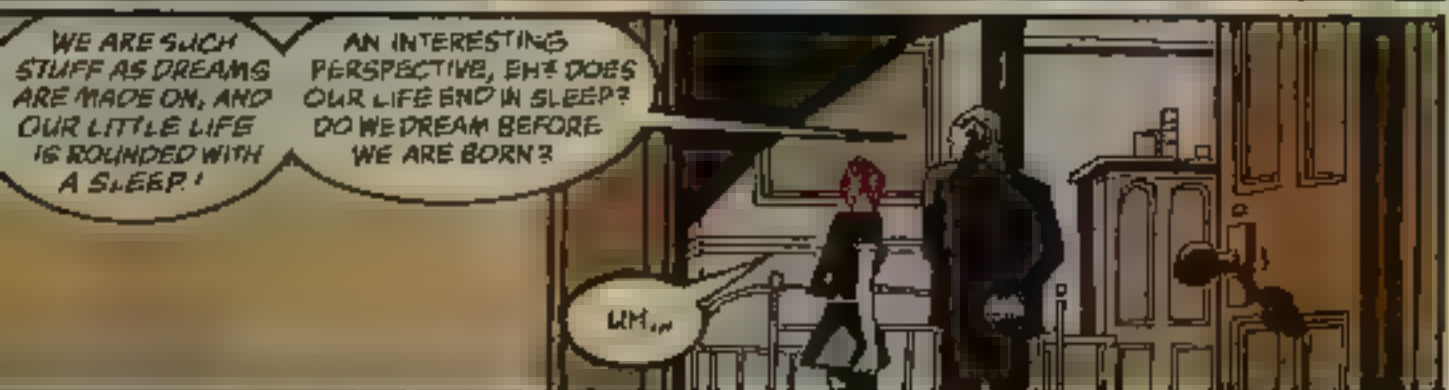
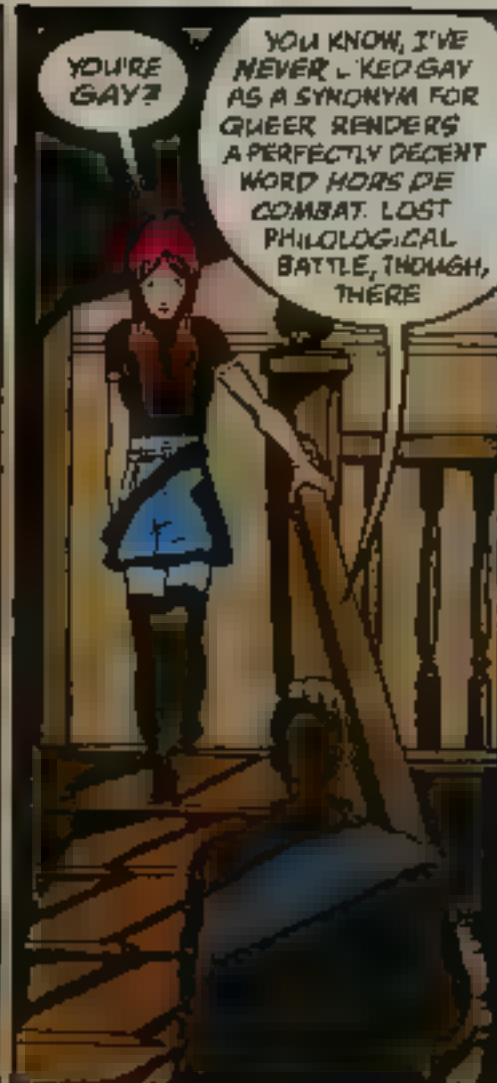










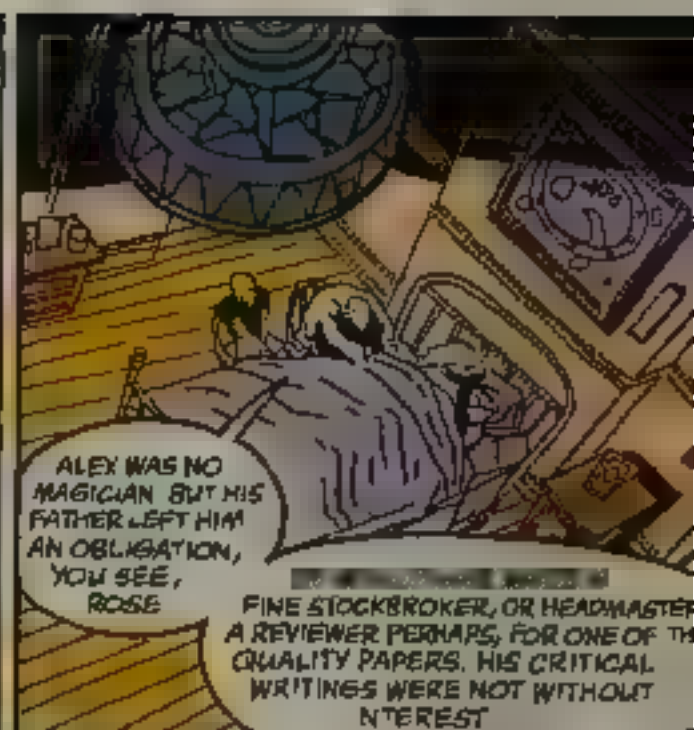






HE WAS A MAGICIAN WITH NO TALENT FOR MAGIC. THEY SAY HIS FATHER COULD SUMMON THE FOUR WINDS TO ATTEND HIM. BLACK-MAILED PRINCES AND PRIME MINISTERS.

ALEX TOLD ME THAT THAT OLD FRAUD CROWLEY HIMSELF CONCEDED THAT ALEX'S FATHER WAS BY FAR THE GREATER OF THE TWO. DOESN'T SOUND LIKELY.



ALEX WAS NO MAGICIAN, BUT HIS FATHER LEFT HIM AN OBLIGATION, YOU SEE, ROSE.

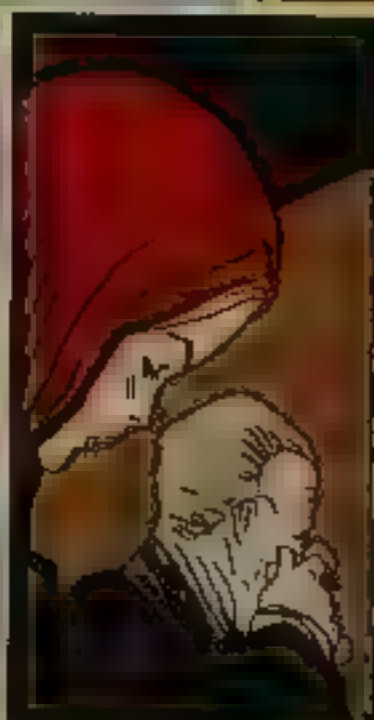
FINE STOCKBROKER, OR HEADMASTER, A REVIEWER PERHAPS, FOR ONE OF THE QUALITY PAPERS. HIS CRITICAL WRITINGS WERE NOT WITHOUT INTEREST.



HE'S BEEN ASLEEP FOR OVER FIVE YEARS. I JUST HOPE HIS DREAMS ARE PLEASANT ONES.

DO YOU THINK THEY ARE?

NO, NOT REALLY.



BRR. WHEN IT STARTS TO COME DOWN LIKE THIS, YOU THINK IT COULD RAIN.

WASH THE WHOLE WORLD AWAY.



YOUR... UH, YOUR GRANDMOTHER WOKE ON SEPTEMBER THE 14TH, 1988.

SOMETHING LIKE THAT. HOW DO YOU KNOW?

THAT WAS WHEN ALEX FELL ASLEEP. IRONY, EH?

I SUPPOSE.

I COME IN HERE EVERY DAY FOR AN HOUR OR TWO, SOMETIMES LONGER.

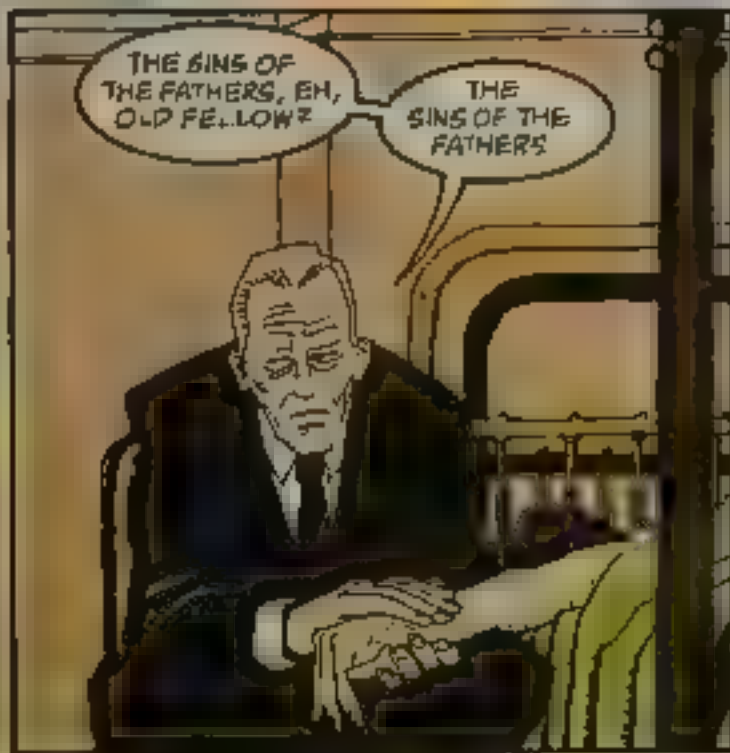
I JUST SIT HERE HOPING HE'LL WAKE UP.



THAT'S GOOD. WOKE UP, I'M SURE YOUR ALEX WILL TOO.

NEVER LET GO OF YOUR DREAMS, EH?

EXACTLY.

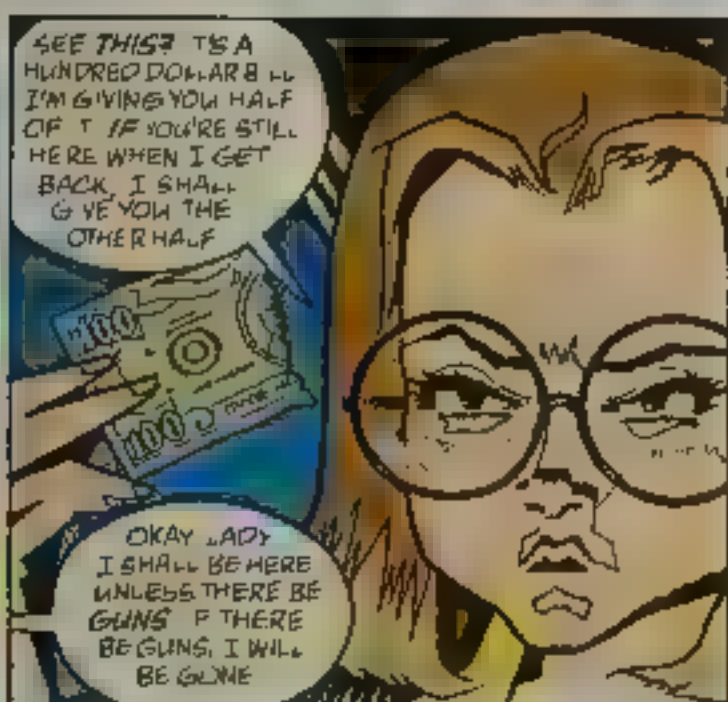
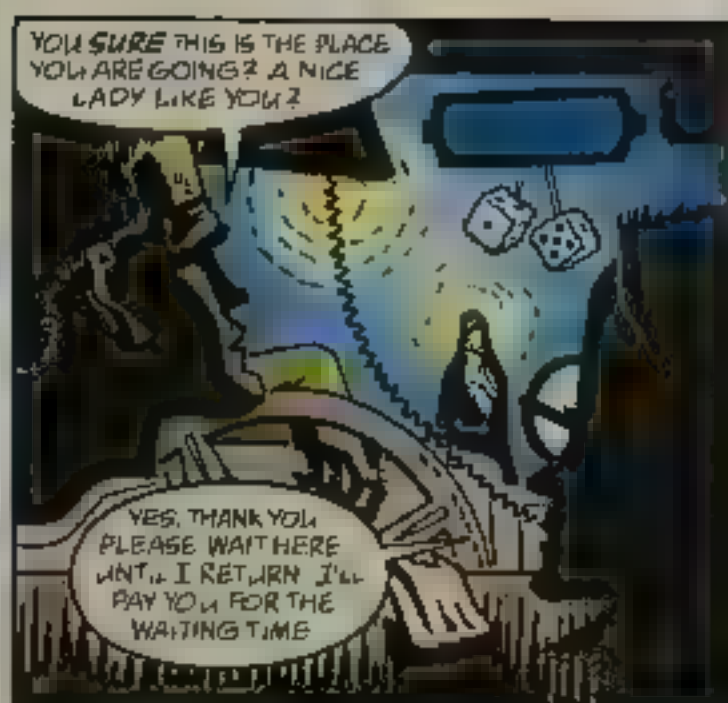


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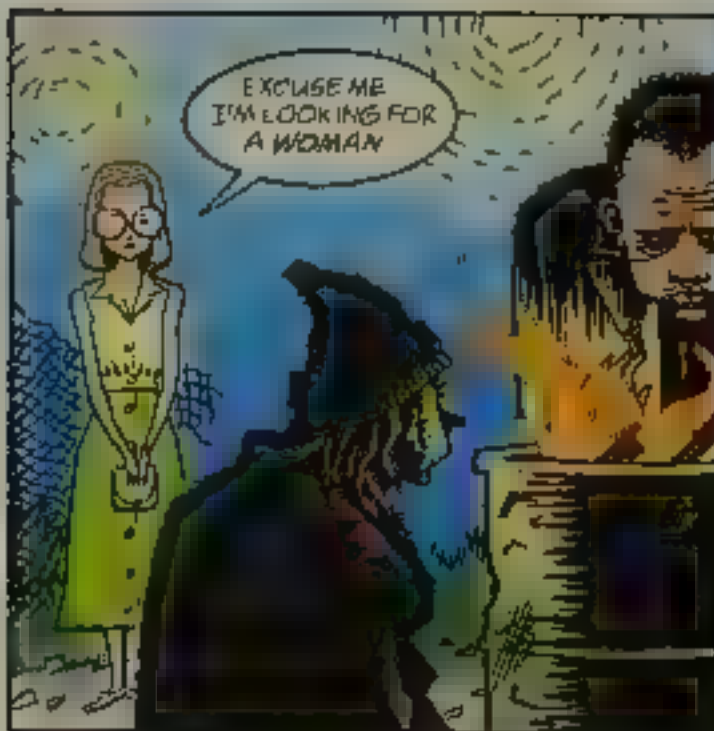


# Part SEVEN









EXCUSE ME  
I'M LOOKING FOR  
A WOMAN



YOU SEE BY THE MOTEL  
DOOR OVER THERE? THAT'S  
ANNIE SHE'S CHEAP AND PRETTY  
CLEAN AND SHE'S GOT A BAD HABIT  
TO FEED, SO SHE'S NOT EVEN  
THAT PARTICULAR



I'M LOOKING  
FOR A PARTICULAR  
WOMAN SHE'S GOT  
BLONDE HAIR QUITE  
THIN I BELIEVE  
SHE'S VERY  
STRONG.

HERE? JEEZ  
SHE'S ASLEEP OVER  
BY THE WALL

JERRY TRIED  
TO COP A FEEL SHE  
NEARLY BROKE HIS  
JAW SAM-- JUST  
KNOCKED HIM DOWN,  
WENT BACK TO  
SLEEP

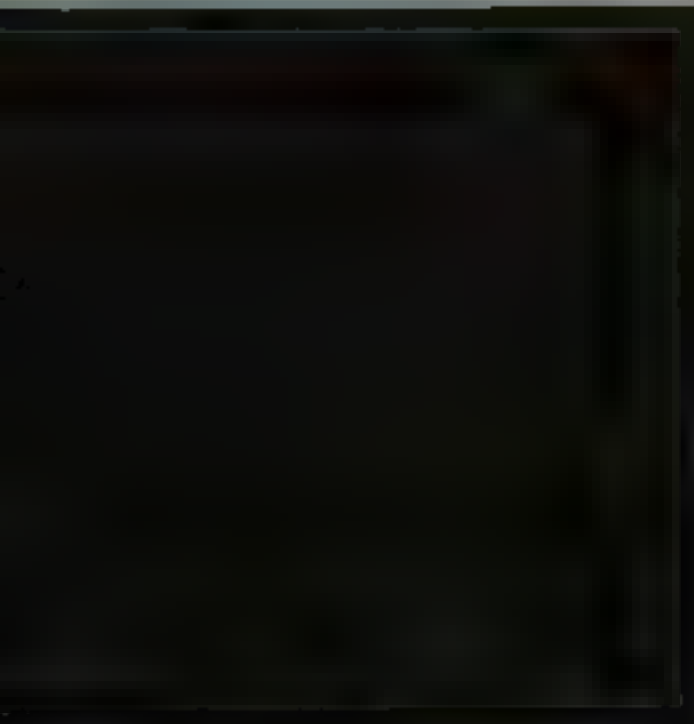


HEY BITCH WUZ ASLEEP WHUZZA  
FUGGEN PROBLEM. HUH? I DIN  
HURT HER BITCH NEAR KILLED  
ME

WHERE  
S SHE  
NOW?

STILL  
THERE BY THE  
WALL AIN'T  
NOBODY GON  
BOTHER HER  
SOMEDAYS A  
MAN CAN'T  
WIN FOR  
LOSIN'







OH YES . WHITE  
BIRD... LITTLE WHITE  
BIRD...

LITTLE  
BIRD I SHALL  
FOLLOW  
YOU

TAKE ME TO  
THE LADIES TO  
THE KIND AND  
GENTLE LADIES.

WHAT DID SHE  
JUST SAY?

I DON'T KNOW SHE'S A BIT  
MIXED-UP RIGHT NOW JUST  
HELP ME GET HER IN THE  
CAR

HERE'S THE  
REST OF YOUR  
HUNDRED

GREAT  
THE WAY YOUR  
FRIEND STINKS, IT  
WILL COST ME THAT  
TO CLEAN MY  
TAXI

NONSENSE  
NOW, THE CORNER  
OF SWEETZER AND  
MELROSE

YOU GOT ANY  
DEAS WHAT  
THAT WUZ ALL  
ABOUT?

WH HUH I THINK THE ONE  
WHO BROKE TERRY'S FACE  
SHE WAS LIKE A ROBOT  
SPACE ALIEN

AN THE  
OTHER ONE,  
SHE WAS MESSE  
FBI OR  
SOME P'N

AN THAT TAX WASN'T  
NO TAXI I WAS A  
CAMOUFLAGED  
GUV'MINT SPACE  
SHIP

YOU BELIEVE ANY  
A' THAT SH T COMIN  
OUTTA YOUR  
MOUTHS

HELL,  
NO

# THE KINDLY ONES

WRITTEN BY  
NEIL GAIMAN

DRAWN BY  
MARC  
HEMPER

LETTERED BY  
TODD KLEIN  
COLORED BY  
DANIEL VOZZO  
COLOR SEPT BY  
ANDROID IMAGES  
EDITED BY  
KAREN BERGER  
ASSOCIATED BY  
SHELLY ROEBERG

SANDMAN  
CHARACTERS  
CREATED BY  
GAIMAN,  
KIETH &  
DRINGEN  
85PG

TELL YOUR MASTER, THE DREAM  
WEAVER, THAT THERE IS ONE HERE  
TO TALK WITH HIM

TELL HIM  
TO COME OUT  
OF HIS HALL,  
AND TALK  
TO ME

AND WHO  
ARE YOU THEN,  
TO DEMAND  
ENTRY?

I DO NOT DEMAND ENTRY. I  
DO NOT ENTER THE HOUSES OF  
MY ENEMIES. I DEMAND ONLY  
THAT YOUR MASTER COME  
OUT AND TALK

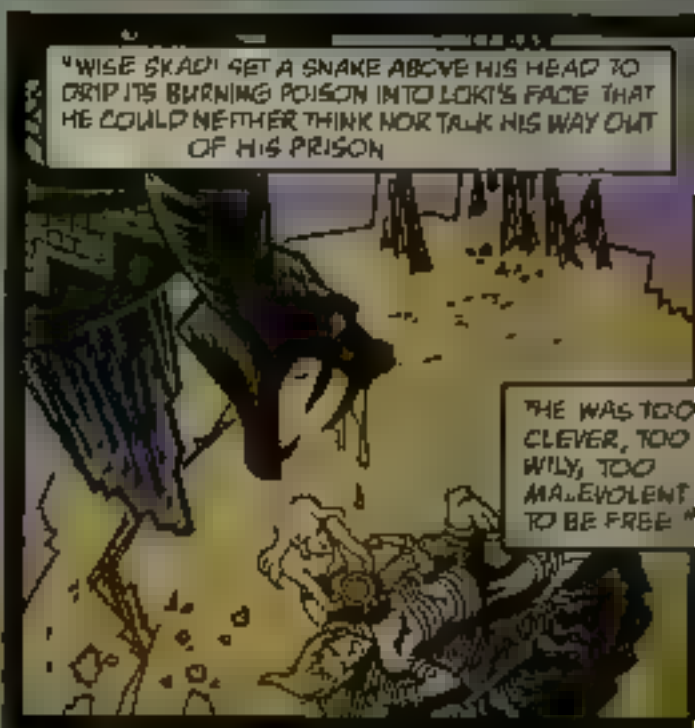
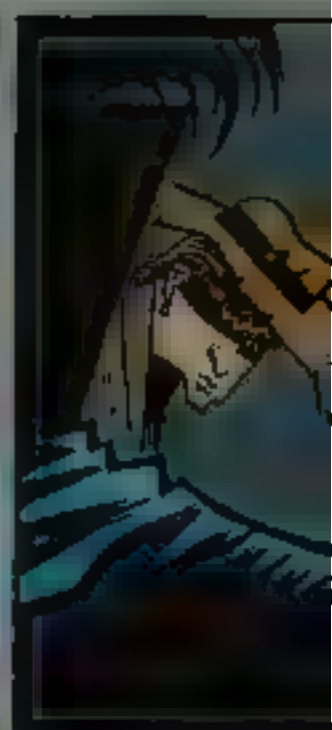
AS FOR  
WHO I AM?

I AM CALLED  
GRIM, THE DEATH-  
BLINDER, THE HIGH  
ONE, THE GALLOWS  
GOD

I AM CALLED GONDRI, THE WAND-  
BEARER, AND I AM GRIMMIR, THE  
HOODED ONE, THE TERRIBLE, THE  
WAKEFUL. YOU KNOW ME. I AM  
ODIN, BOR'S SON

AND YOUR  
MASTER HAS  
DONE ME A  
GREAT  
WRONG





STILL AS YOU  
KNOW, I FREED  
HIM. SOME YEARS  
AGO, FOR BUT  
A SHORT  
TIME...

I HAD THOUGHT THAT I HAD  
RETURNED LOKI TO HIS PLACE  
BENEATH THE WORLD; BUT I WAS  
WRONG. IT IS MERELY A DREAM  
THING THAT SREAMS AND CURSES,  
A WISE, A FIGMENT, THAT WRITHES  
IN PAIN



LOKI IS FREE IN THE WORLD  
ONCE MORE HE MUST HAVE  
BEEN FREE FOR SOME  
YEARS NOW

AHHH

THIS IS  
YOUR DOING,  
WEAVER IS  
IT NOT?



Yes, I am afraid  
that it is.



He had already escaped  
you, and had bound  
another beneath the  
earth, when I discovered  
him. I freed that other,  
and placed a dream  
there in its place.

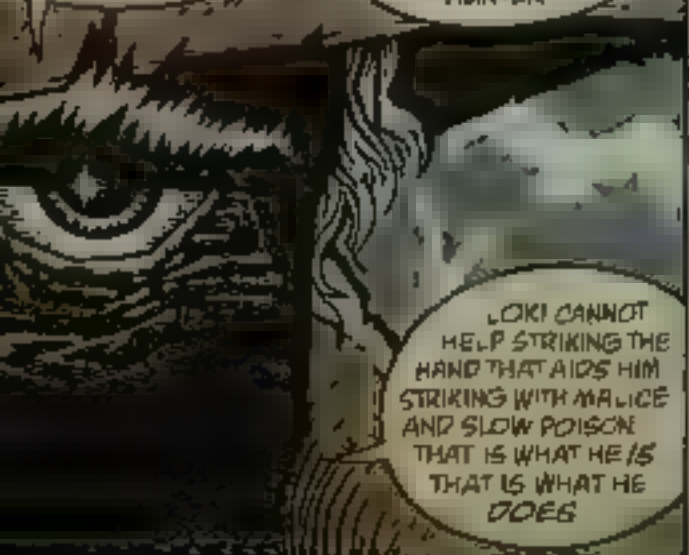
WHAT DID YOU WANT,  
EH? A FAVOR FROM  
LOKI? TO PLACE HIM IN  
YOUR DEBT? TO USE  
HIM AS YOUR AGENT  
IN SOME HUMAN  
DEAL OR OTHER?



Something  
like that.

YOU'RE A FOOL, WEAVER  
LOKI HAS NO SENSE OF  
PAIN. IT BURNS AND  
GALLS AND ACHES HIM  
TO BE BEHOLDEN

HE IS A SERPENT,  
WHO MUST BITE YOUR  
HAND EVEN AS YOU  
SAVE HIM FROM A  
HUNTER



LOKI CANNOT  
HELP STRIKING THE  
HAND THAT AIDS HIM  
STRIKING WITH MALICE  
AND SLOW POISON  
THAT IS WHAT HE IS  
THAT IS WHAT HE  
DOES

I HAVE HEARD STRANGE RUMORS  
ABOUT YOU, DREAM-WEAVER HUGGIN  
AND MUNINN TELL ME WHAT THEY  
SEE AND HEAR AS THEY TRAVEL  
THE MIDDLE WORLD

THEY ALSO SAY  
THE RAVEN HOST  
WILL BE COMING  
TO THE DREAMING  
SOON ENOUGH  
RAVENS KNOW  
THESE THINGS  
IT SEEMS

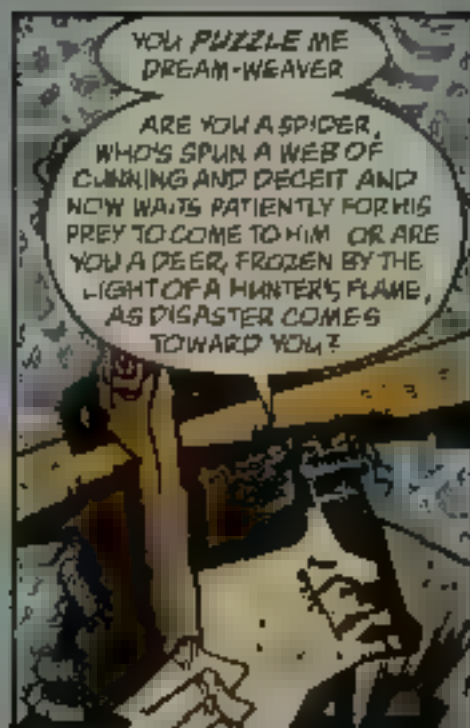






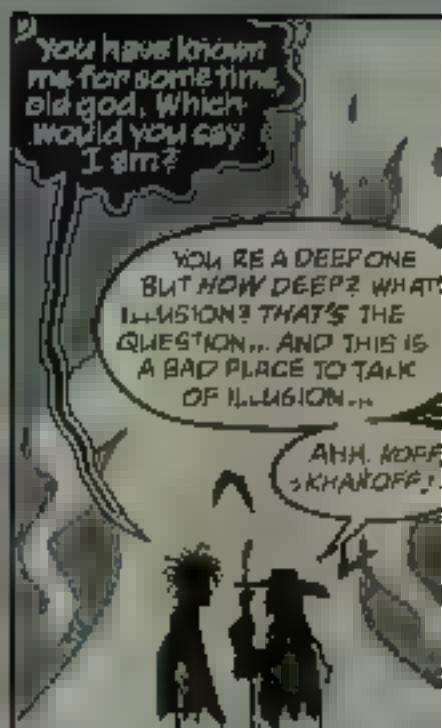
I hear rumors too, Odin One-eye. But only a fool listens to them.

ONLY A FOOL IGNORES THEM.



YOU PUZZLE ME DREAM-WEAVER.

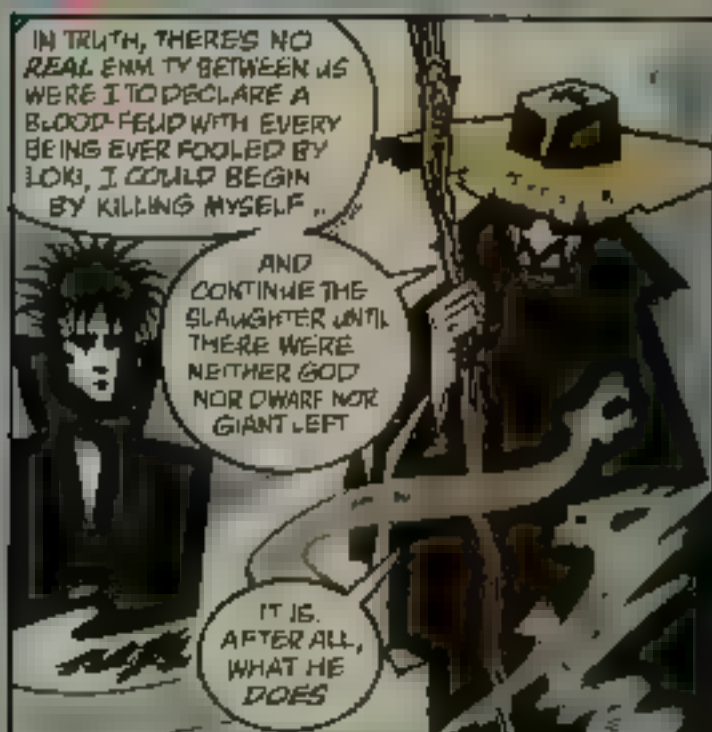
ARE YOU A SPIDER, WHO'S SPUN A WEB OF CUNNING AND DECEIT AND NOW WAITS PATIENTLY FOR HIS PREY TO COME TO HIM. OR ARE YOU A DEER, FROZEN BY THE LIGHT OF A HUNTER'S FLAME, AS DISASTER COMES TOWARD YOU?



YOU HAVE KNOWN ME FOR SOME TIME, OLD GOD, WHICH WOULD YOU SAY I AM?

YOU'RE A DEEP ONE BUT HOW DEEP? WHAT ILLUSION? THAT'S THE QUESTION... AND THIS IS A BAD PLACE TO TALK OF ILLUSION.

AHH. NOPE. KHANOFF!



IN TRUTH, THERE'S NO REAL ENMITY BETWEEN US WERE I TO DECLARE A BLOOD-FEUD WITH EVERY BEING EVER FOOLED BY LOKI, I COULD BEGIN BY KILLING MYSELF...

AND CONTINUE THE SLAUGHTER UNTIL THERE WERE NEITHER GOD NOR DWARF NOR GIANT LEFT.

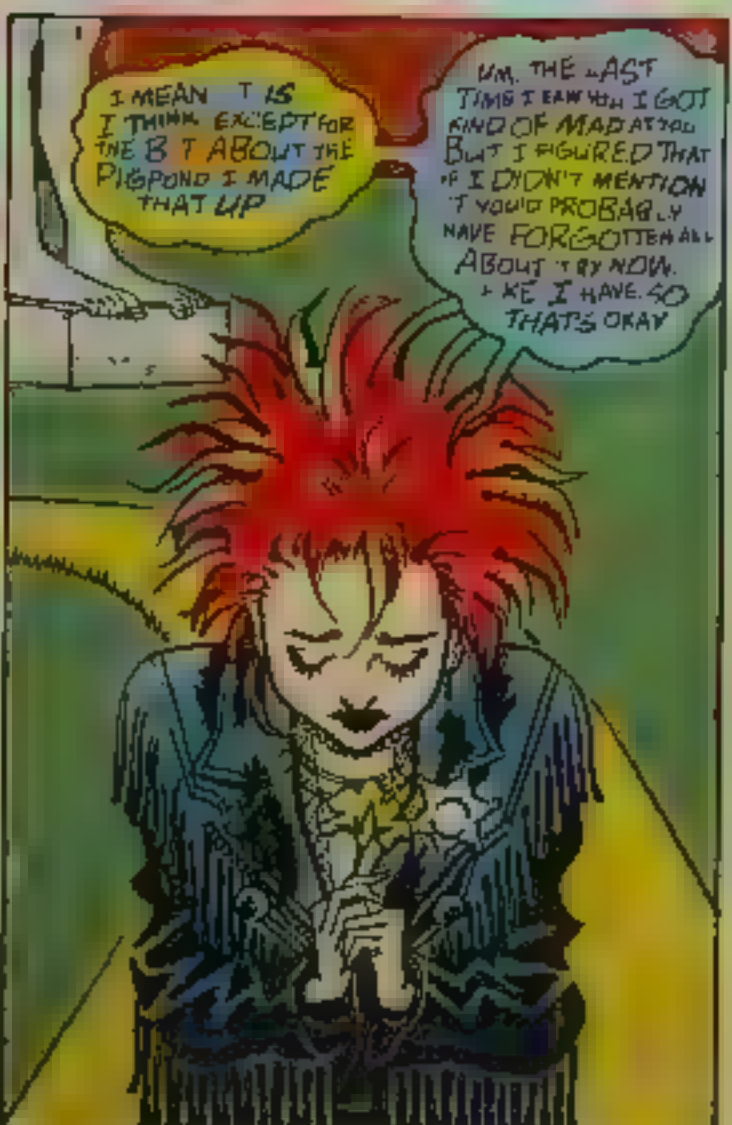
IT IS, AFTER ALL, WHAT HE DOES.



BUT I AM DISAPPOINTED SOMEHOW. I EXPECTED MORE FROM YOU, DREAM-WEAVER.

And for my part, I am sorry to have disappointed you, Odin Battle-kings.



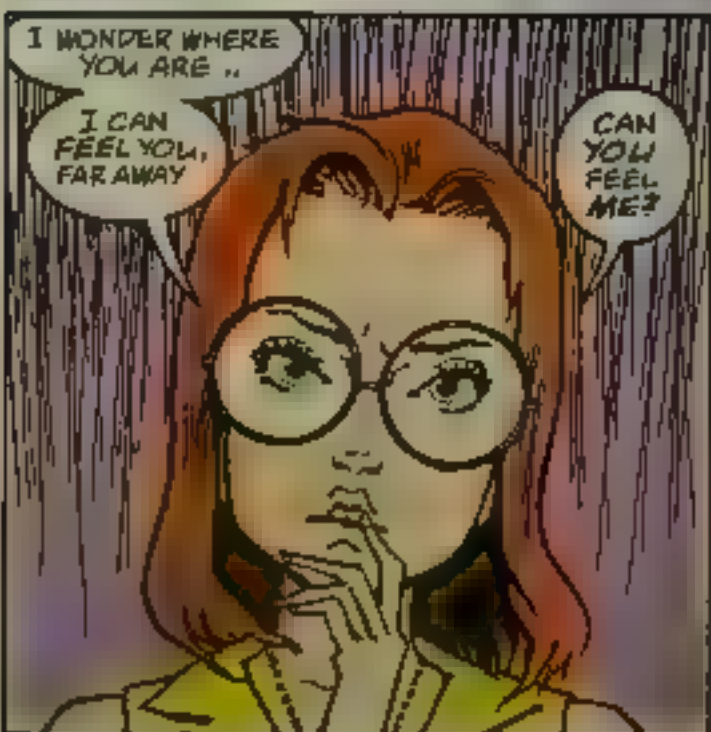
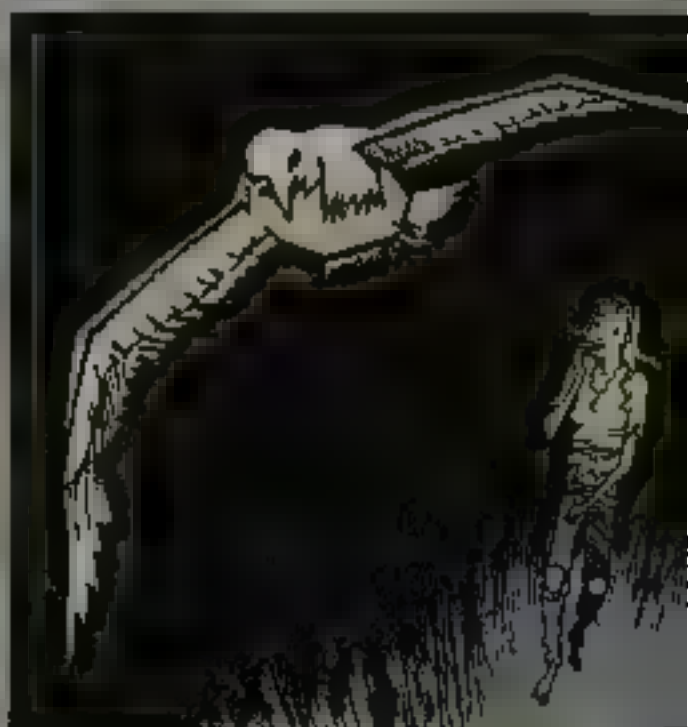
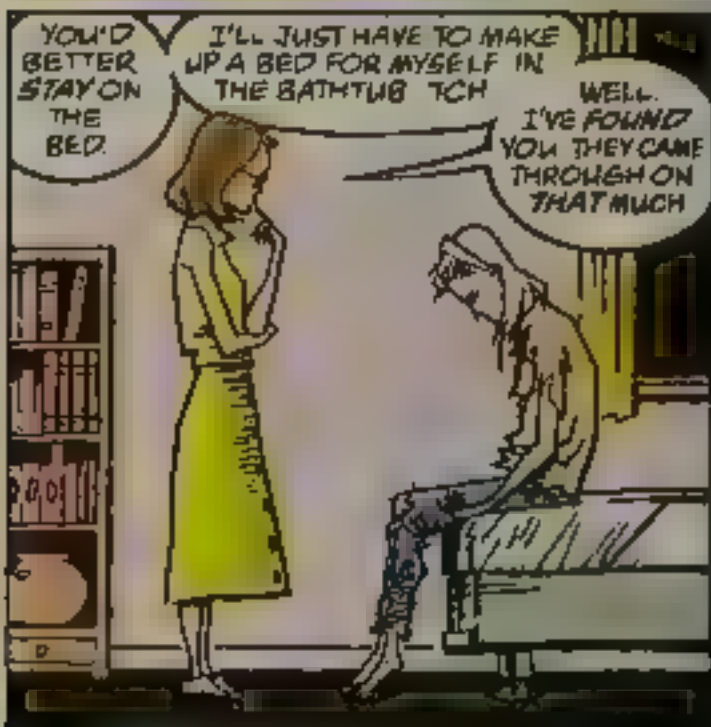


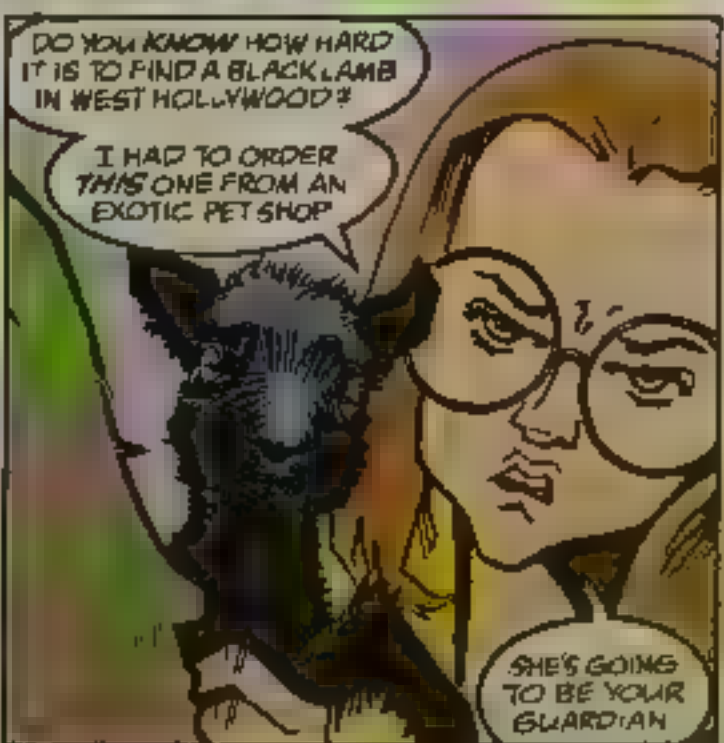
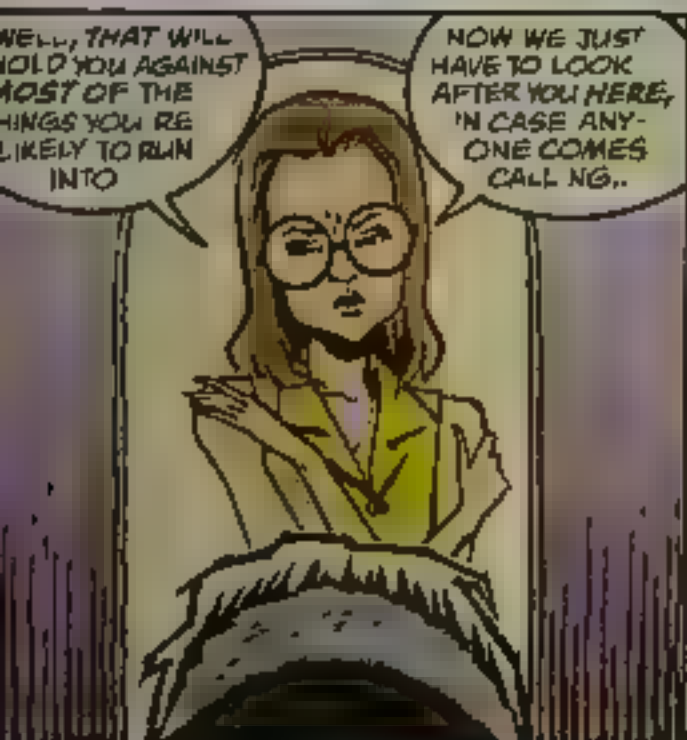
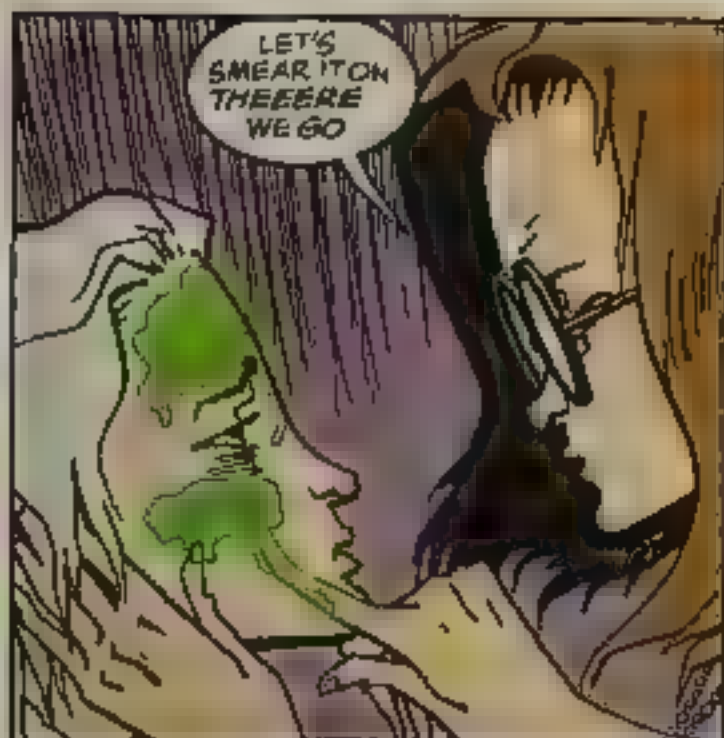




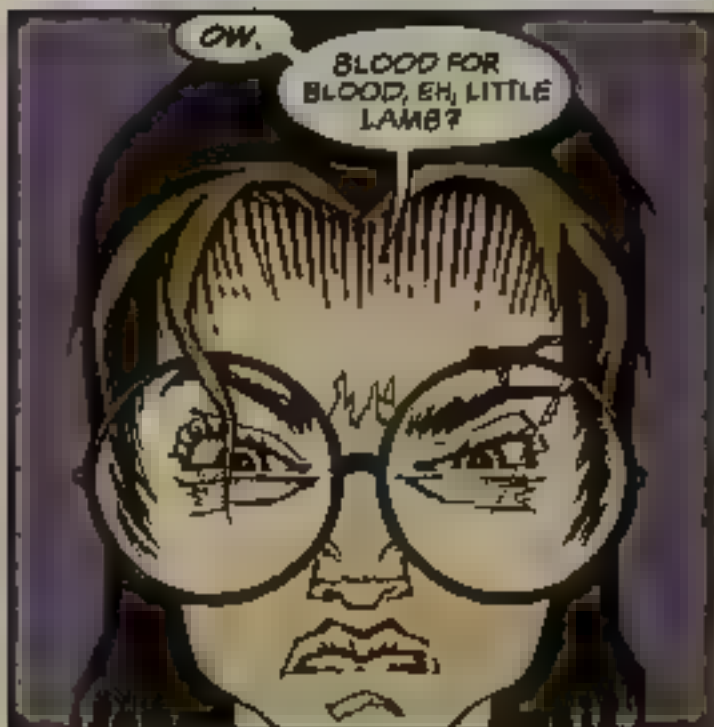












OW.

BLOOD FOR  
BLOOD, EH, LITTLE  
LAMB?



IT'S BEEN TOO LONG SINCE I  
NEEDED TO SACRIFICE ANYTHING  
LARGER THAN A RABBIT TCH...  
THERE LET THAT BE A LESSON  
FOR ME, LYTA AND FOR YOU  
TOO, IF YOU CAN HEAR ME.  
NOTHING IS HARMLESS



NOTHING IS TOO  
CUTE AND SWEET TO  
BE DANGEROUS.

NOTHING  
IS SAFE





IF THERE ARE  
HUNGRY SHADES  
ABOUT ME, LET  
THEM WAIT AND  
STARE UNFED

IF LONELY  
AGING GODS  
THERE BE HERE,  
LET THEM LOOK  
ELSEWHERE  
FOR FOOD



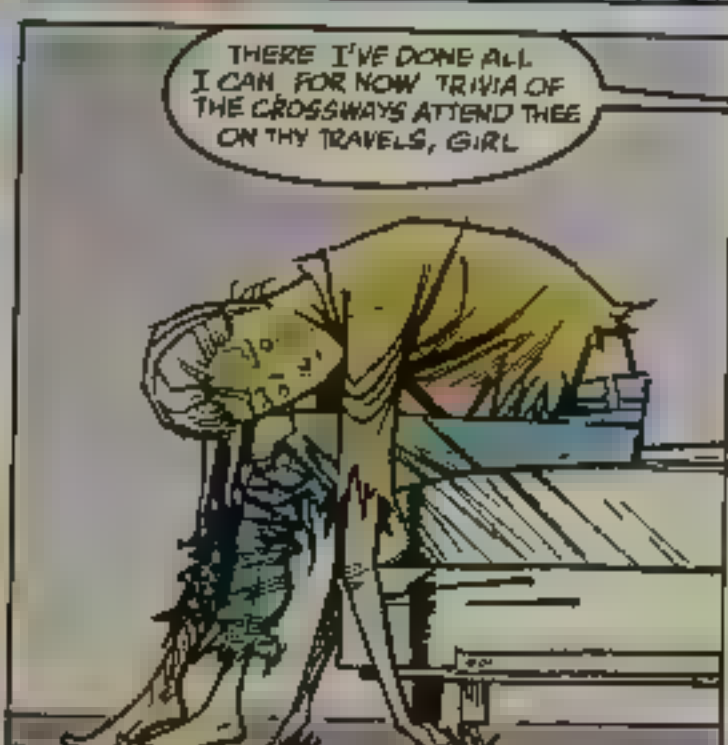
AEMINAEROTHERRETHORABEANIMEA,  
PTOLMOU LALAPSA, PHORBEA  
NEREATO BRIMO...

I CONSECRATE  
THIS CIRCLE TO HER  
WHO WAITS BENEATH  
THE EARTH, AND TO  
HER WHO MAKES LIFE  
ON THE EARTH, AND  
TO HER WHO SHINES  
COLDLY ABOVE  
THE EARTH

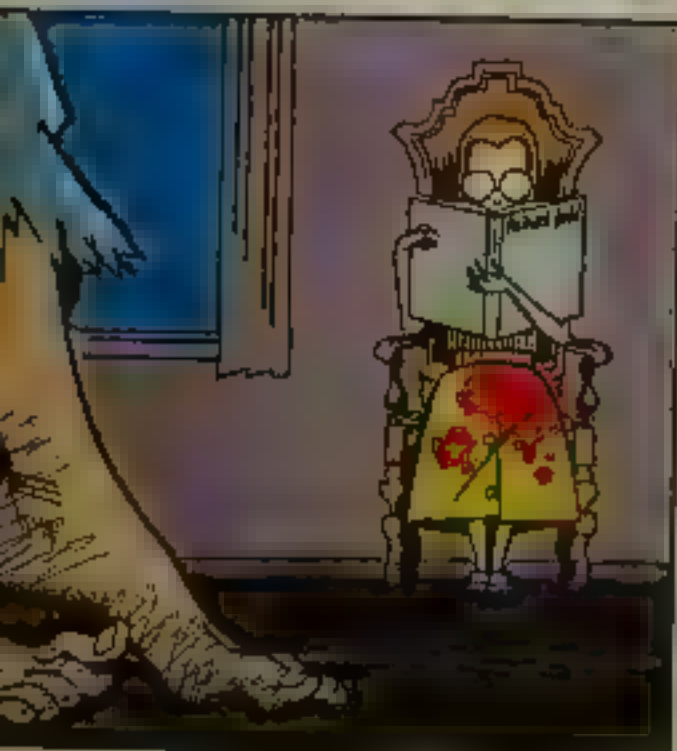
I DEMAND  
THEIR PROTECTION  
FOR THE WOMAN  
WITHIN.



THERE



THERE I'VE DONE ALL  
I CAN FOR NOW TRIVIA OF  
THE CROSSWAYS ATTEND THEE  
ON THY TRAVELS, GIRL



SO... IT'S WASH OFF  
THE BLOOD AND  
SLEEP ON THE FLOOR,  
OR SKIP THE BATH  
AND SLEEP IN THE  
TUB. CHOICES...  
ALWAYS CHOICES...





HER TOES SEARCH  
CREVICES AND HOLLOW  
HER FINGERS BRAZENLY  
FORCE THEIR WAY INTO  
THEY NIST FINGERHOLDS.

DESCENDING IS ALWAYS  
HARDER THAN ASCENDING,  
AND THIS DESCENT IS THE  
HARDEST LYTA HAS MADE

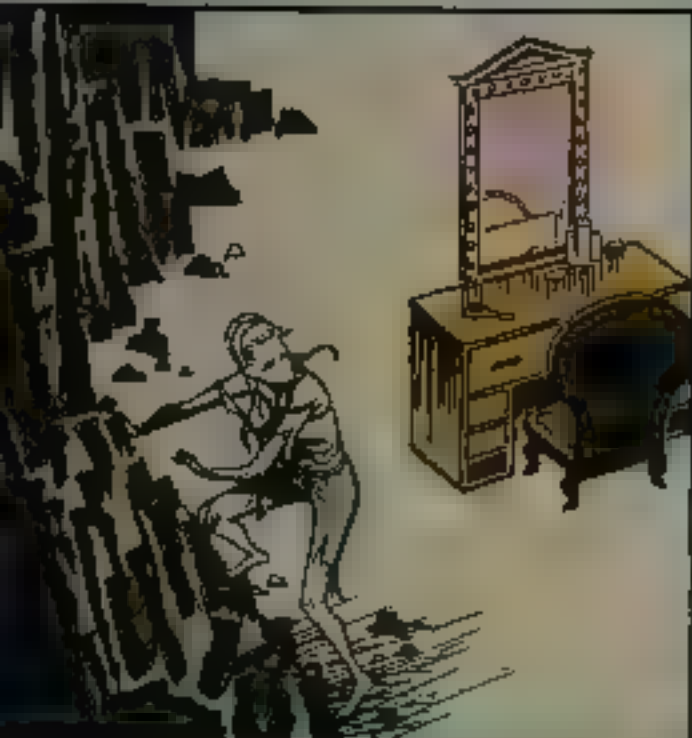
TERROR EXISTS, THE  
KNOWLEDGE OF HOW  
EASY IT WOULD BE  
TO TUMBLE OFF AND  
AWAY INTO THE  
DARKNESS.

ALL JOURNEYS  
LEAVE MARKS  
ON US.

HER SKIN  
TEAR HER SKIN  
IS GRAZED.  
MUSCLES ACHES  
AND BURN

THE FALL, SHE KNOWS  
WITH A DARK CERTAINTY,  
WILL KILL HER

SO SHE INCHES DOWNWARD, A  
MOMENT AT A TIME, BRUISED  
AND SKINNED AND SCARED



I'M SO  
T RED

THEN  
STOP



HUH?

WELL, LOOK AT  
YOURSELF YOU'RE CRAZY.  
YOU'RE WE RD YOU'RE  
HORRIBLE

I WASN T GOING  
TO GROW UP TO BE  
YOU I WAS GOING  
TO BE SOMEONE  
ELSE

KIA HUH



MAYBE WHEN I GROW  
UP I'LL BE A PRINCESS, OR  
A DANCER, OR A MOVIE  
STAR

NOT  
A CRAZY  
WOMAN

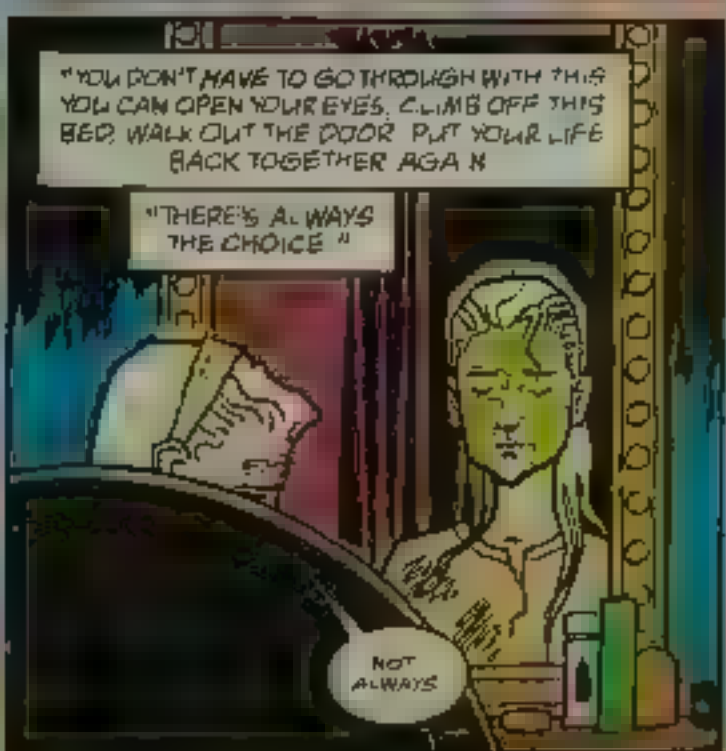
I'M NOT  
CRAZY



OF COURSE I'M  
NOT CRAZY I'M ONE  
OF THE GOOD  
GUYS

I AM THE FURY  
MY FEET ARE FIRMLY  
PLANTED ON THE GROUND.  
TH S S PROBABLY JUST SOME  
SUPER-VILLAIN'S MIND  
CONTROL RAY EXPERIMENT.

RESIST,  
LYTA RESIST!



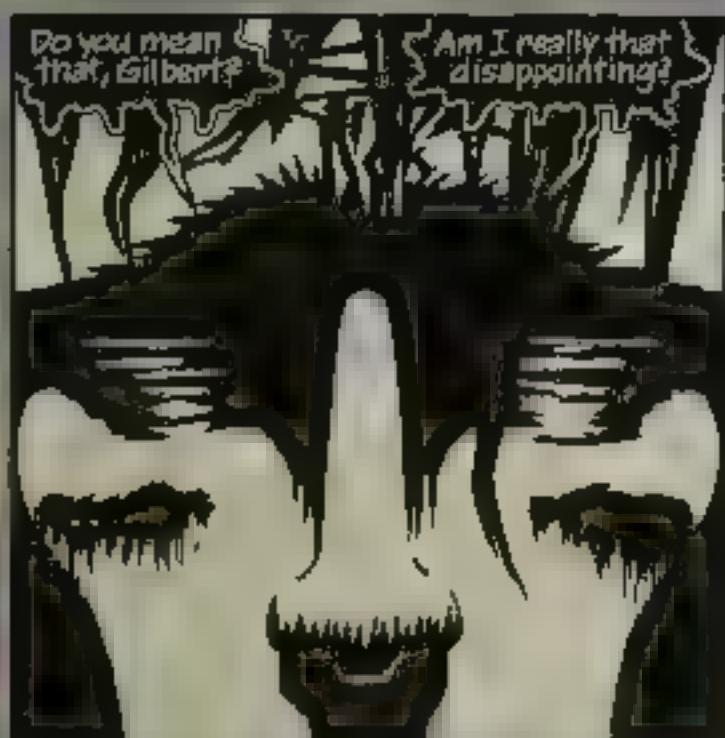
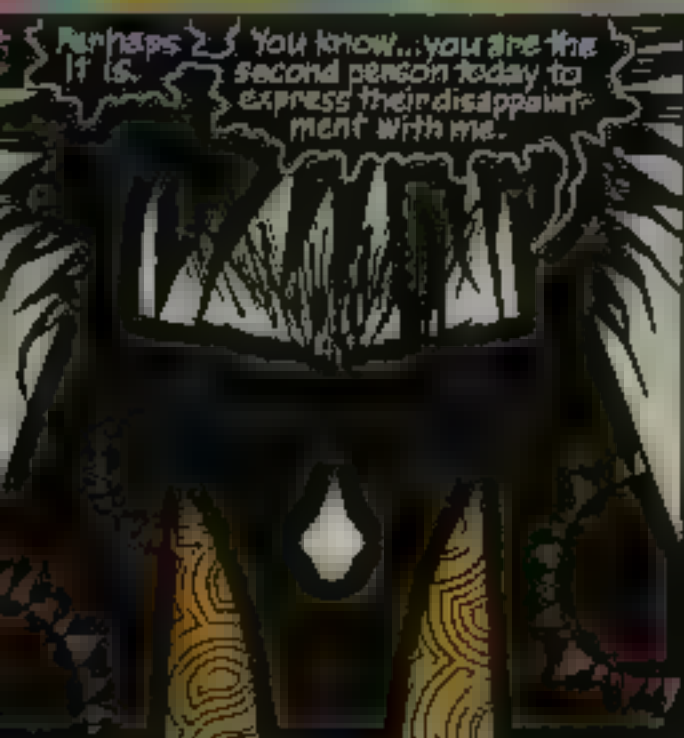
"YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS  
YOU CAN OPEN YOUR EYES, CLIMB OFF THIS  
BED, WALK OUT THE DOOR PUT YOUR LIFE  
BACK TOGETHER AGAIN

"THERE'S ALWAYS  
THE CHOICE "

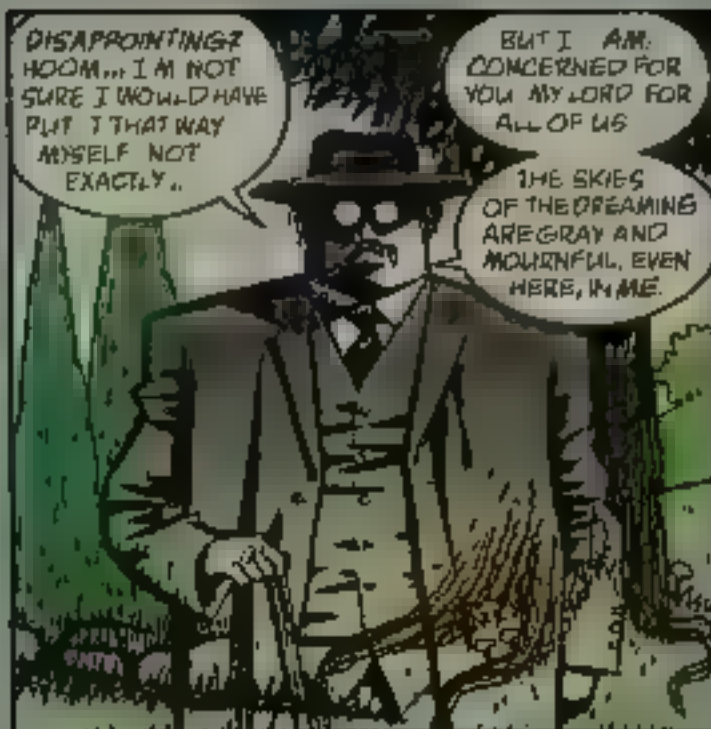
NOT  
ALWAYS











DISAPPOINTING?  
HOOM... I AM NOT  
SURE I WOULD HAVE  
PUT IT THAT WAY  
MYSELF NOT  
EXACTLY..

BUT I AM  
CONCERNED FOR  
YOU MY LORD FOR  
ALL OF US

THE SKIES  
OF THE DREAMING  
ARE GRAY AND  
MOURNFUL, EVEN  
HERE, IN ME.

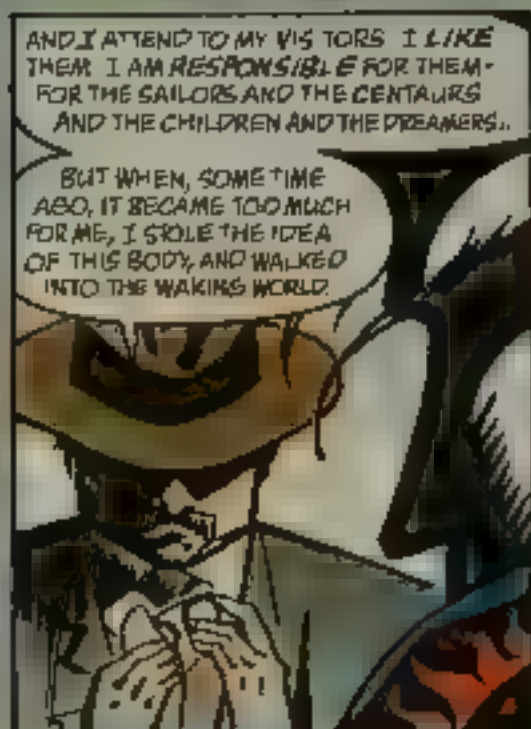


LOOK ABOUT YOU THIS  
IS FIDDLER'S GREEN, WHERE  
SORROW AND CARE ARE  
UNKNOWN BUT WHAT LITTLE  
SUN WE GET NOW IS  
STRETCHED AND TIRED

EVER SINCE  
YOUR SON'S LAST  
DEATH.

Enough. This  
conversation has  
gone far enough.

I am attending to  
my responsibilities.



AND I ATTEND TO MY VISITORS I LIKE  
THEM I AM RESPONSIBLE FOR THEM-  
FOR THE SAILORS AND THE CENTAURS  
AND THE CHILDREN AND THE DREAMERS..

BUT WHEN, SOME TIME  
AGO, IT BECAME TOO MUCH  
FOR ME, I STOLE THE IDEA  
OF THIS BODY, AND WALKED  
INTO THE WAKING WORLD.



Yes. You did. But because  
you returned of your own will,  
you were not punished.

HOOM

I'M NOT ENTIRELY  
SURE WE'RE TALKING  
ABOUT THE SAME  
THING, HERE



I have my  
responsibilities.



ARE YOU..

ARE  
YOU THE  
FURIES?



ARE WE THE  
FURIES?

ARE YOU A HAND? OR  
AN EYE? OR A TOOTH?

NO, OF COURSE  
NOT I AM MYSELF BUT  
I HAVE THOSE THINGS  
WITHIN ME

THERE YOU SA  
THEN MY LITTLE  
SCORPION-FLAME

THERE IS A HEATH UPON  
WHICH COLD WINDS BLOW

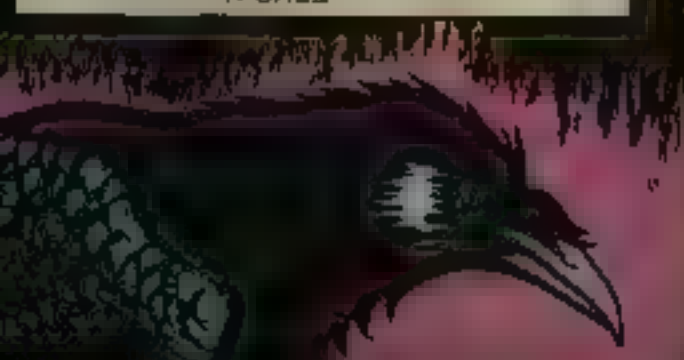
THERE IS A HOUSE UPON THAT HEATH,  
BUILT OF DEAD ROCK AND DRY BONE,  
IN WHICH ONE WOMAN LIVES, OR THREE  
OR NONE

SHE IS SUSTAINED,  
OR THEY ARE BY  
THE STREAM OF BLOOD  
THAT RUNS BESIDE  
THE HOUSE ONCE IT  
WAS A RIVER, BUT  
THAT WAS MANY  
YEARS AGO.

A RAVEN WALKS SLOWLY ABOUT HER HOUSE,  
ITS FEET COATED GAY THAT OF AN  
ELDERLY GENTLEMAN, LEANING FORWARD AS  
IT STRUTS

A BLACK HOUND WATS  
BY THE DOOR

IN THE GARDEN BY THE STREAM A LITTLE  
GIRL PLAYS WITH SOMETHING YELLOWED  
AND ROUND THAT MIGHT, CONCEIVABLY, BE  
A BALL



HAVE COME A VERY  
ONE WAY FURTHER  
HAN I VE EVER  
NONE BEFORE

I AM  
SEEKING THE  
FURIES

NOT THE FURIES. MY LOBELIA  
THAT'S SUCH A NASTY NAME IT'S  
ONE OF THE THINGS THEY CALL  
WOMEN, TO PUT US IN OUR  
PLACE.

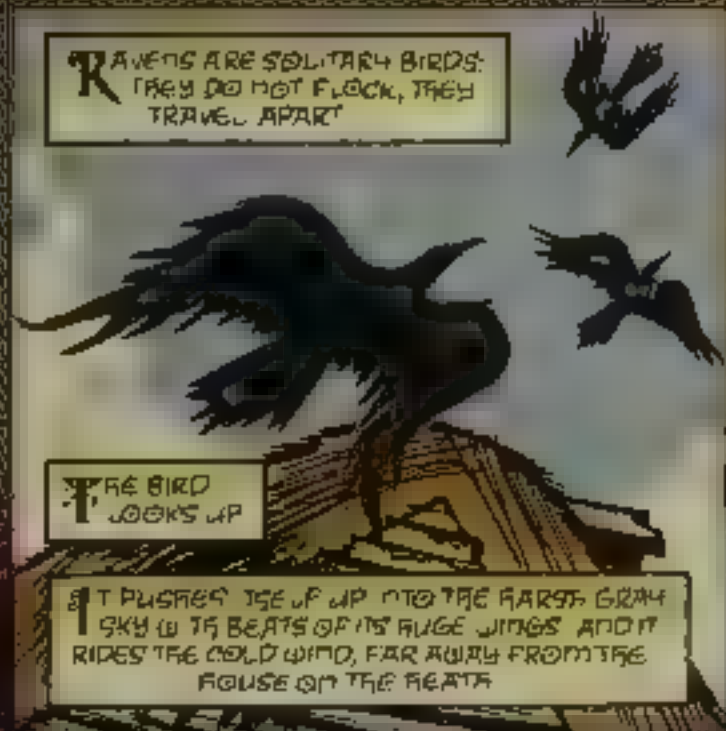


THE SMELL  
OF CORDITE  
DRIFTS ON THE  
AIR HERE,  
FRAGMENTS  
OF STRAPNEL  
AND BONE  
GLIMMER IN THE  
RED EARTH

THERE WILL  
ALWAYS BE  
SACRIFICES TO  
THE MORRIGAN,  
THE LADY OF  
WAR.



RAVENS ARE SOLITARY BIRDS:  
THEY DO NOT FLOCK, THEY  
TRAVEL APART



THE BIRD  
LOOKS UP

IT PUSHES ITSELF UP INTO THE FARTHER GRAY  
SKY WITH BEATS OF ITS HUGE WINGS AND IT  
RIDES THE COLD WIND, FAR AWAY FROM THE  
HOUSE ON THE HEATH

TERMAGANT

VIXEN

WITCH

BITCH

SHREW

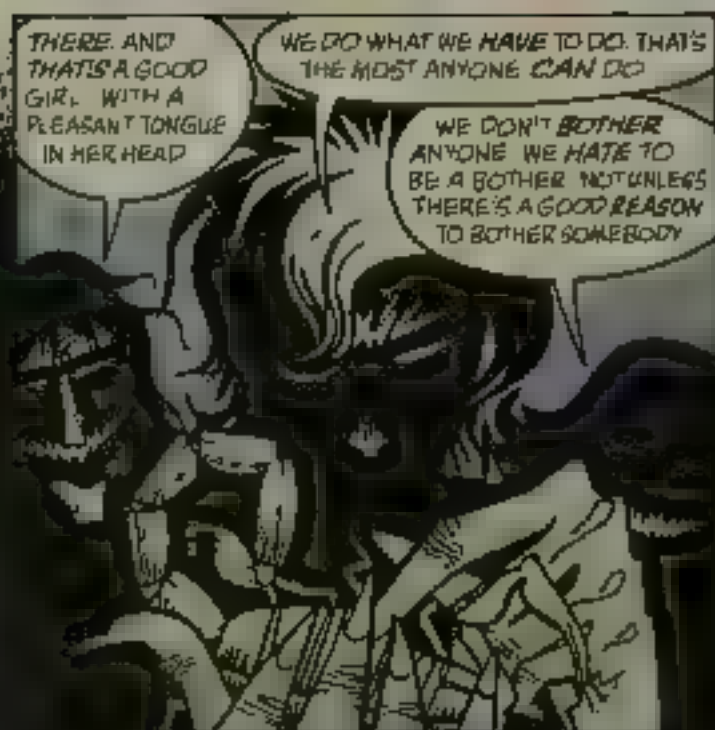
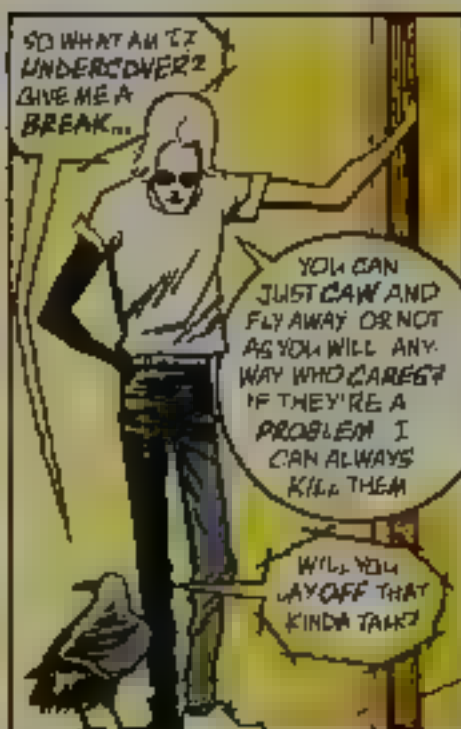
VIRAGO

DO WE  
LOOK FURIOUS  
TO YOU?

NO YOU LOOK  
VERY KIND VERY WISE  
VERY GENTLE







A MAKESHIFT BARGE MADE OF DEAD FLESH IS SLOWLY POLED DOWN A RIVER OF COLD SEMEN

ASSARACHUS THE UNSEEMLY SHOVES MAILURE, ITS THROAT-SISTER, AND POINTS UPWARD

FOUR RAVENS ARE FLYING RAGGEDLY, BLACKLY, ACROSS THE BITTER RED SKY OF HELL

MAILURE OPENS HER WINGS AND SPEEDS UPWARD, TRAILING FLESH, HER WET MOUTHS OPEN AS WIDE AS THEY CAN GO

THE RAVENS BEAT THEIR BLACK WINGS HARD AGAINST THE SKY, AND FLY FASTER

IN ENGLAND A WOMAN WHO LOOKS YOUNGER THAN HER TRUE AGE WRITES A LETTER, AND HALF LISTENS TO THE NEWS ON HER HOTEL ROOM TV

THE THIRD ITEM OF NEWS IS THAT THE RAVENS HAVE LEFT THE TOWER OF LONDON. THE RAVENS' WINGS HAVING BEEN CLIPPED TO PREVENT THEIR FLYING AWAY, IT IS ASSUMED THEY HAVE BEEN STOLEN

THE GOVERNMENT SPOKESMAN ANNOUNCES THAT THEY WILL NOT SUBMIT TO TERRORISTS, AND SAYS THEY HAVE ORDERED A DOZEN RAVEN CHICKS FROM ZOOS AROUND THE COUNTRY THEY FEAR DAMAGE TO THE TOURIST TRADE

THE REPORTER ASKS ABOUT THE KINGDOM FALLING, AND IS ASSURED THAT, IN TH'S DAY AND AGE, ONE MUST TAKE SUCH SUPERSTITIONS WITH A GRAIN OR TWO OF SALT



EVERYBODY LAUGHS

WHY?

HE KILLED MY SON HE STOLE AND KILLED MY SON HE KILLED MY HUSBAND, TOO. ISN'T THAT REASON ENOUGH?

NO, DEARIE IT'S NOT

YOU SEE MY GOSLING, THE LADIES YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT CAN REALLY ONLY AVENGE BLOOD-DEBTS

THAT'S ONE OF THE RULES

IT'S THE OLDEST RULE



BUT HE KILLED MY  
SON THAT'S A  
BLOOD DEBT

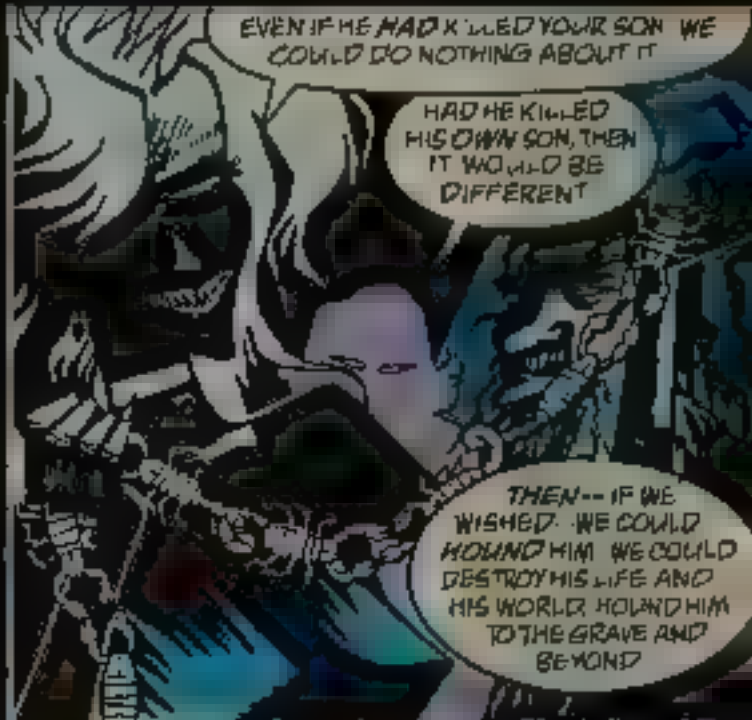
EHHH...  
YOUR BLOOD  
NOT HIS.



EVEN IF HE HAD KILLED YOUR SON WE  
COULD DO NOTHING ABOUT IT

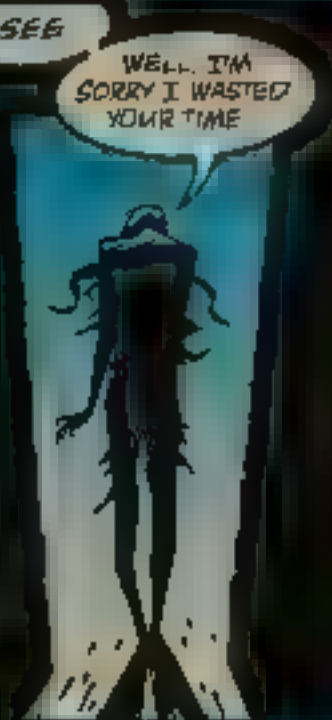
HAD HE KILLED  
HIS OWN SON, THEN  
IT WOULD BE  
DIFFERENT

THEN-- IF WE  
WISHED, WE COULD  
HOUND HIM. WE COULD  
DESTROY HIS LIFE AND  
HIS WORLD, HOUND HIM  
TO THE GRAVE AND  
BEYOND



I SEE

WELL, I'M  
SORRY I WASTED  
YOUR TIME



DAUGHTER?



HE DID  
KILL HIS OWN  
SON

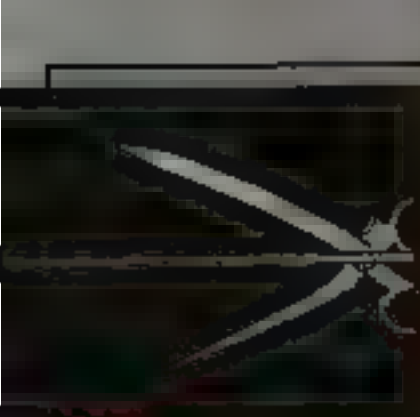


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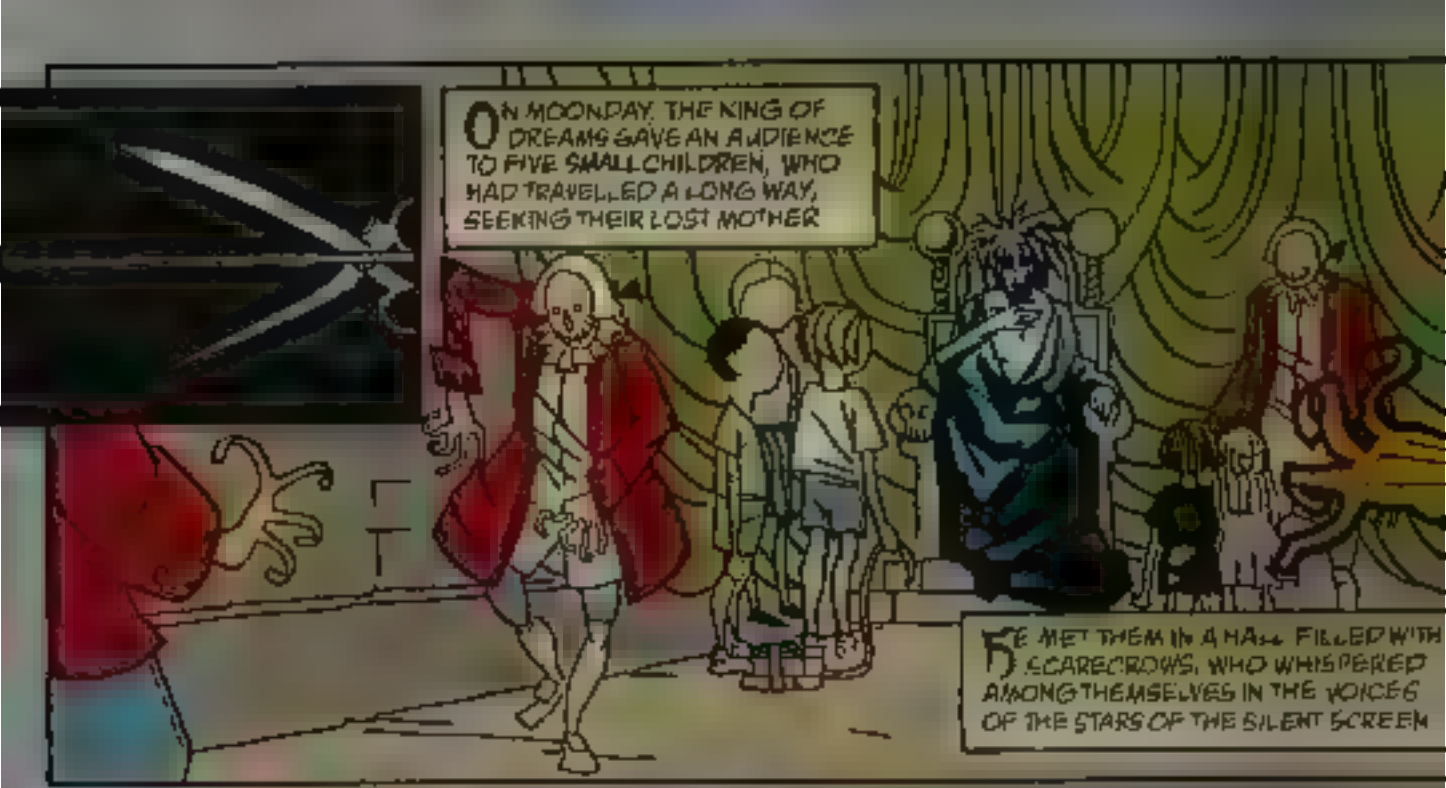


Part  
The Gift






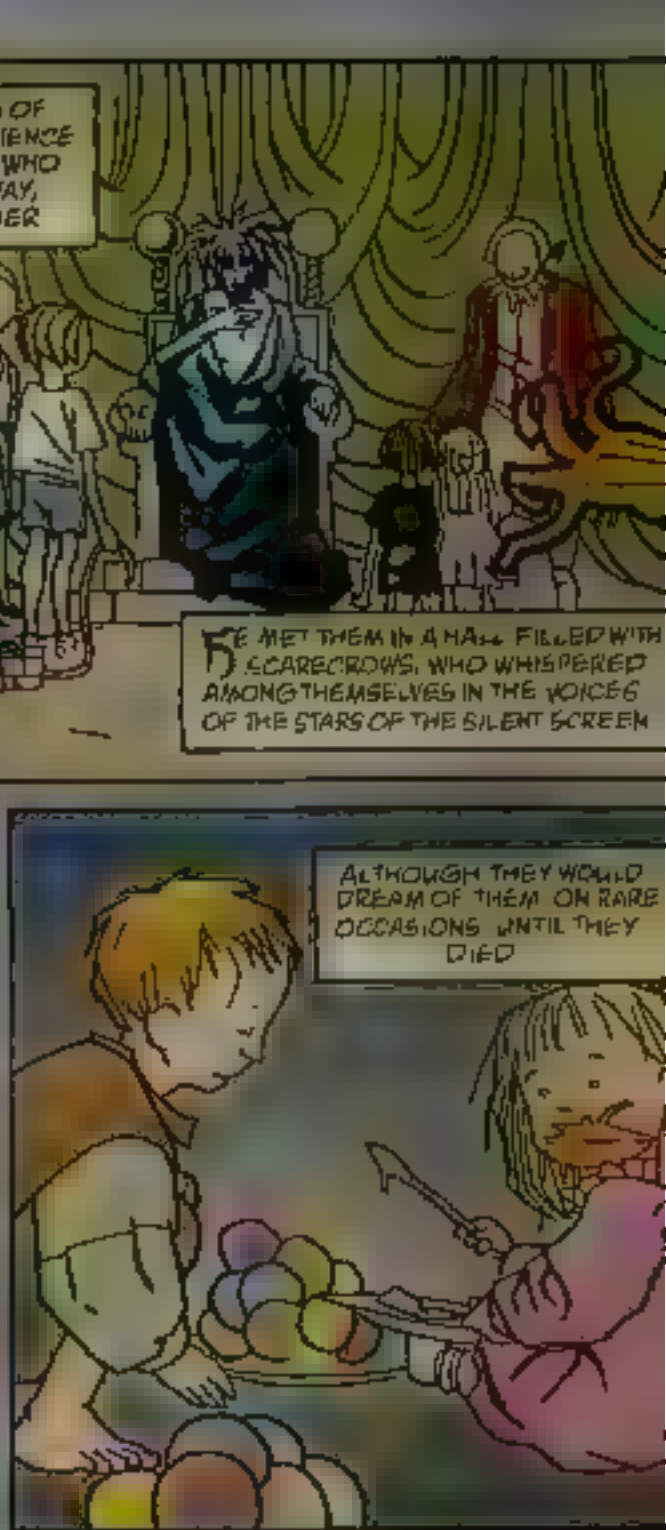
ON MOONDAY, THE KING OF DREAMS GAVE AN AUDIENCE TO FIVE SMALL CHILDREN, WHO HAD TRAVELLED A LONG WAY, SEEKING THEIR LOST MOTHER



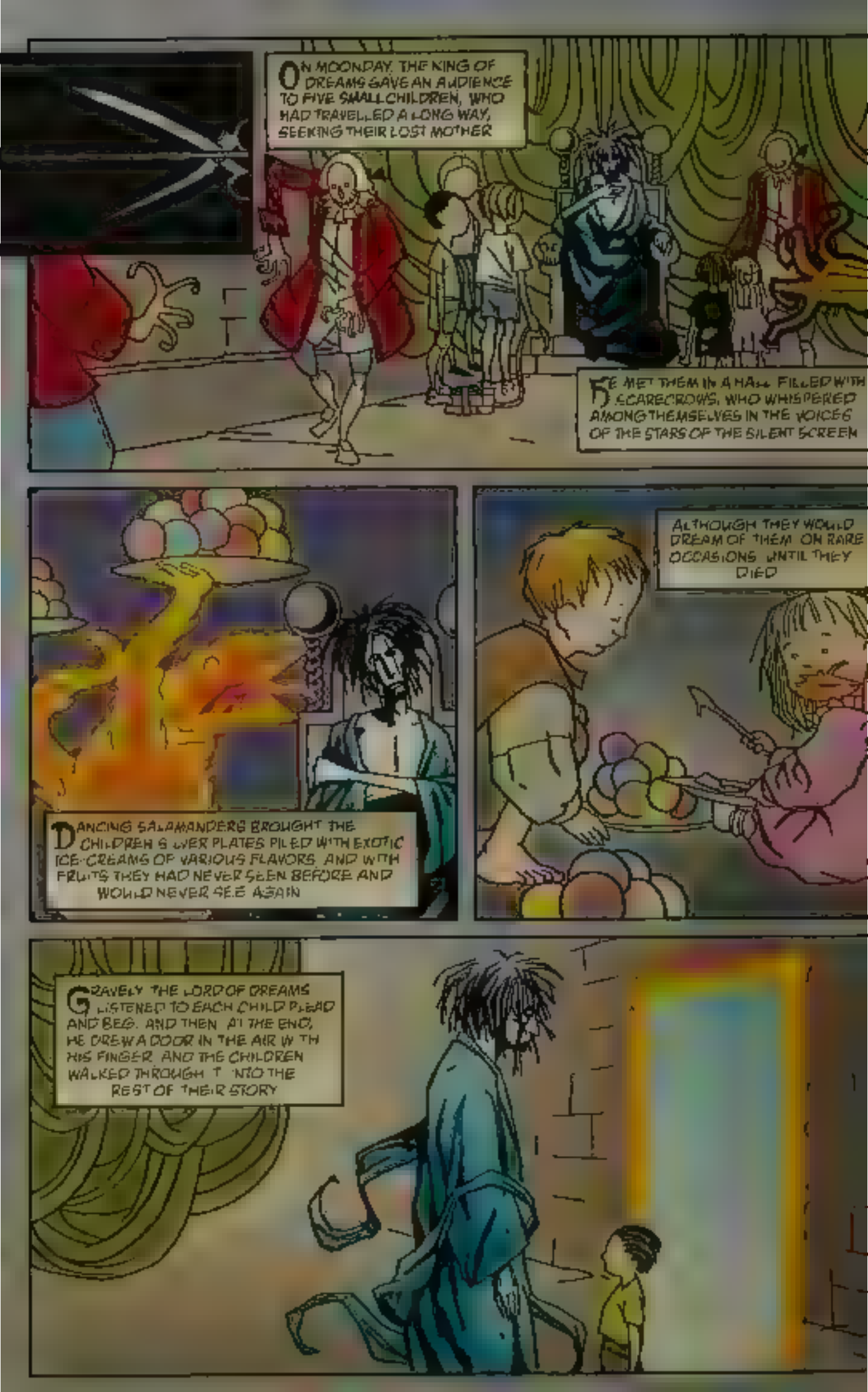
HE MET THEM IN A HALL FILLED WITH SCARECROWS, WHO WHISPERED AMONG THEMSELVES IN THE VOICES OF THE STARS OF THE SILENT SCREEN



DANCING SALAMANDERS BROUGHT THE CHILDREN SEVERAL PLATES PILED WITH EXOTIC ICE-CREAMS OF VARIOUS FLAVORS AND WITH FRUITS THEY HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE AND WOULD NEVER SEE AGAIN



ALTHOUGH THEY WOULD DREAM OF THEM ON RARE OCCASIONS UNTIL THEY DIED



GRAVELY THE LORD OF DREAMS LISTENED TO EACH CHILD PLEAD AND BEG. AND THEN AT THE END, HE DREW A DOOR IN THE AIR WITH HIS FINGER AND THE CHILDREN WALKED THROUGH IT INTO THE REST OF THEIR STORY

AND ON MONDAY, HE  
ARBITRATED IN A  
DISPUTE BETWEEN THE  
KNIGHT OF CLOUDS AND  
THE BODY POL TIC

HE AWARDED THE MAGIC LANTERN SHOW TO THE  
KNIGHT OF CLOUDS, ALTHOUGH HE PERMITTED  
THE BODY POL TIC TO RETAIN CUSTODY OF THE  
SIX SCREAMING STONES AND THE SNOWS OF  
YESTERDAY

HE ATE IN THE DREAM OF THE HEAD CHEF IN THE  
BEST HOTEL IN SRI LANKA, A DREAM OF A  
CERTAIN MEAL DESCRIBED TO THE CHEF BY HIS  
GRANDFATHER. THE MEAL CONSISTED OF ALMOST  
FIFTY SEPARATE COURSES, AND OVER TWO  
HUNDRED DISHES

THE KING OF DREAMS TASTED SPARINGLY OF  
A VEGETABLE DISH, AND A LITTLE PLAIN  
RICE, AND WAS CONTENTED BY THE PERFECTION  
OF EACH

HE CAME TO HIS OWN  
DECISION, AND RELAYED  
IT TO THE TRIBAL GODS  
FROM WHOM THE REQUEST  
HAD COME. HIS DECISION  
BROOKED NO ARGUMENT,  
HAD NO APPEAL.

HE WALKED FROM HIS CASTLE TO THE DREAMS OF  
A SMALL BOY IN HONG KONG. HE REMAINED  
THERE FOR SOME MINUTES, OBSERVING QUIETLY  
THEN HE LEFT

HE HAD BEEN ASKED TO PERMIT THE  
SENDING OF A DREAM OF WARNING  
TO A TEENAGED GIRL IN SOUTH AFRICA  
WITH THIS DREAM TO DRIVE HER. THE  
GIRL WOULD GROW UP TO TAKE  
CHARGE OF THE COUNTRY. TO UNITE  
ALL DIVIDED FACTIONS, WITHOUT IT,  
SHE WOULD BECOME A NURSE

AND THEN TO CONCLUDE THE DAY'S WORK, HE  
GAVE AN ELDERLY TORTOISE, ALONE ON HER  
ISLAND THESE PAST TWO CENTURIES, A DREAM OF  
HER LOVE, ROASTED BY PASSING SAILORS LONG  
SINCE FOR HIS RICH GREEN FLESH



ON TUESDAY, THE PRINCE OF STORIES LISTENED TO THE TALE OF A NIGHTMARE IT HAD CREATED A HANDFUL OF YEARS BEFORE, AND SENT OUT ■ TO THE WORLD.

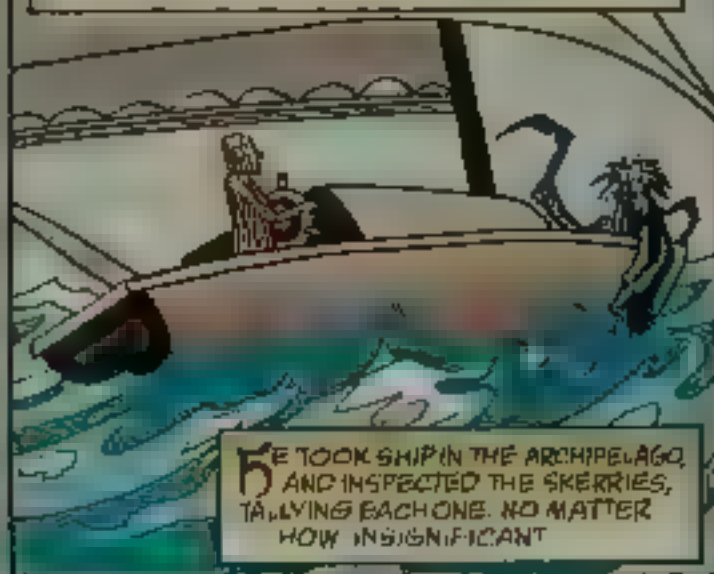


THE NIGHTMARE BROUGHT GIFTS: A PHOTOGRAPH OF A SMILE, A HANDFUL OF DRIED THYME, AND A CLAMMY FAT SILVER-AND-RED CLOWN TOY, MADE OF SOMETHING NOT UNLIKE RUBBER.



HE GAVE IT WORDS OF APPROVAL IN RETURN, AND IT BLUSHED BLACK WITH PLEASURE.

THEN THE PRINCE OF STORIES WALKED THE BOUNDS OF THE DREAMING, BEGINNING WITH THE SHORES OF NIGHT, AND FROM THERE TO THE BORDERS OF THE SHIFTING PLACES.



HE TOOK SHIP IN THE ARCHIPELAGO, AND INSPECTED THE SKERRIES, TALLYING EACH ONE. NO MATTER HOW INSIGNIFICANT.

HE RODE A BLACK HORSE ACROSS THE LAKE OF DAWN, AND RODE A WHITE HORSE THROUGH THE MANDRAKE WOOD, AND RODE A SCREECH OWL OVER THE VIA LACRIMAE.



HE WALKED THROUGH THE LOVE FIELDS, AND FROM THERE HE WALKED ON INTO NIGHTMARE.



# THE KINDLY ONES! 8

WRITTEN BY  
NEIL GAIMAN

DRAWN BY  
TEDDY KRISTIANSEN

LETTERED BY TODD KLEIN  
COLORED BY DANIEL VOZZO  
SEPARATED BY ANDROID IMAGES  
PULLED TOGETHER BY KAREN  
BERGER ASSOCIATED BY  
SHELLY ROEBERG

SANDMAN  
CHARACTERS  
CREATED BY  
GAIMAN, KIETH  
& DRINGENBERG

ON WEDNESDAY, HE  
WALKED THE CASTLE.  
THE HEART OF THE  
DREAMING IS AS  
LARGE AS THE DREAMING  
ITSELF.

HE BEGAN IN THE CELLARS BENEATH  
THE CASTLE, WHERE ONCE MANY  
WINES AND JARS AND DISTILLATES  
WERE STORED. HE TOOK COUNSEL  
WITH THE GREAT SPIDERS, AND  
EXCHANGED QUIET WORDS WITH MANY  
LEGGED SCUTTLING THINGS WHO  
VIEWED HIM AS ONE OF THEMSELVES.

THIS WAS INTERRUPTED BY THE ARRIVAL OF  
THE LORD OF THIS DAY. HE SPOKE TO THE  
DREAM KING AND LEFT.



IN THE AFTERNOON THE LORD SHAPER WALKED THROUGH THE ROOMS OF THE CASTLE ABOVE THE GROUND, TALKING TO EACH OF THE STAFF IN TURN, HEARING THEIR GRIEVANCES, ACKNOWLEDGING THEIR SERVICE AND THEIR WORK



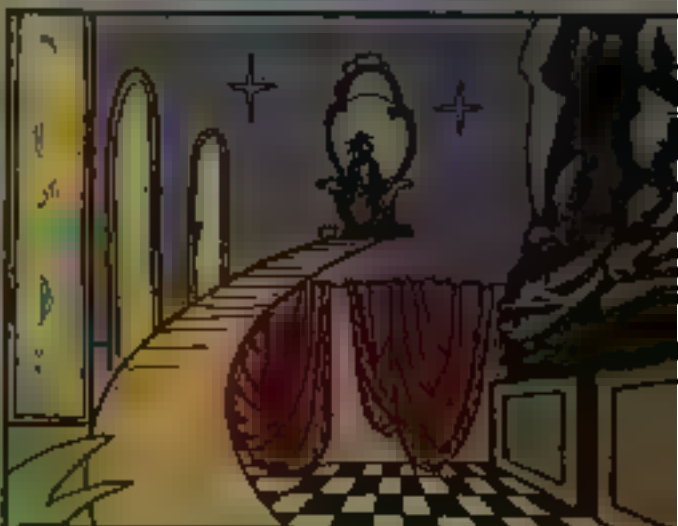
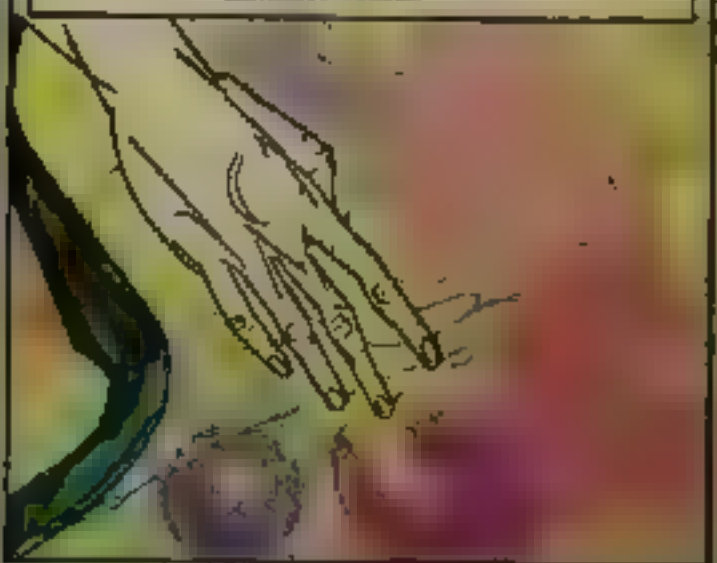
HE SPOKE TO THE SCAR-DANCERS, TO THE STRAW-DUST-WOMEN, TO THE OLD MAN WITH A SWAN'S ARM WHO TENDS THE BACK STAIRS, TO THE THREE CHILDREN OF THE AUTOPSY, TO THE PAINTERS AND THE SCRIVENERS AND THE WALLS



HE SPOKE TO PEOPLE MADE OF THIN TWISS, AND TO THE DREAM GHOSTS WHO LEFT GLOWING FOOTPRINTS AS THE ONLY EVIDENCE OF THEIR PASSAGE



HE SPOKE TO THE EMBRYONIC SILICON DREAMS WHO CLUSTERED IN A FAR BALL ROOM, AND WHISPERED TO THEM, BRIEFLY, ABOUT THE OTHER MACHINES THAT HAD DREAMED IN THE



WHEN THIS DAY WAS ALMOST OVER HE WENT INTO THE THRONE ROOM, AND TOOK STOCK OF CERTAIN ITEMS THERE, INCLUDING THOSE THINGS HE KEEPS IN THAT ROOM, BEHIND COLORED GLASS: THE RAW STUFF, UNTAMED, THAT IS CENTRAL TO THE DREAMING.

ON THRSDAY, THE KING OF DREAMS WALKED IN THE WAKING WORLD. HE STOOD, BRIEFLY, AT THE SIDE OF THE HALL, WATCHING A YOUNG WOMAN WITH A GUITAR TELL AN AUDIENCE OF A DREAM SHE HAD HAD, IN SONG



HE STOOD IN FRONT OF A PAINTING SPRAY-PAINTED ON A WALL, SOON TO BE DEMOLISHED. AND, AFTER STARING FOR SOME TIME, HE NODDED, AS IF IN APPROVAL



IN A SMALL PARK IN CENTRAL EUROPE HE STOPPED TO FEED THE PIGEONS, BECAUSE IT GAVE HIM PLEASURE SO TO DO, ALTHOUGH HE STOPPED WHEN IT WAS POINTED OUT TO HIM THAT A SIGN SAID "DO NOT FEED THE PIGEONS"



HE WALKED ACROSS THE PARK, AND WATCHED AN OPEN-AIR PERFORMANCE OF A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. HE WAS MILDLY DISAPPOINTED BY THE TRANSLATION



HE WAS, HOWEVER, EXTRAORDINARILY AMUSED BY THE PERFORMANCE OF THE ACTOR PLAYING THE PART OF BOTTOM



LATER THAT DAY, HE VISITED EACH OF HIS PROPERTIES IN THE WAKING WORLD, CHECKING THE UPKEEP AND CONDITION OF EACH. AND THEN HE RETURNED TO THE DREAMING



ON FIRE'S DAY DREAM WAS REVIEWING CERTAIN OF THE VARIOUS TREATIES AND AGREEMENTS BETWEEN THE DREAMING AND OTHER STATES AND BOUNDARIES AND ENFIT ES WHEN HE WAS DISTURBED

RIGHT I'M DOING THIS PROPERLY I'M IN MY PLACE WHERE THE THINGS ARE AND I'M TALKING TO THE ONE WITH YOUR BIGGY THING ON IT AND I'M TALKING TO T PROPERLY CAN I COME AND SEE YOU NOW?

If you must.

I REALLY MUST

UM HI

I'M LOOKING FOR MY DOGGY DO YOU REMEMBER MY DOGGY? I GOT HIM ON THE DAY THAT I ATE ALL THE CHERR ES ALL UP

FROM OUR BROTHER

I have not forgotten.

WELL I SPOKE TO OUR BROTHER AND HE SA D. THERE'S A STATUE OF YOU THAT LOOKS ALL SADLY N THE GARDEN

You saw him? Destruction said that?

SAID WHAT?

That there was a statue of me that looked "all sadly."

HE NEVER SAID THAT I SAID THAT

Indeed. But you saw Destruction?

DESTINY NOT DESTRUCTION I SAW DESTINY HE SAID YOU'D KNOW ABOUT BARNABAS HE SA D IT COULDN'T HURT TO COME AND SEE YOU

HE TOLD ME NOT TO COME AND SEE YOU TOO

HE SAID T BOTH.

WILL YOU HELP ME FIND MY DOGGY? YOU AND ME, WE HAD SUCH A NICE TIME THE LAST TIME WE WENT LOOKING FOR SOMEONE

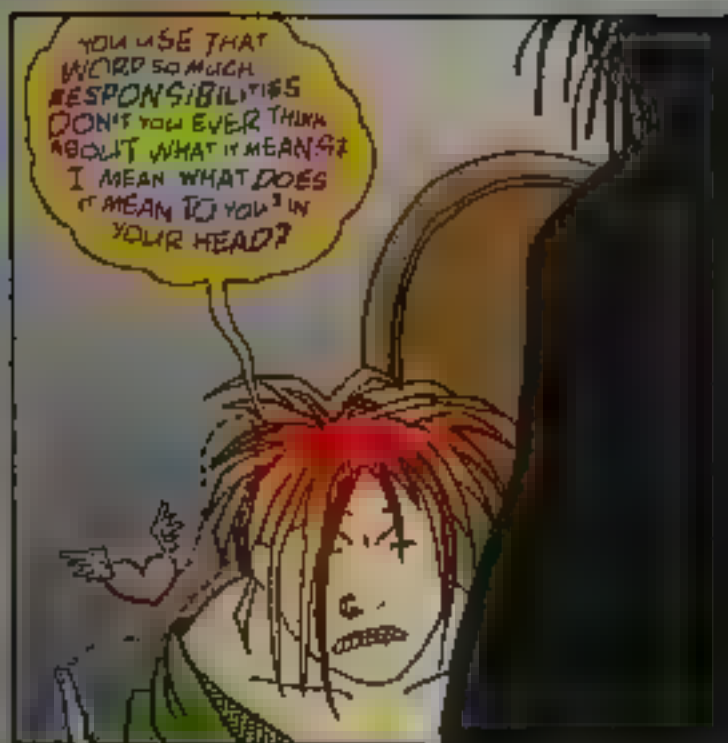
Did We?

DIDN'T WE?

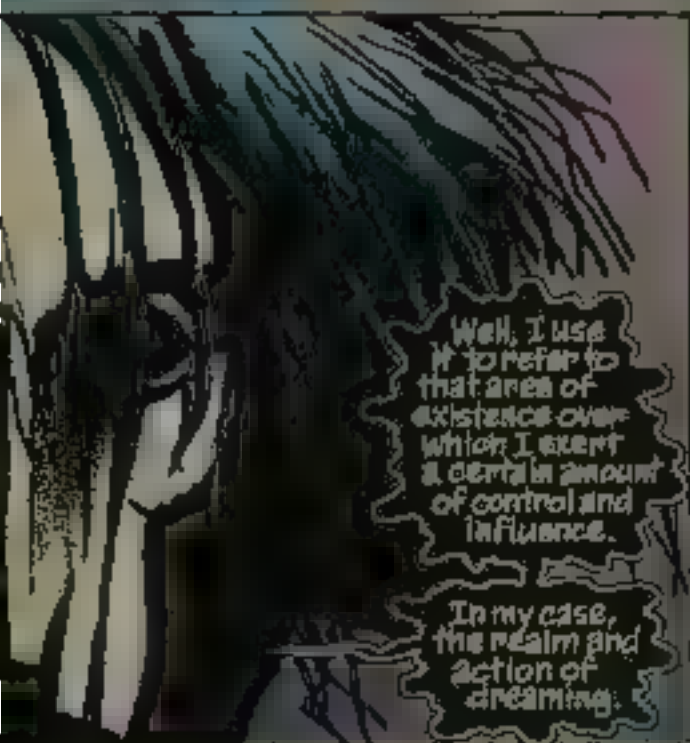


SO CAN YOU COME WITH ME? AND LOOK?

Sister, I have responsibilities. I cannot leave the Dreaming at this time.



YOU USE THAT WORD SO MUCH RESPONSIBILITIES. DON'T YOU EVER THINK ABOUT WHAT IT MEANS? I MEAN WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO YOU? IN YOUR HEAD?



Well, I use it to refer to that area of existence over which I exert a certain amount of control and influence.

In my case, the realm and action of dreaming.



HUMP IS MORE THAN THAT THE THINGS WE DO MAKE ECHOES S POSE. F'R INSTANCE YOU STOP ON A STREET CORNER AND ADMIRE A GRILLANT FORK OF LIGHTNING. **ZAP!**



FOR AGES AFTER PEOPLE AND THINGS WILL TOP ON THAT VERY SAME CORNER STARE UP AT THE SKY. THEY WOULDN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THEY WERE LOOKING FOR.

SOME OF THEM MIGHT SEE A GHOST ROLT OF LIGHTNING IN THE STREET SOME OF THEM MIGHT EVEN BE KILLED BY IT

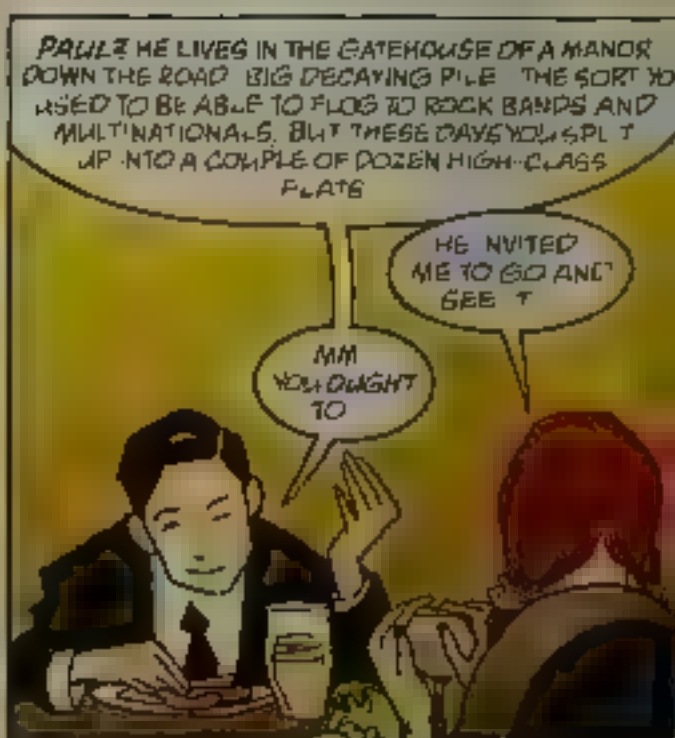
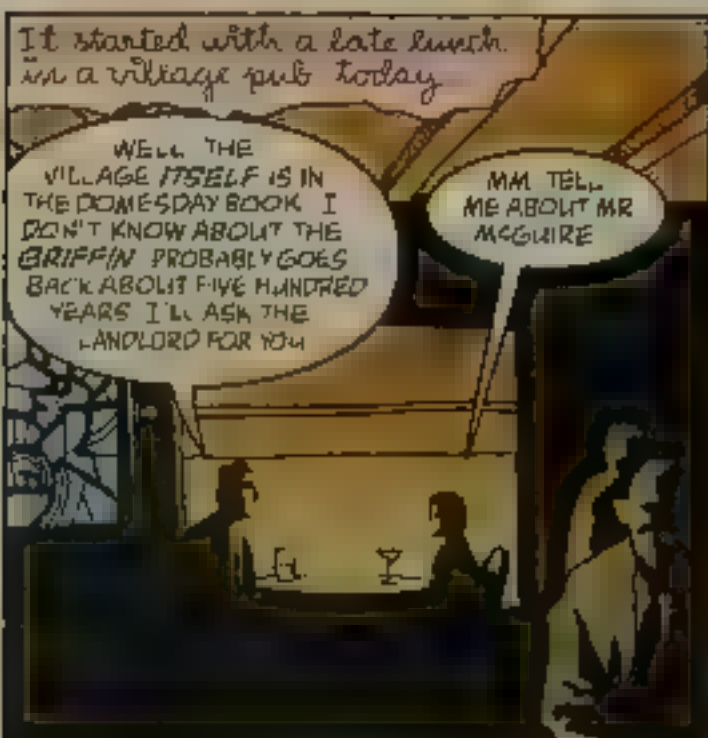
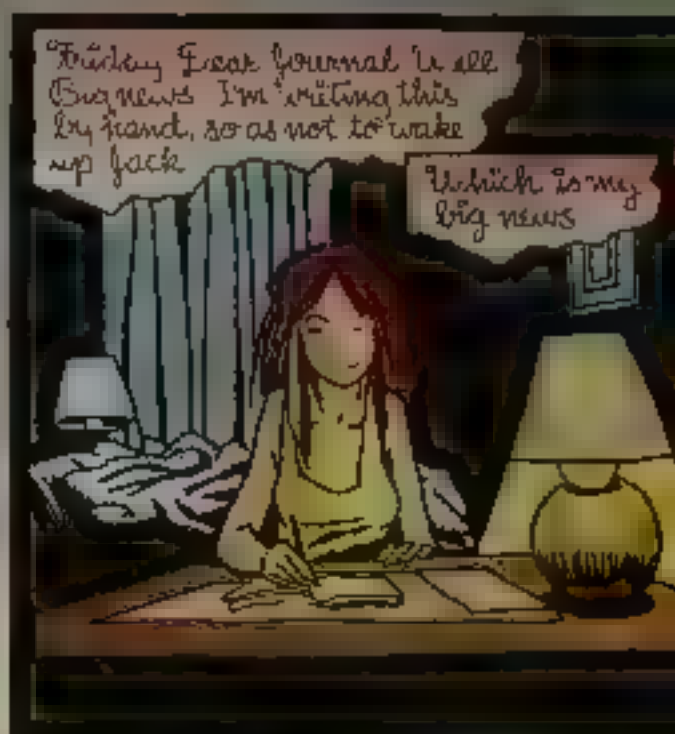
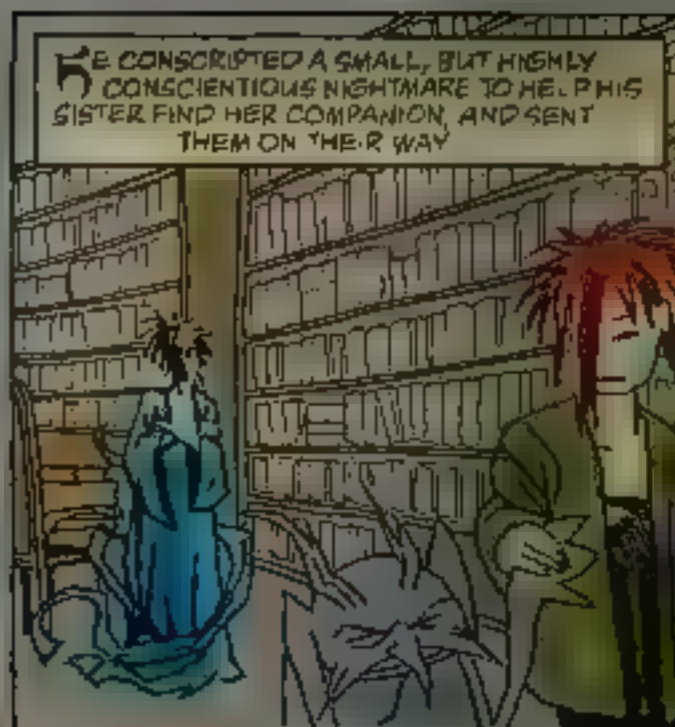
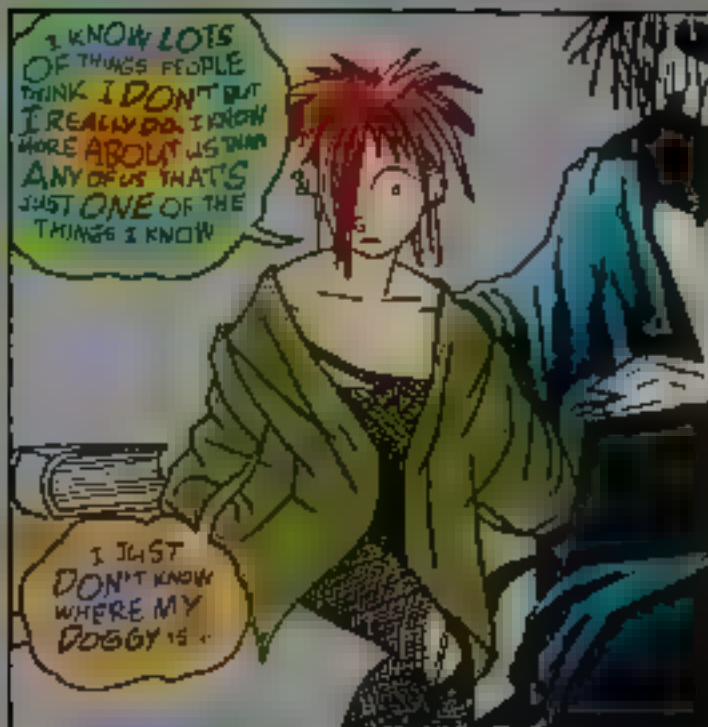


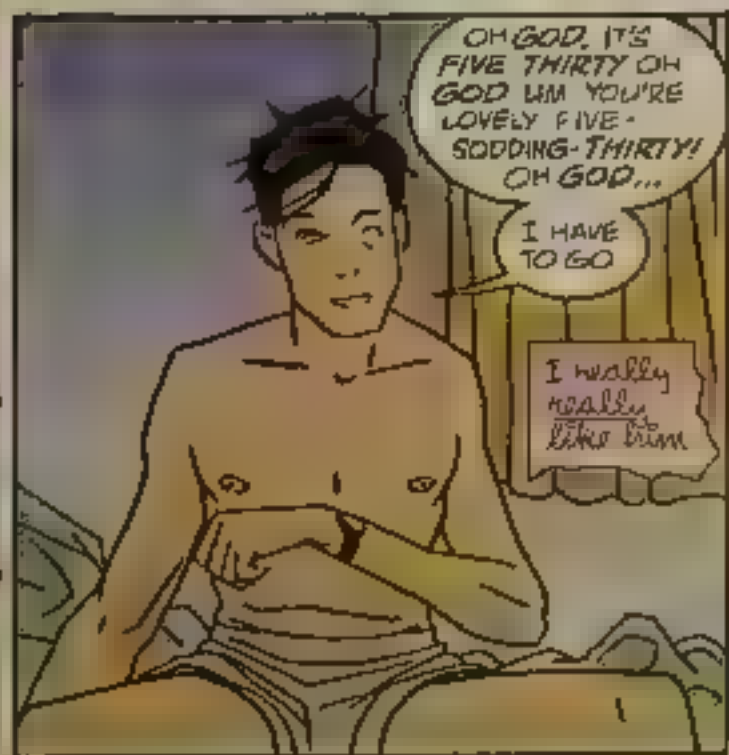
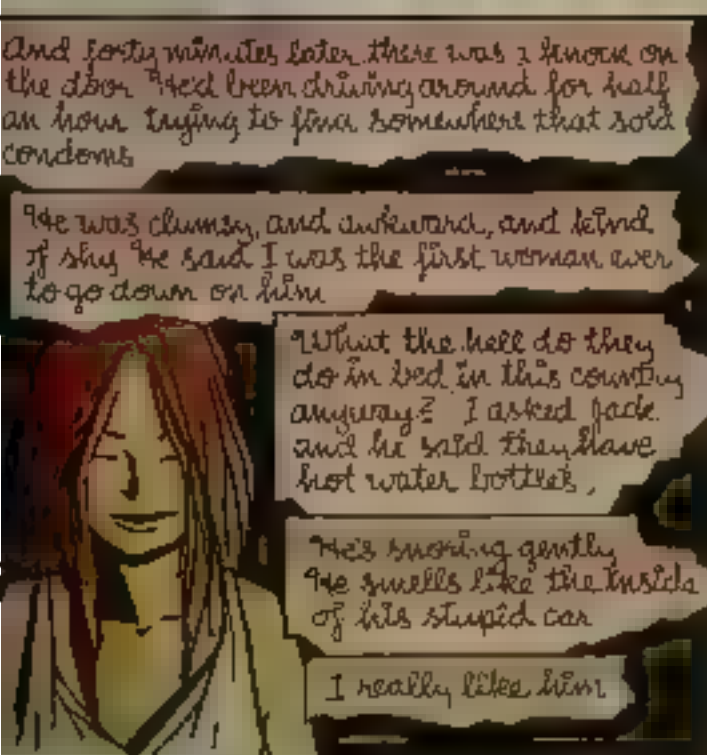
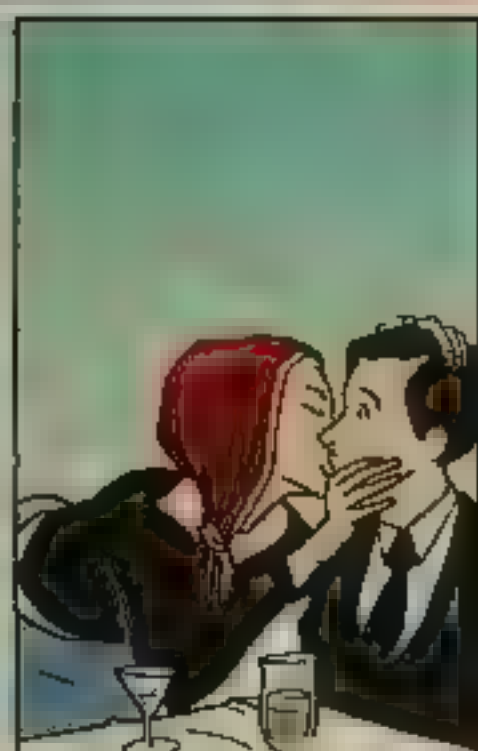
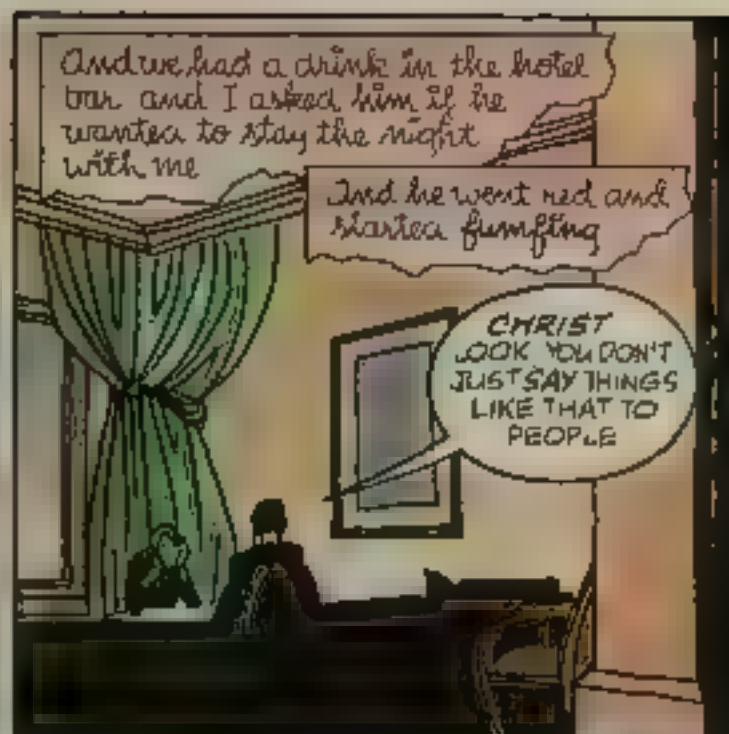
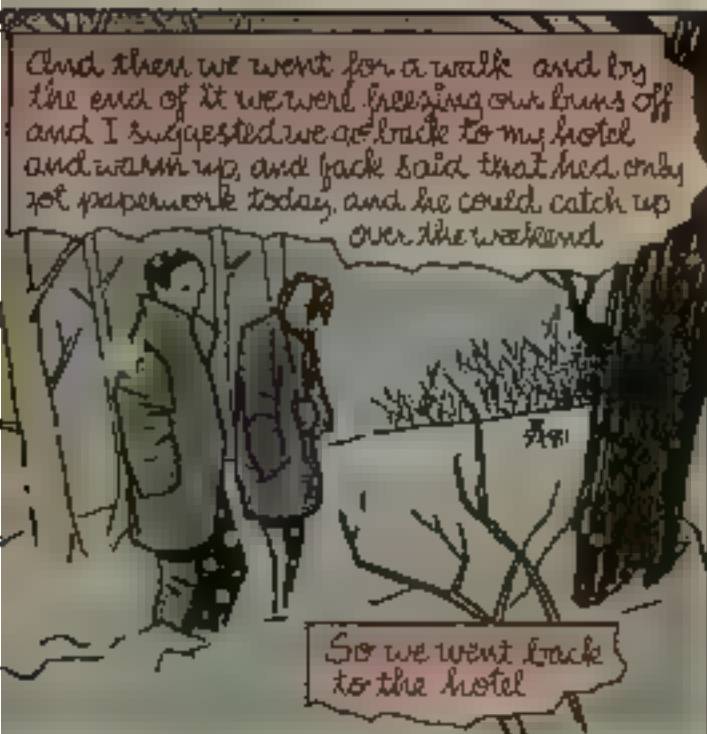
OUR EXISTENCE DEFORMS THE UNIVERSE

THAT'S RESPONSIBILITY.

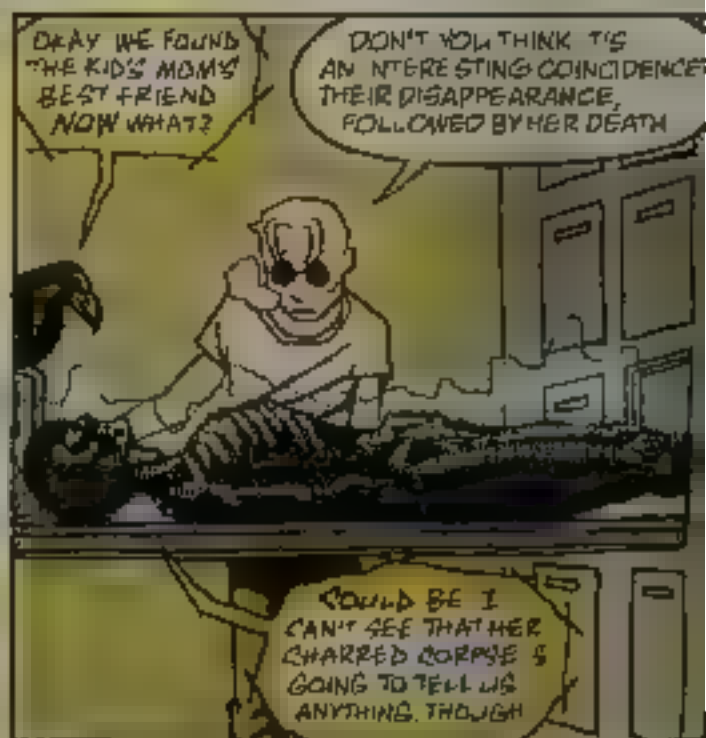
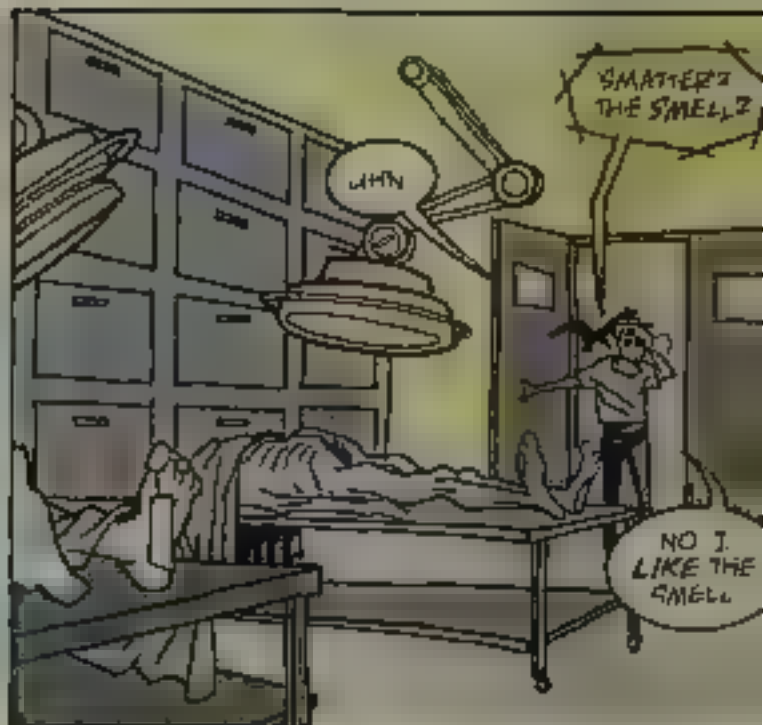
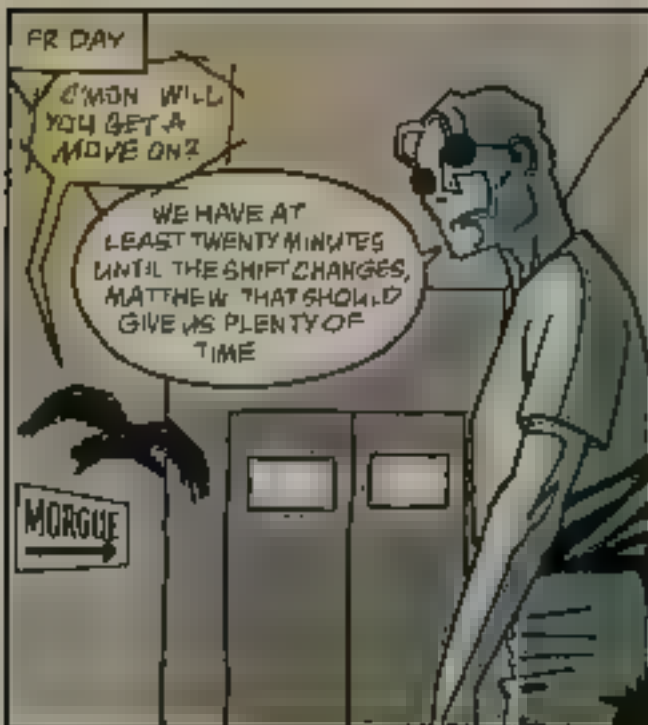
Delirium

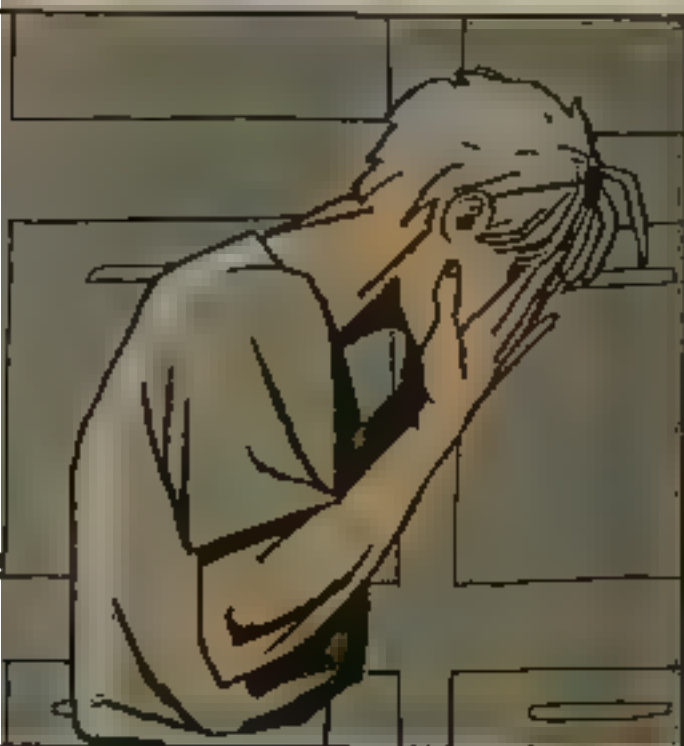
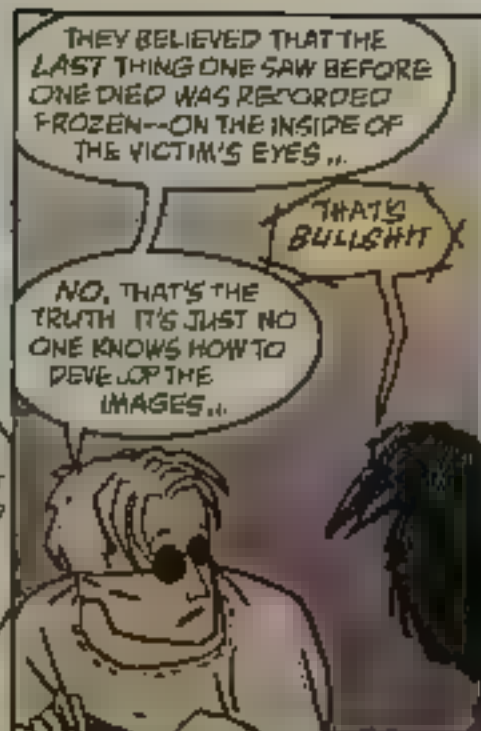




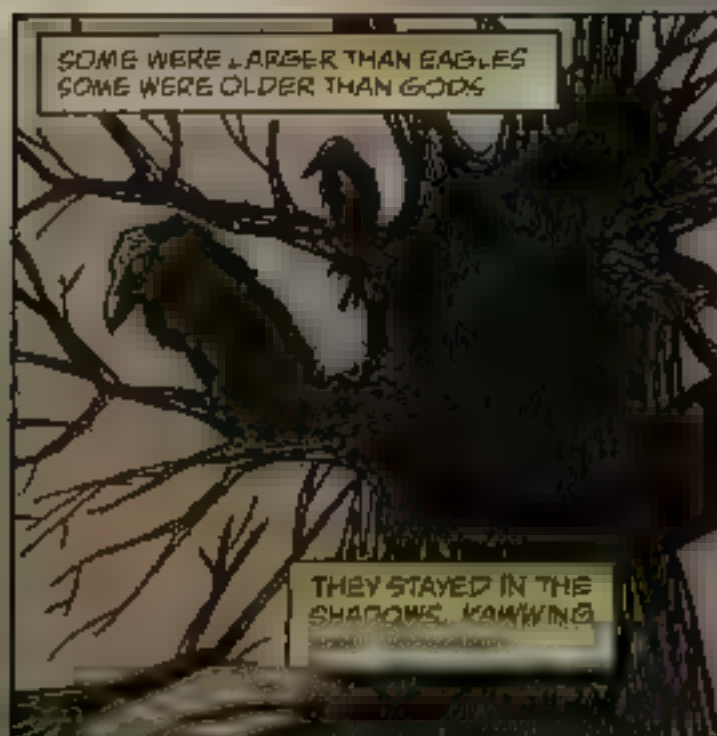
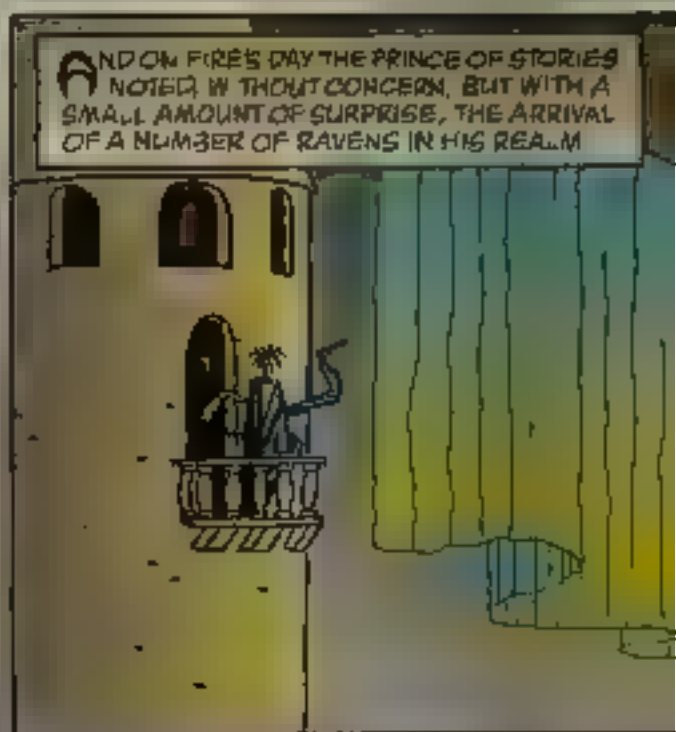
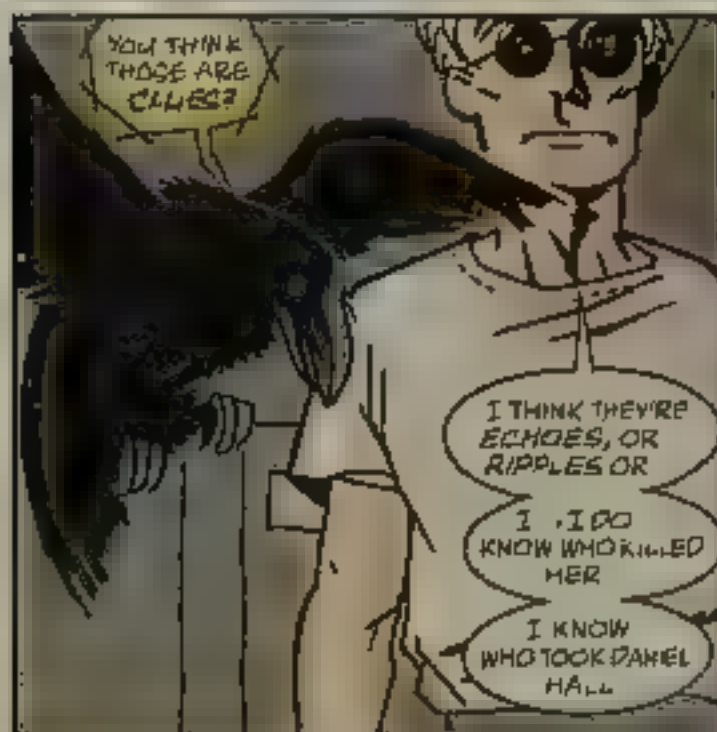


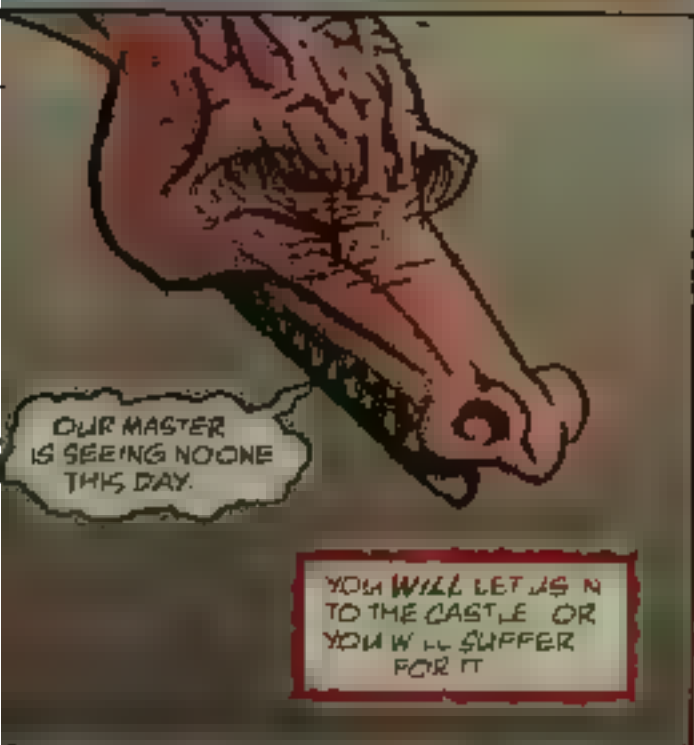
















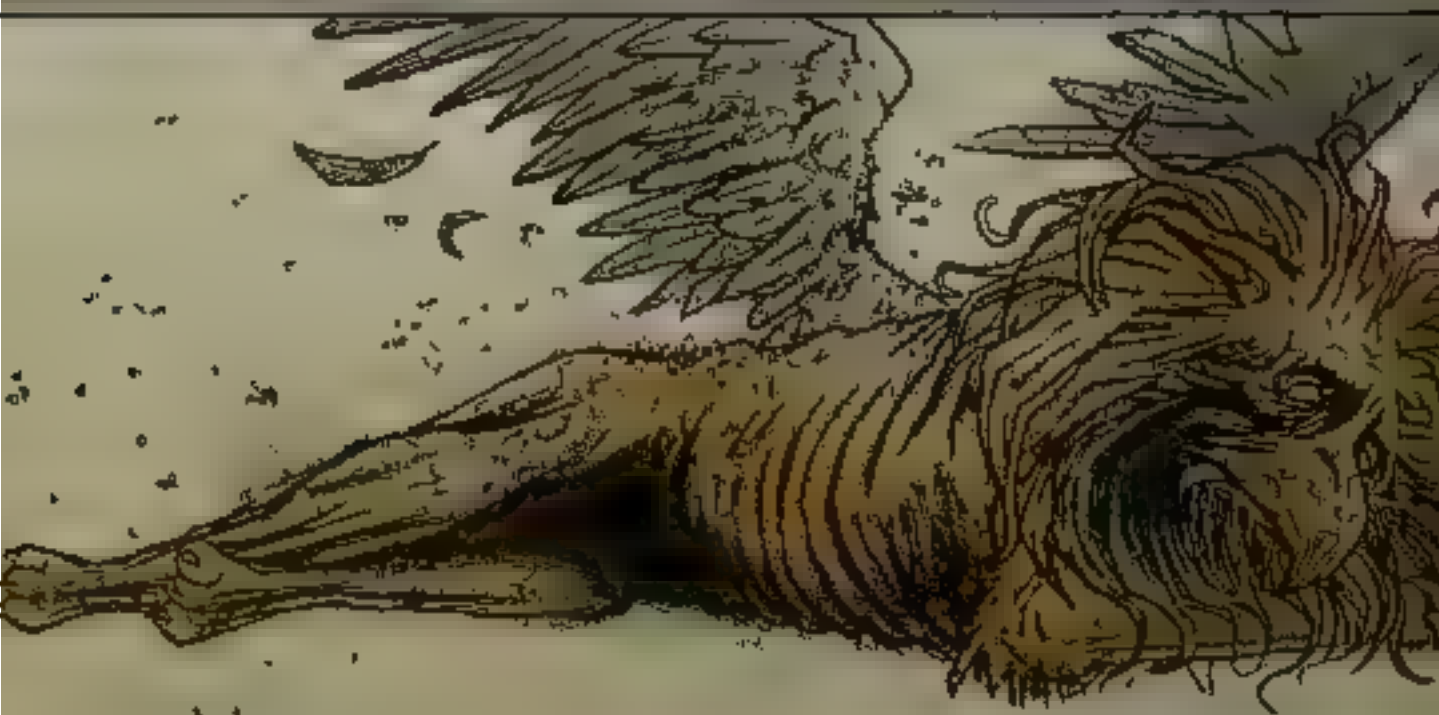
GRYPHON,  
YOU ARE  
OLD.

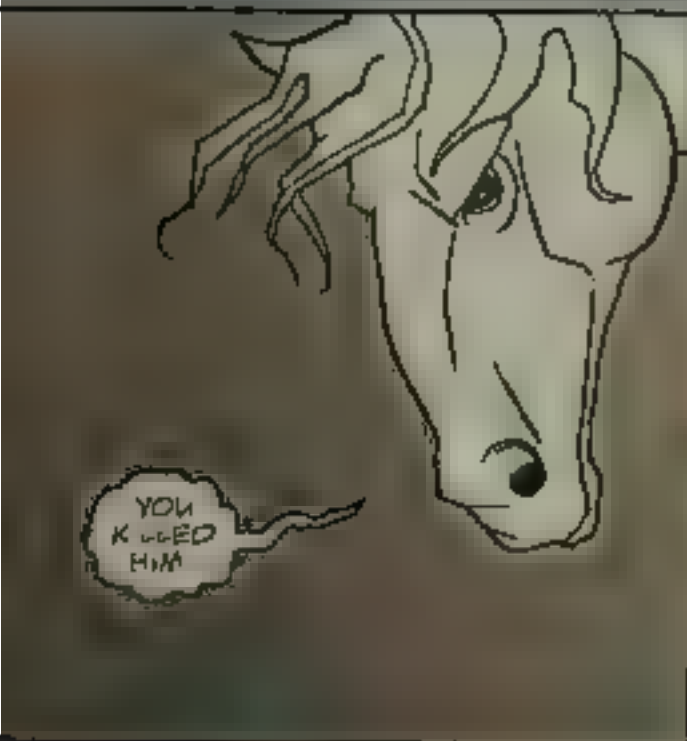


YOUR FLESH IS MEAT. AND THE MEAT  
IS DECAYING. YOUR BONES ARE DRY  
AND BRITTLE WITHIN YOU NOW, LION  
AND EAGLE ABANDON THEIR BATTLE  
FOR DOMINANCE AND SURRENDER  
TO TIME AND TO THE GRAVE



LORD I  
CANNOT FEEL  
YOU LORD.



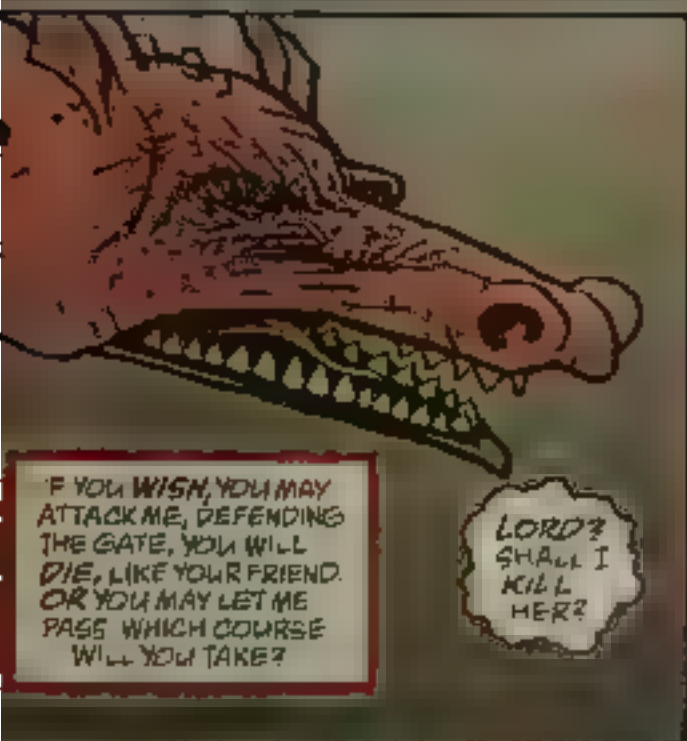


YOU  
KILLED  
HIM



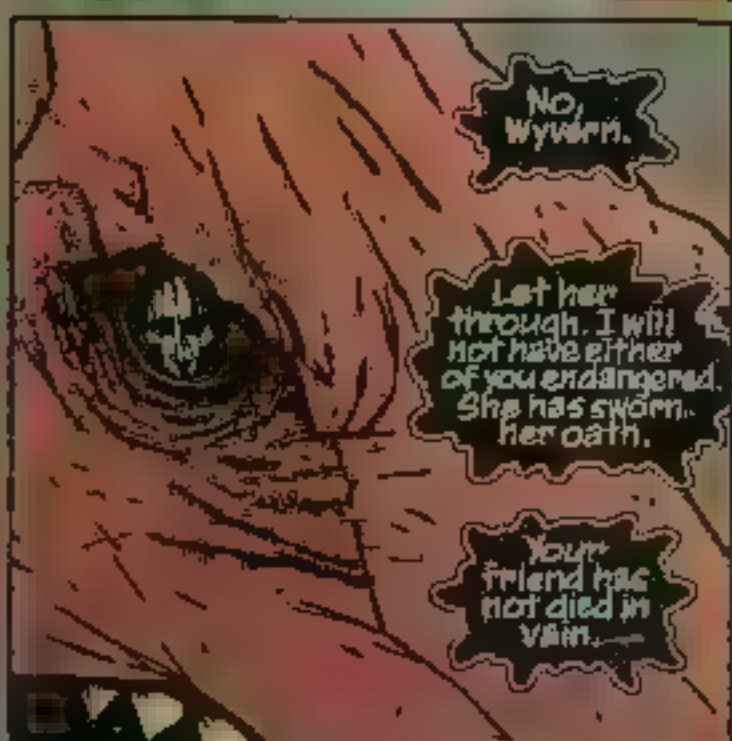
THERE YES.  
WE DID

NOW WE NEED TO TALK  
TO YOUR MASTER WE WILL  
NOT HARM HIM DIRECTLY  
AT THIS TIME HE HAS MANY  
CHOICES. WE NEED  
MERECY TO TALK TO HIM  
THIS WE SWEAR



IF YOU WISH, YOU MAY  
ATTACK ME, DEFENDING  
THE GATE, YOU WILL  
DIE, LIKE YOUR FRIEND.  
OR YOU MAY LET ME  
PASS WHICH COURSE  
WILL YOU TAKE?

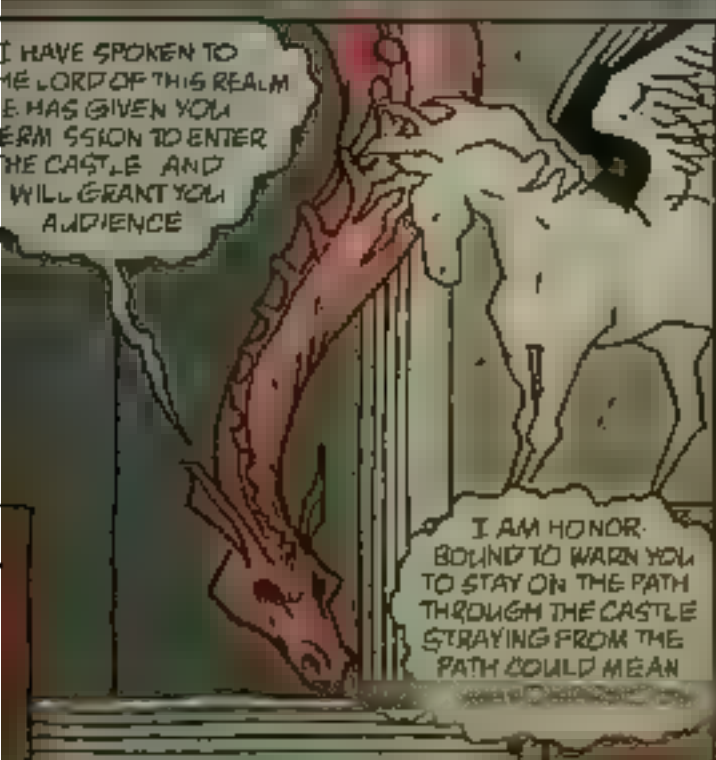
LORD?  
SHALL I  
KILL  
HER?



No,  
Wyvern.

Let her  
through. I will  
not have either  
of you endangered.  
She has sworn  
her oath.

Your  
friend has  
not died in  
vain.



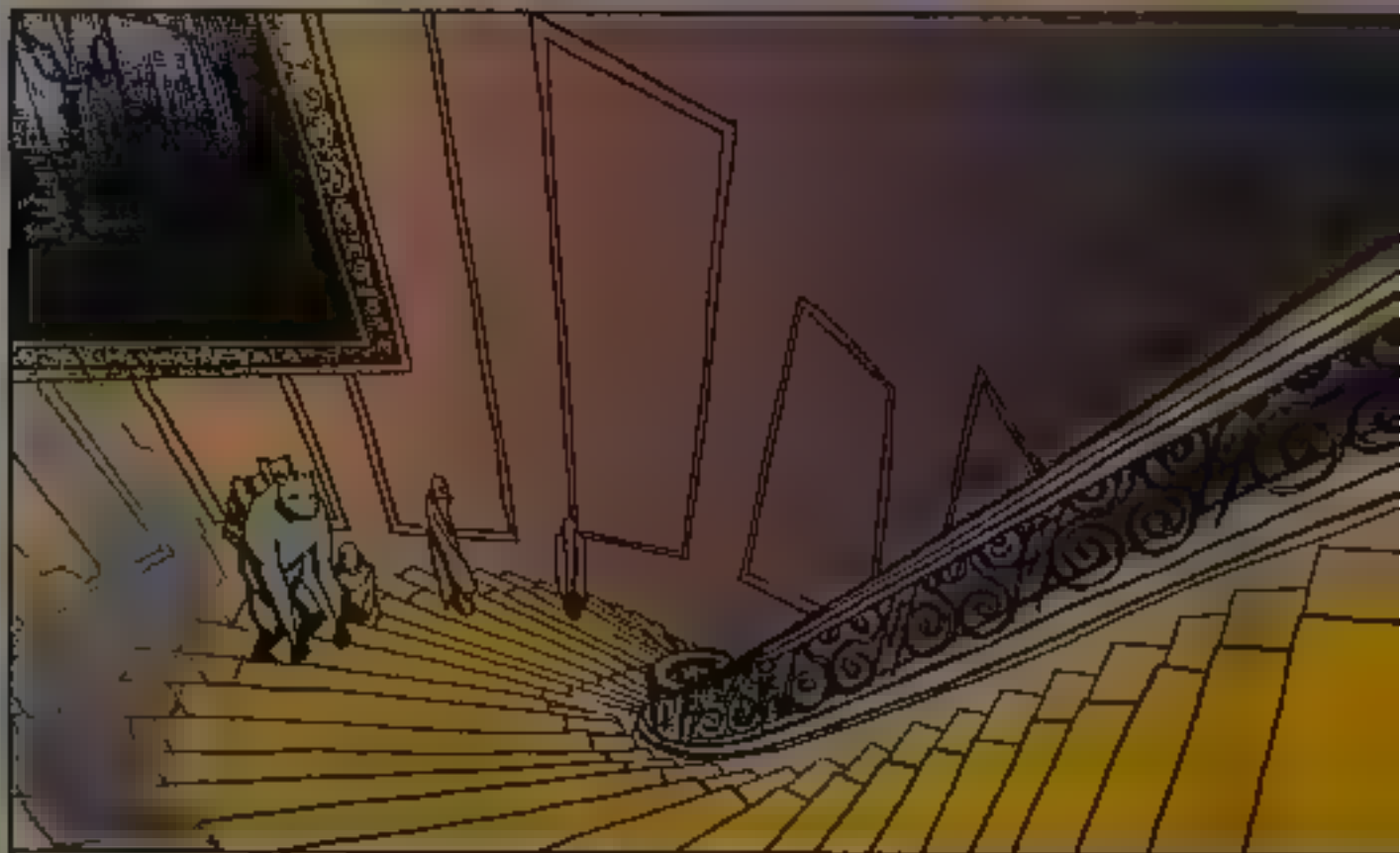
I HAVE SPOKEN TO  
THE LORD OF THIS REALM  
HE HAS GIVEN YOU  
PERMISSION TO ENTER  
THE CASTLE AND  
WILL GRANT YOU  
AUDIENCE

I AM HONOR-  
BOUND TO WARN YOU  
TO STAY ON THE PATH  
THROUGH THE CASTLE  
STRAYING FROM THE  
PATH COULD MEAN



YOU KILLED  
MY FRIEND,  
WOMAN  
STRAY FROM  
YOUR PATH





WE ARE NOT  
LYTA HALL

WE ARE FAR  
MORE THAN  
LYTA HALL

WE ARE THE KINDLY  
ONES. MORPHEUS  
WE ARE THE ERINYES  
WE ARE VENGEANCE  
AND HATRED  
UNENDING WE ARE  
YOUR DOOM

You hurt my  
gatekeeper.

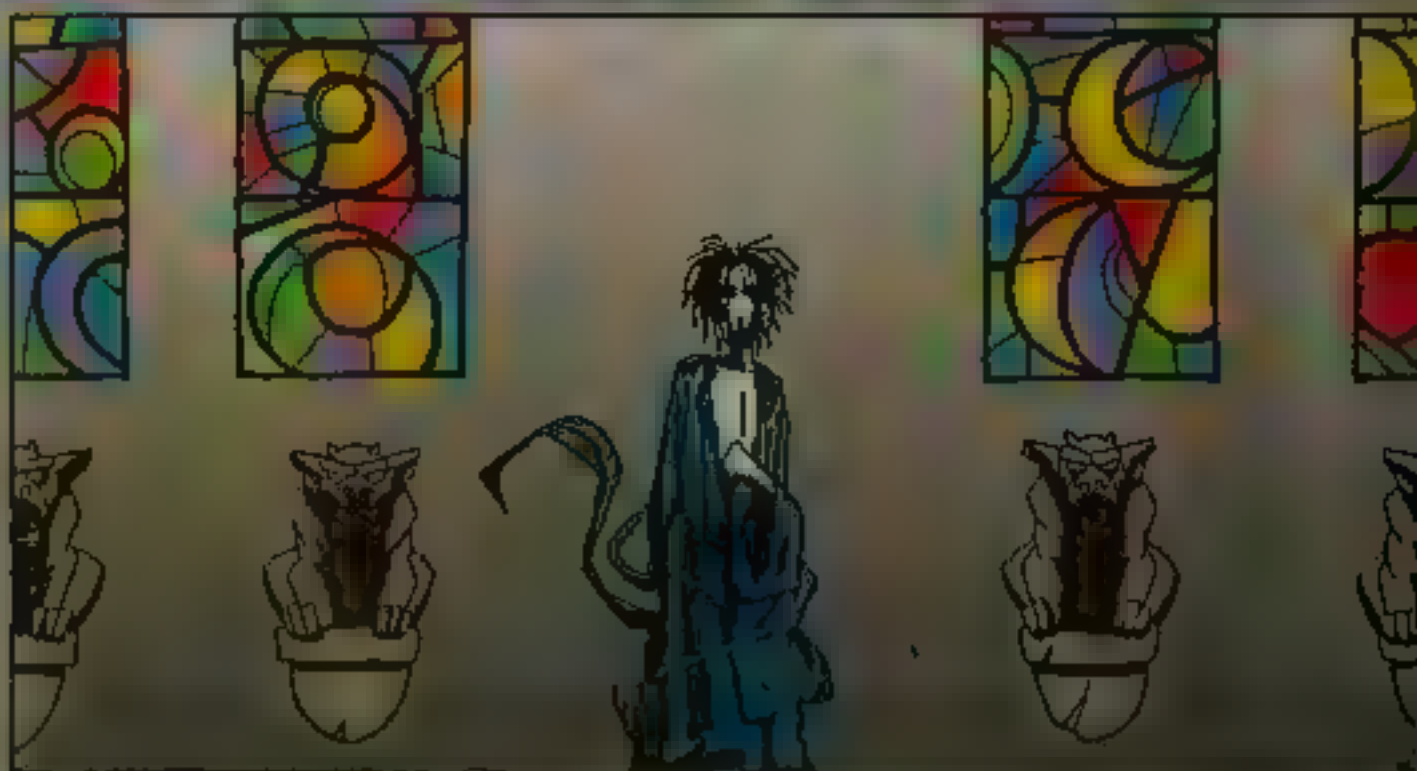
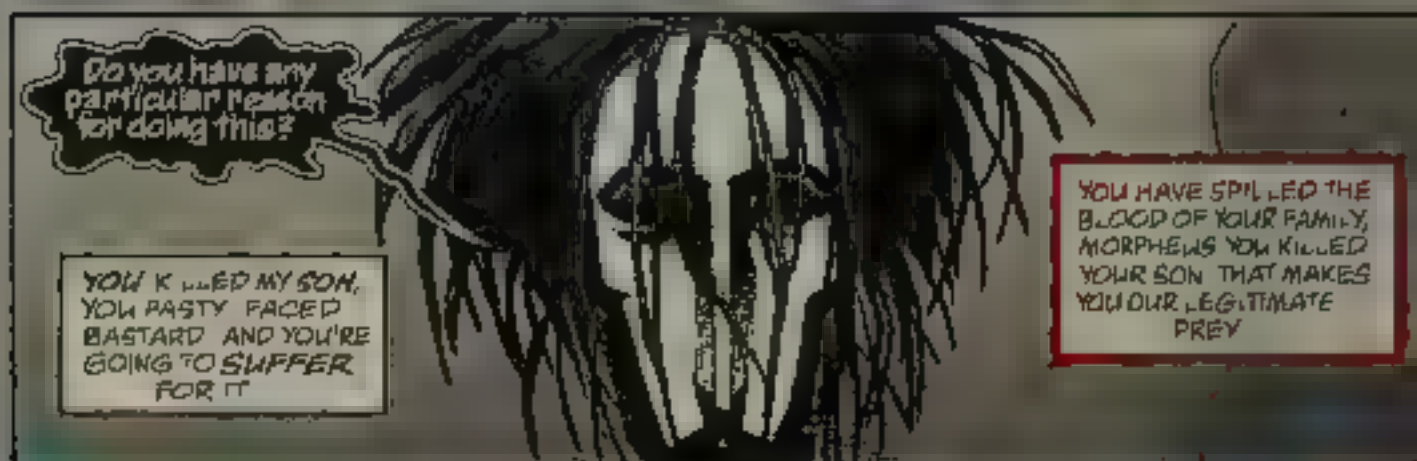
WE DESTROYED  
YOUR GATEKEEPER

In a manner of  
speaking, perhaps. I  
can create another.  
Who would not even  
know that it had  
ever died.

Why are  
you here?

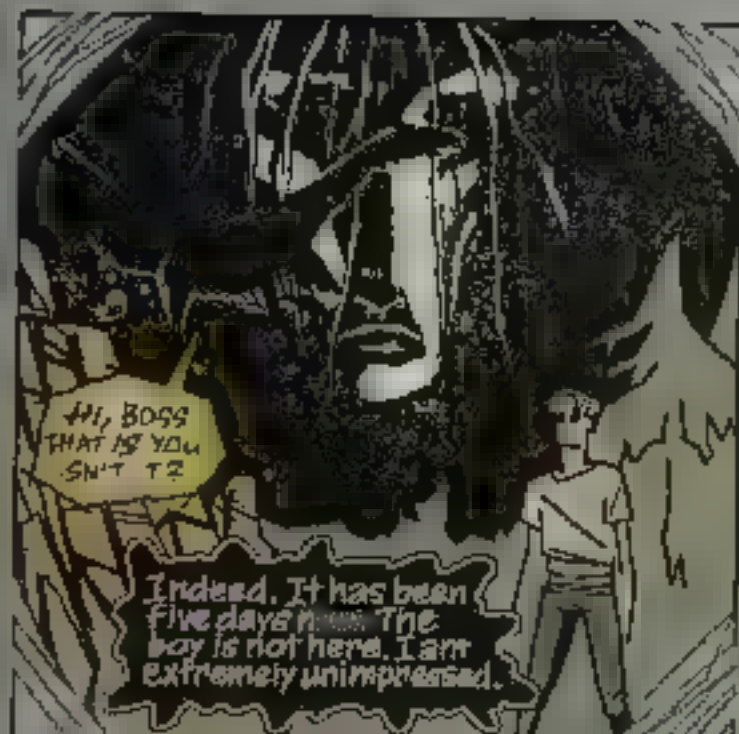
FOR NOW,  
SIMPLY TO OFFER  
SOME ADVICE





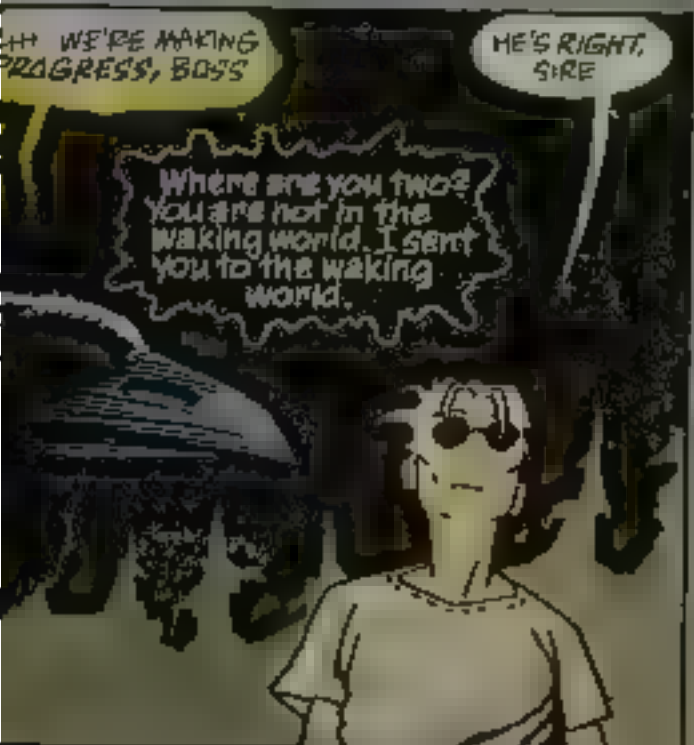


Matthew



Hi, BOSS  
THAT IS YOU  
SN'T T?

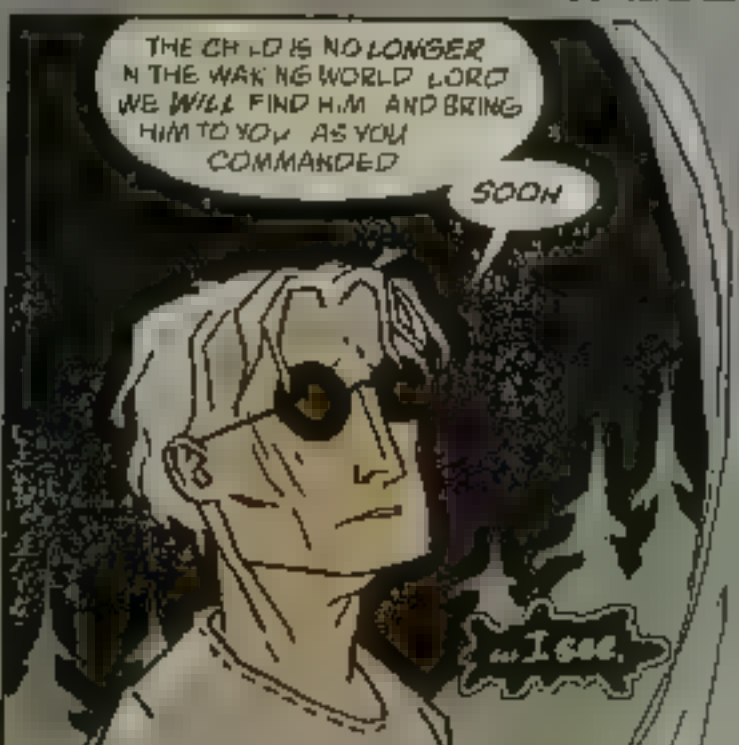
Indeed. It has been  
five days now. The  
boy is not here. I am  
extremely unimpressed.



WE'RE MAKING  
PROGRESS, BOSS

HE'S RIGHT,  
SIRE

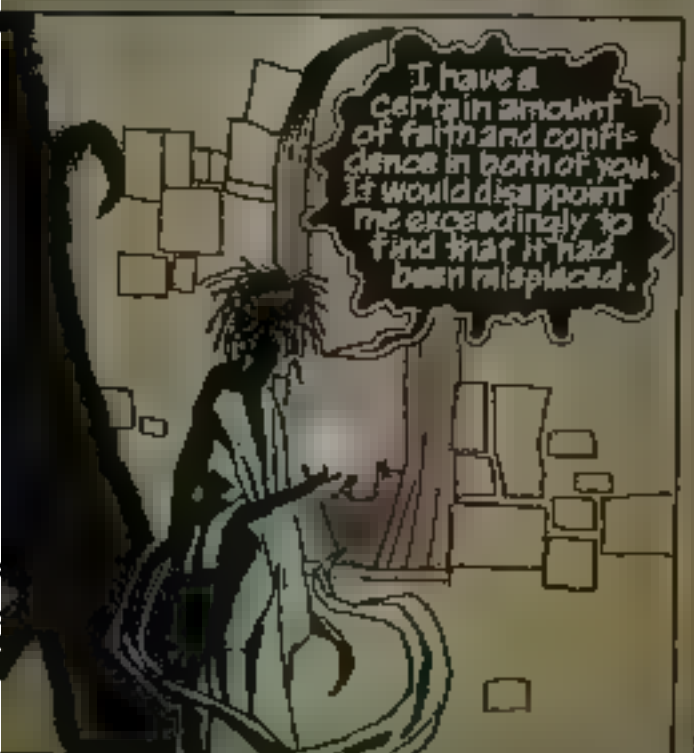
Where are you two?  
You are not in the  
waking world. I sent  
you to the waking  
world.



THE CHILD IS NO LONGER  
IN THE WAKING WORLD LORD  
WE WILL FIND HIM AND BRING  
HIM TO YOU AS YOU  
COMMANDED

SOON

as I see.



I have a  
certain amount of  
faith and confidence  
in both of you.  
It would disappoint  
me exceedingly to  
find that it had  
been misplaced.







JESUS

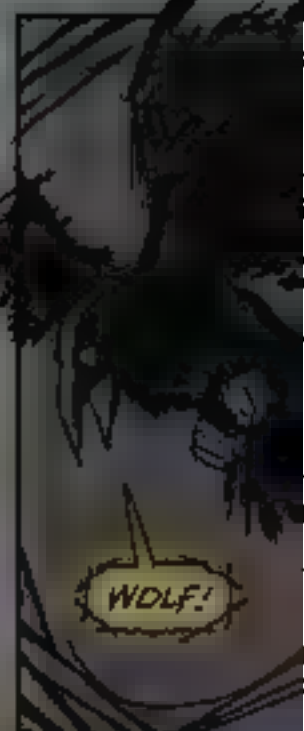
I . I'VE NEVER HEARD THE BOSS SOUND LIKE THAT HE SOUNDED SO. COLD...

I JUST HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING. CORINTHIAN

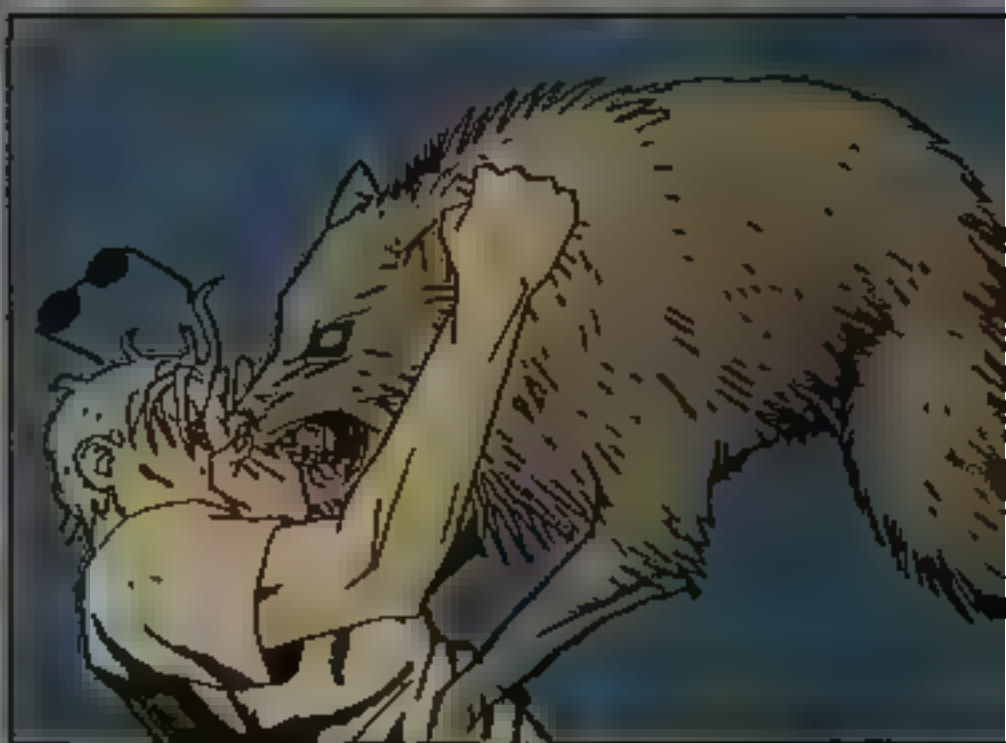


SO DO I, LITTLE RAVEN THAT SHOULD BE IT UP AHEAD

"YONDER LIES DA PALACE OF MY FADDER" EH? LET'S HOPE WE'RE NOT EXPECTED

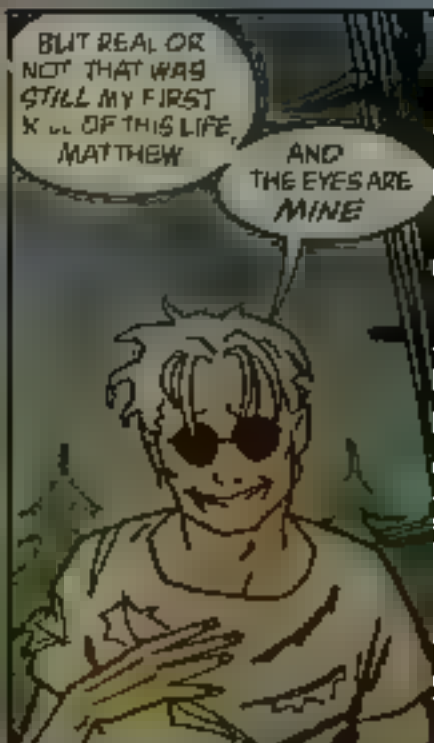


WOLF!



DO YOU THINK I WAS A REAL WOLF? OR DO YOU THINK WE'RE EXPECTED?

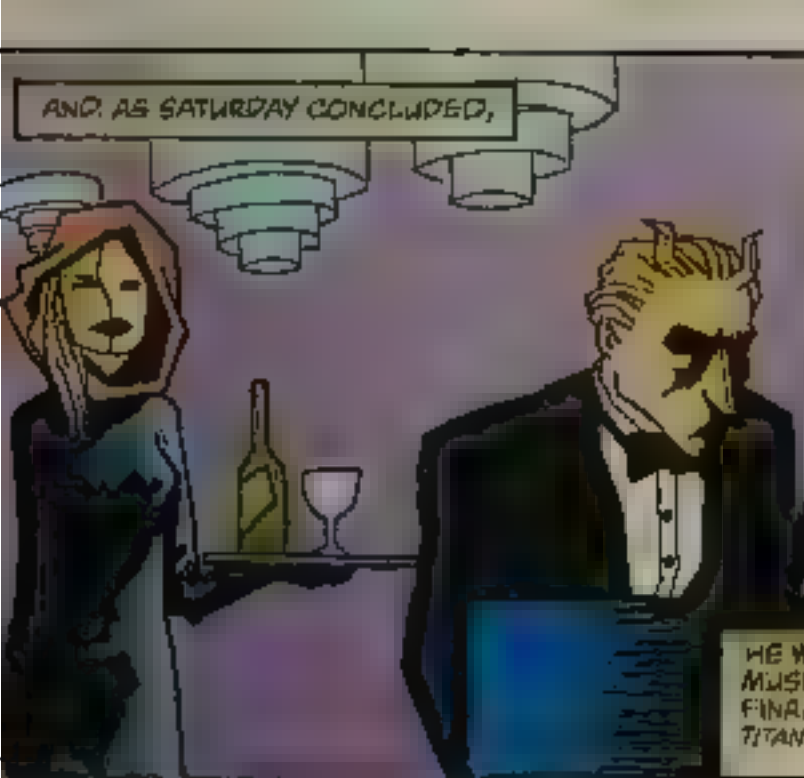
WE'RE A LONG WAY FROM THE REAL WORLD NOW, MATTHEW I THINK WE CAN ASSUME THAT WE ARE EXPECTED.



BUT REAL OR NOT THAT WAS STILL MY FIRST X OF THIS LIFE. MATTHEW

AND THE EYES ARE MINE

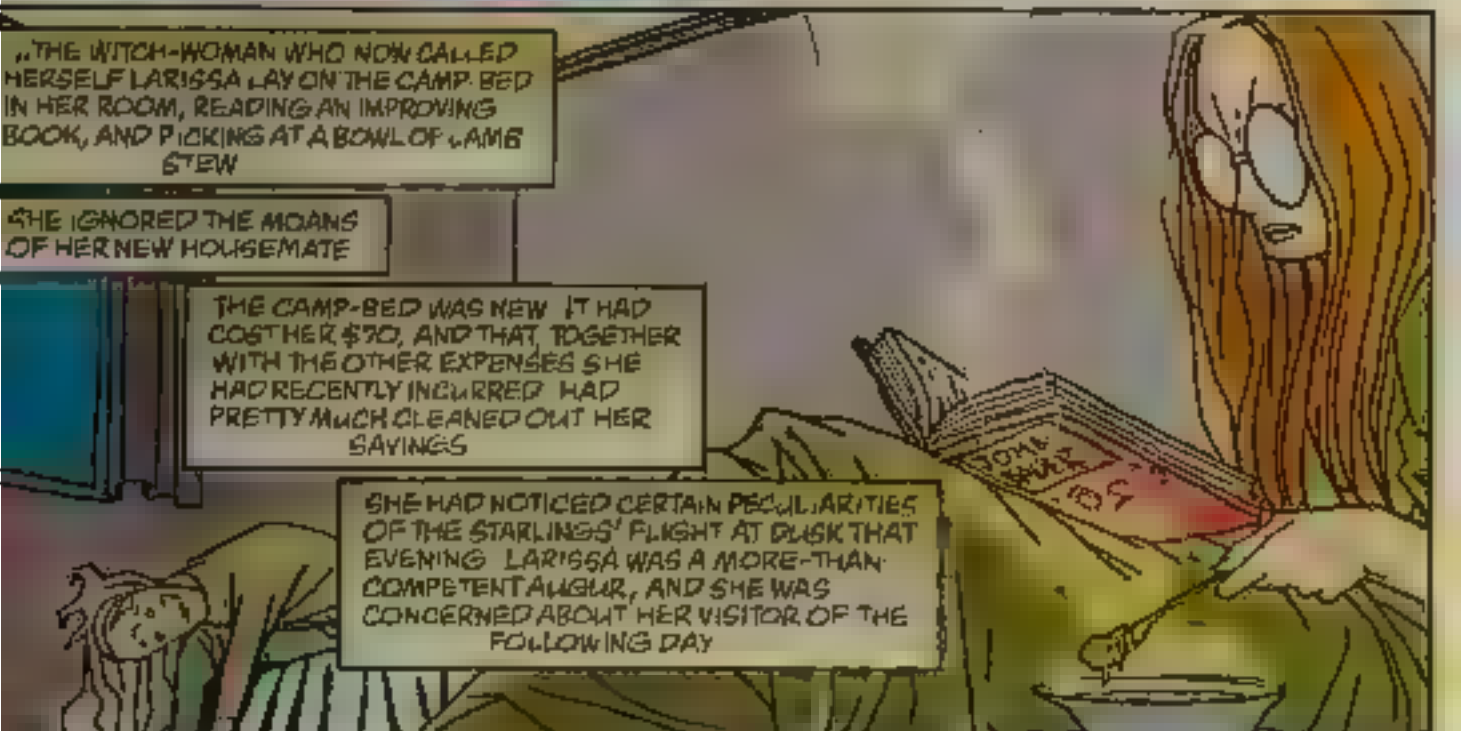
KRAK



AND, AS SATURDAY CONCLUDED,

...LUCIFER PLAYED A MEDLEY OF LITTLE-  
KNOWN COLE PORTER SONGS, BEGINNING  
WITH MILDLY RISQUE SONGS, SUCH AS  
"PETS," "MY MOST INTIMATE FRIEND" AND  
"AFTER ALL, I'M ONLY A SCHOOLGIRL,"  
AND CONCLUDING WITH THREE SONGS  
PORTER HAD EVER ONLY PLAYED TO  
INTIMATES AT EXTREMELY PRIVATE PARTIES

HE WAS STARTING TO FIND HIMSELF BORED BY  
MUSIC, AND HE FOUND HIMSELF, DURING THE  
FINAL CHORUS OF "SHE NEVER WENT DOWN ON THE  
TITANIC," OBSERVING WITHIN HIMSELF THE URGE TO  
MOVE ON.

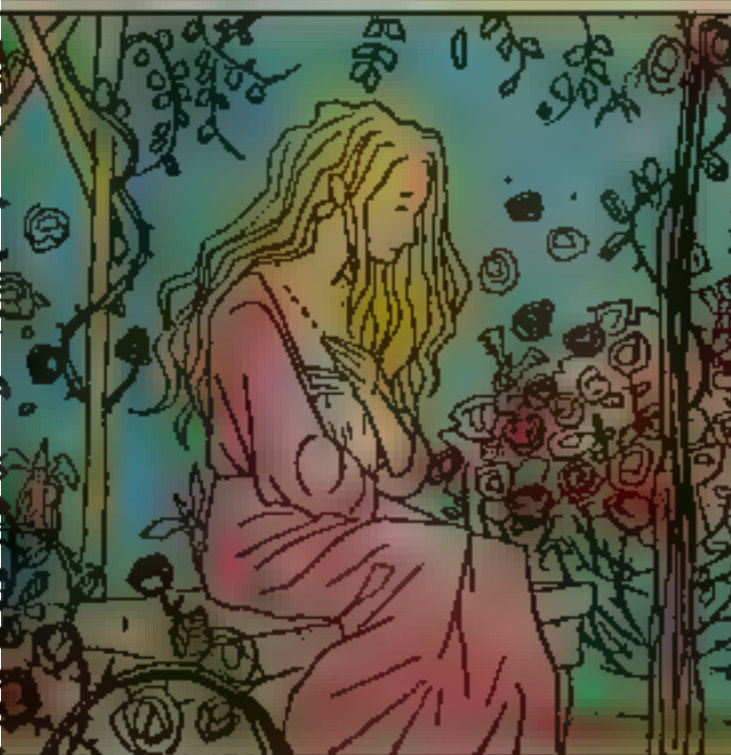


THE WITCH-WOMAN WHO NOW CALLED  
HERSELF LARISSA LAY ON THE CAMP-BED  
IN HER ROOM, READING AN IMPROVING  
BOOK, AND PICKING AT A BOWL OF LAMB  
STEW.

SHE IGNORED THE MOANS  
OF HER NEW HOUSEMATE.

THE CAMP-BED WAS NEW. IT HAD  
COST HER \$70, AND THAT, TOGETHER  
WITH THE OTHER EXPENSES SHE  
HAD RECENTLY INCURRED, HAD  
PRETTY MUCH CLEANED OUT HER  
SAVINGS.

SHE HAD NOTICED CERTAIN PECULIARITIES  
OF THE STARLINGS' FLIGHT AT DUSK THAT  
EVENING. LARISSA WAS A MORE-THAN-  
COMPETENT AUGUR, AND SHE WAS  
CONCERNED ABOUT HER VISITOR OF THE  
FOLLOWING DAY.



NIALA SAT IN THE GARDEN OF HER  
CITADEL, ON THE EDGE OF THE FOREST BY  
TIR-NA-NOG, TRYING TO RECALL WHAT  
SHE HAD DONE WITH HER TIME, IN THE DAYS  
BEFORE THE DREAMING.

SHE HAD DANCED, AND SLUNG, AND  
FLIRTED. SOMETIMES SHE WOULD CURSE,  
OTHER TIMES SHE WOULD BESTOW SMALL  
FAVORS. TIME PASSED.

SHE HAD HAD NO PURPOSE  
THEN, AND STILL SHE  
HAD BEEN CONTENT.

SHE FINGERED THE STONE AROUND  
HER NECK UNCONSCIOUSLY AND  
RECALLED HAPPINESS.



dee dee dee

IT'S ALMOST SUNDAY AND I'M SITTING HERE LATE ON SATURDAY NIGHT RE-READING MY OLD JOURNAL ENTRIES AND WONDERING AT MYSELF

HOW CAN I HAVE BEEN THAT SHALLOW?

WELL, I WAS T'S AMAZING

it o not what i n heart men

I mean I got upstt u li things just like anyone And I try to do good things and to not do bad things because i'm a sleep er and I n happ er as I do good things

—Bee—4—w—t—t—

I mean why do people fa n love with me? I s not like a perty n it p not like t cat them know i n r

I like me like be my part of something bigger and older and more powerful than I am

And i like hav ne other poup e around if i s on my arms and liev keep on the way which want to work and if they re on bother

Why doesn t it hurt me more when it ends? Why don t I fee it?

dee dee dee

dee dee dee dee dee

WHAT A BITCH YOU WERE, ROSALIE WHAT A COLD BITCH-ON-WHEELS

WELL?

DO I DARE?

SURE I DO

HELLO. JACK? IT'S ME. IT'S ROSE SURPRISE!

HELLO, MISS WALKER HOW ON EARTH DID YOU GET THIS NUMBER?

HOW? I ASKED THE HO DESK CLERK HOW TO DIAL INFORMATION I THINK HE LIK ME...

LISTEN T'S AWFULLY LONELY HERE YOU KNOW WHAT I WAS THINKING? WHY DON'T YOU COME DOWN TO THE HOTEL? I LL ORDER A BOTTLE OF WINE AND WE CAN...

ROSE, THAT WOULD BE A TERRIBLY BAD IDEA

WELL? WHY WOULD IT BE A BAD IDEA? WASN'T T GOOD LAST NIGHT? WASN'T T BREAT?

IT WAS UNDENIABLY PLEASANT BUT THIS REALLY ISN'T AN IDEAL TIME TO DISCUSS

UM YOU AREN'T ALONE ARE YOU?

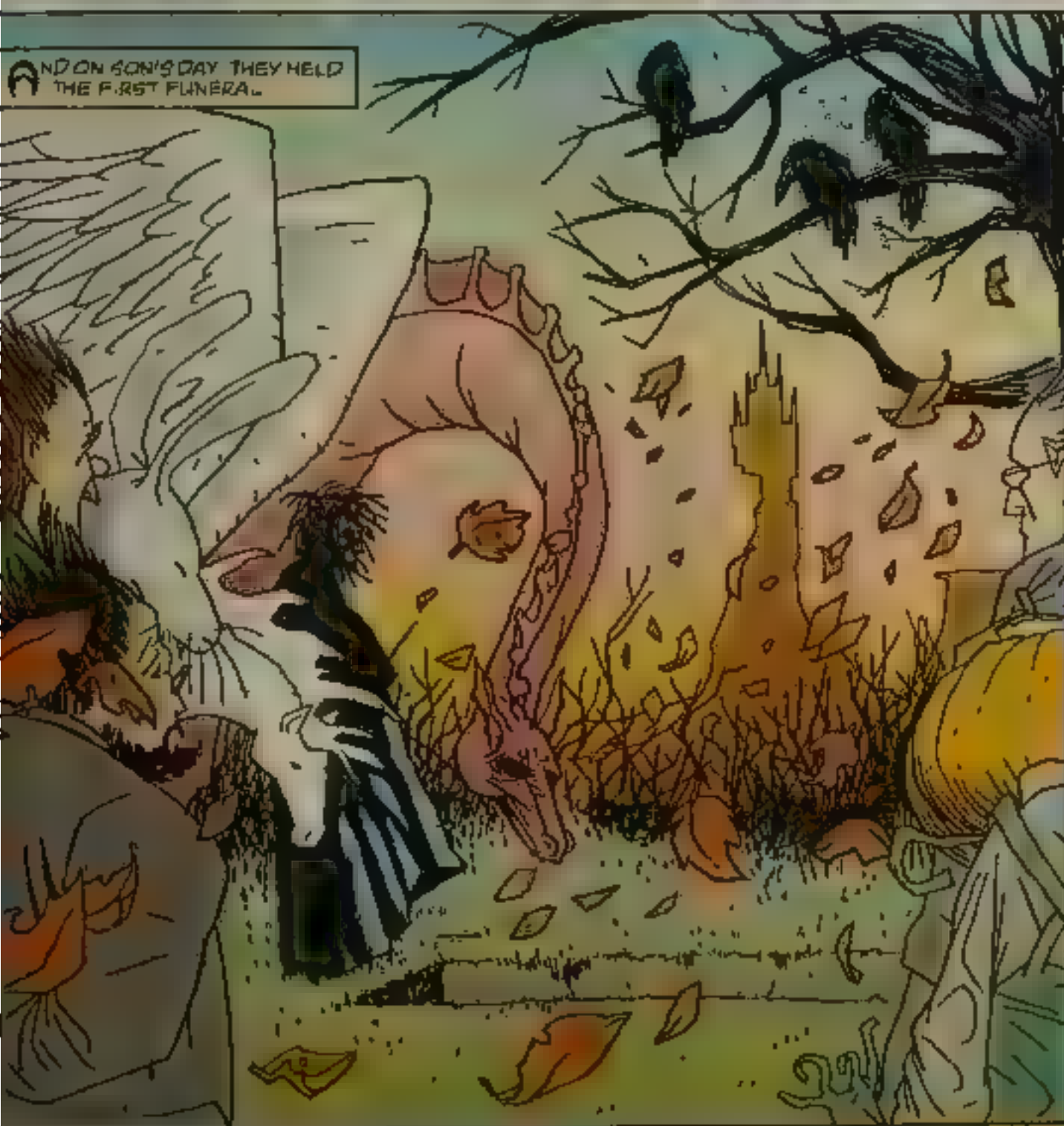
VERY PER CEPTIVE

UM THE PERSON YOU AREN'T ALON WITH THIS IS SOME ONE YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME ABOUT ISN'T IT?

EXACTLY

THEN THERE'S NOTH ELSE TO SA S THERE?

I'M AFRAID NOT

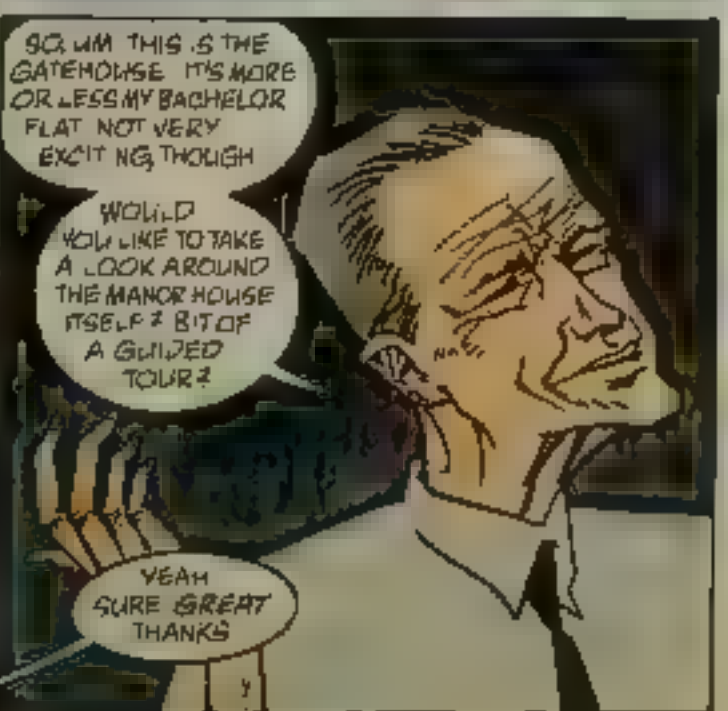
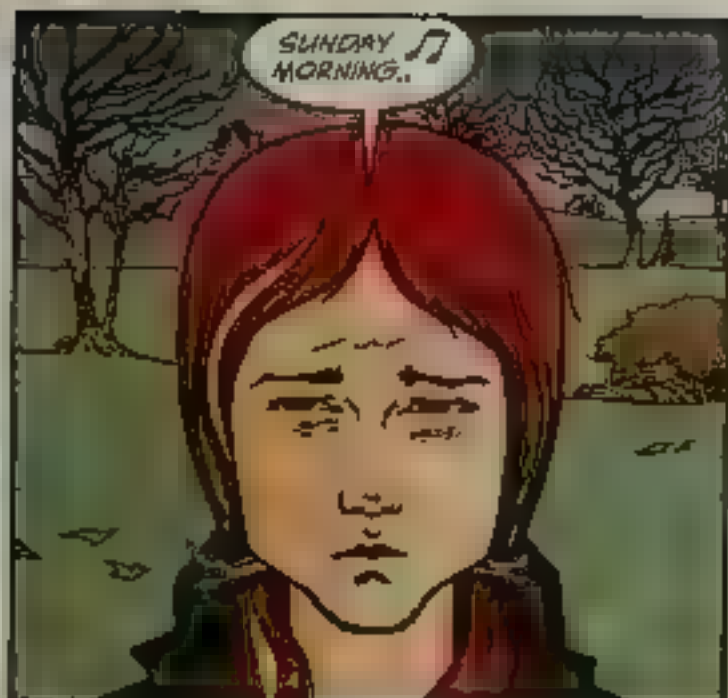


TO BE CONTINUED





MILK





# THE KINDLY ONES! 9

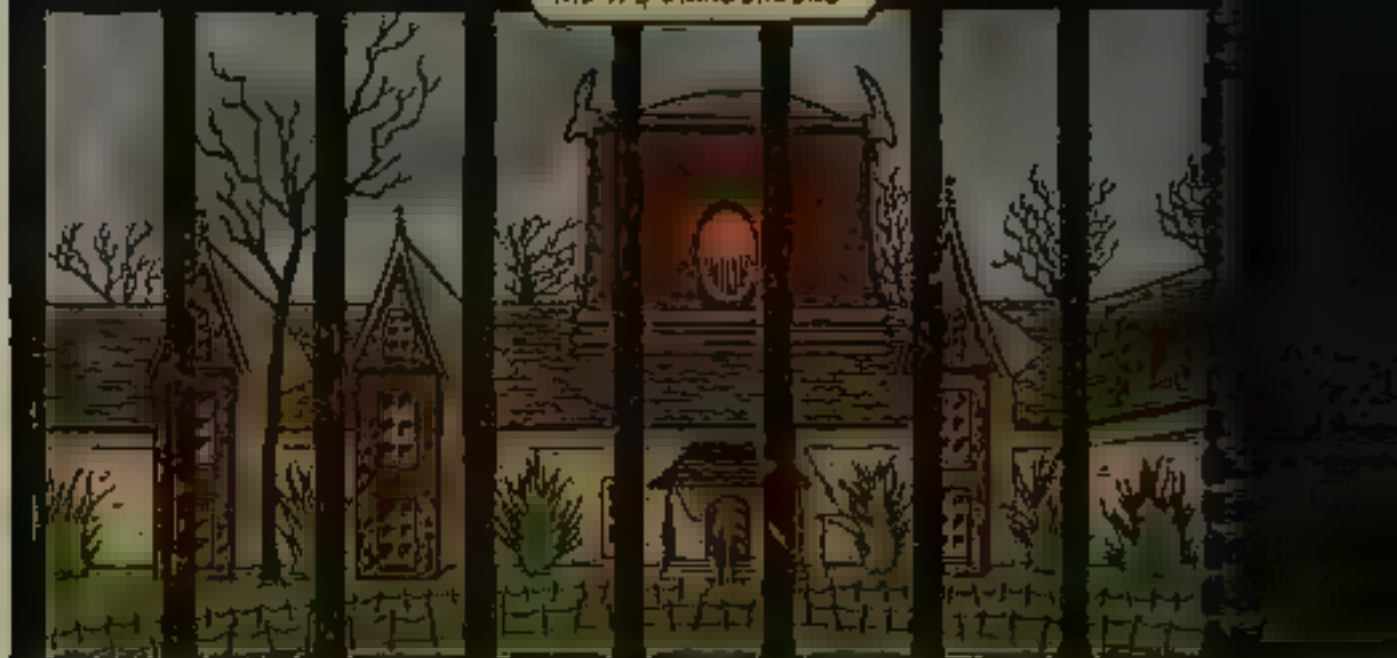
WRITTEN BY  
NEIL GAIMAN

DRAWN BY  
MARC HEMPEL

INKED BY  
RICHARD CASE  
PG 23 INKED BY HEMPEL

LETTERED BY TODD KLEIN  
COLORED BY DANIEL VOZZO  
SEPARATIONS BY ANDROID IMAGES  
EDITED BY KAREN BERGER  
ASSOCIATED BY SMELLY ROBBERS

SANDMAN CHARACTERS  
CREATED BY GAIMAN,  
KIEH & DRINGENBERG



FAWNEY RIG. IT  
SOUNDS LIKE A  
VERY OLD NAME.  
WHAT IS THIS  
PLACE? IT MUST  
BE HUNDREDS  
OF YEARS OLD,  
RIGHT?

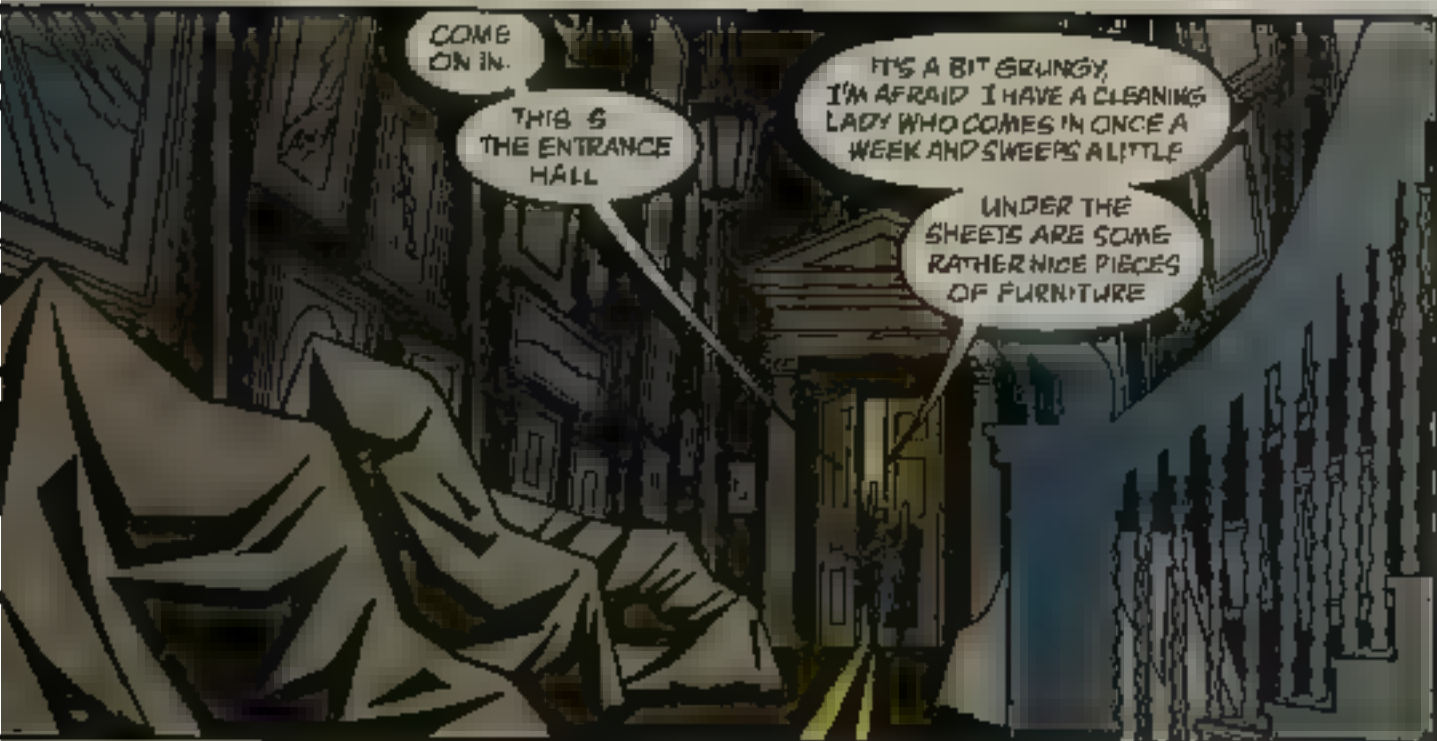
THE BODY OF THE MANOR IS LEGEND,  
BUT THERE WERE CONTINUOUS ADDI-  
TIONS OVER THE NEXT COUPLE OF  
HUNDRED YEARS. ALEX'S FATHER  
ADDED CERTAIN MODIFICATIONS OF  
HIS OWN, IN HIS UNIQUELY DEPLOR-  
ABLE ARCHITECTURAL TASTE.



THE HOUSE WAS KNOWN AS WYCH  
MANOR. A WYCH IS IF MEMORY SER-  
VES AN ELM TREE, NOTHING TO DO WITH  
POINTY HATS AND BROOMSTICKS.  
WHEN BURRESS BOUGHT IT, IN  
THE LATE 1890'S, HE REMAINED  
THE "FAWNEY RIG."



KEYS...KEYS.



COME ON IN.

THIS IS THE ENTRANCE HALL

IT'S A BIT GRUNGY, I'M AFRAID I HAVE A CLEANING LADY WHO COMES IN ONCE A WEEK AND SWEEPS A LITTLE

UNDER THE SHEETS ARE SOME RATHER NICE PIECES OF FURNITURE



THROUGH HERE

THIS IS THE LIBRARY I'VE NEVER BEEN MUCH OF A READER, I'M AFRAID. THESE ARE ALEX'S BOOKS, AND HIS FATHER'S. NOT THE RARE OCCULTY ONES - THEY'RE KEPT ELSEWHERE, AFTER SOME PROBLEMS WE HAD A FEW YEARS BACK

HEY IS THIS A COMPLETE STORISENDE EDITION OF JAMES BRANCH CABELL?

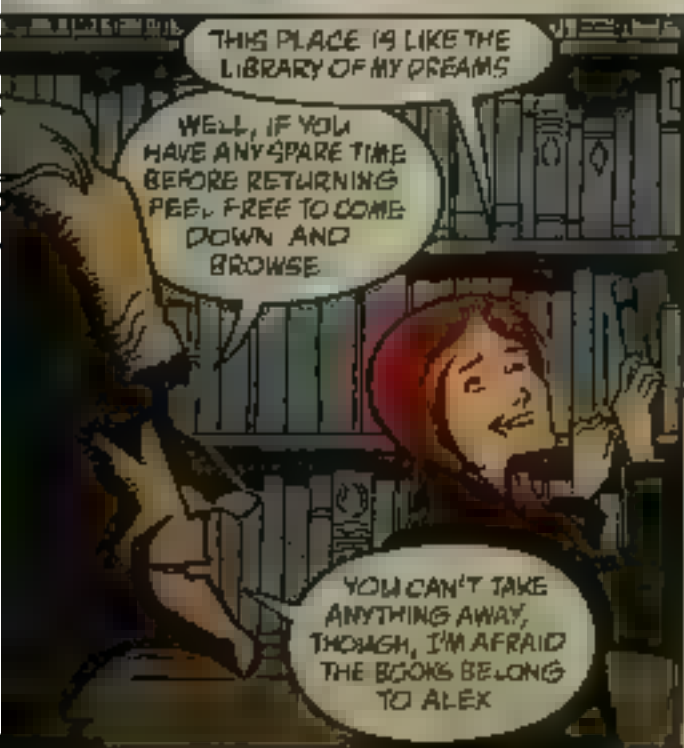
I'M SURE IT IS



AND THIS YEATS BOOK "THE PATHS OF GOLD" I'VE

HEY, IT'S SIGNED "TO RODERICK BURGESS WITH ADMIRATION" IS THIS SIGNATURE REALLY YEATS'S?

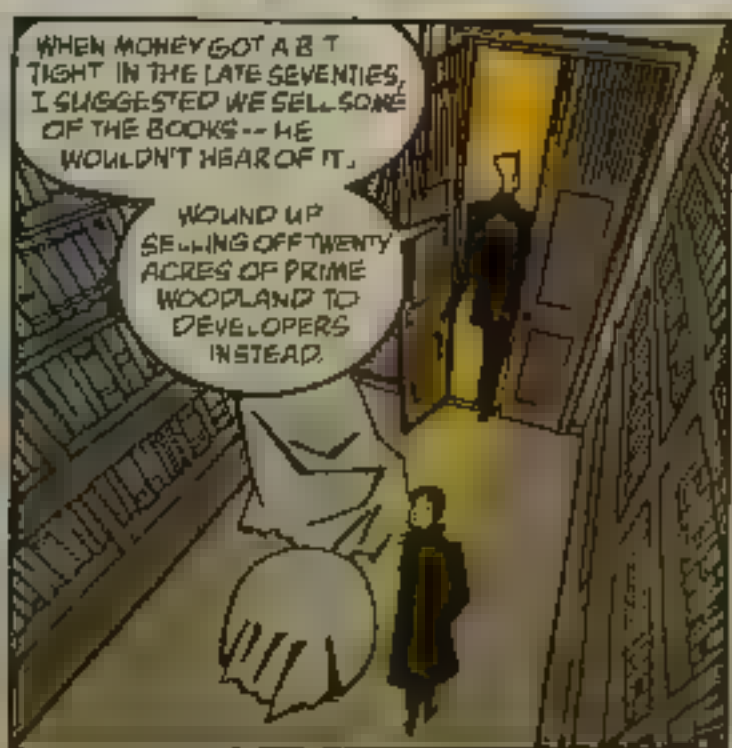
I WOULD IMAGINE SO



THIS PLACE IS LIKE THE LIBRARY OF MY DREAMS

WELL, IF YOU HAVE ANY SPARE TIME BEFORE RETURNING PEE, FREE TO COME DOWN AND BROWSE

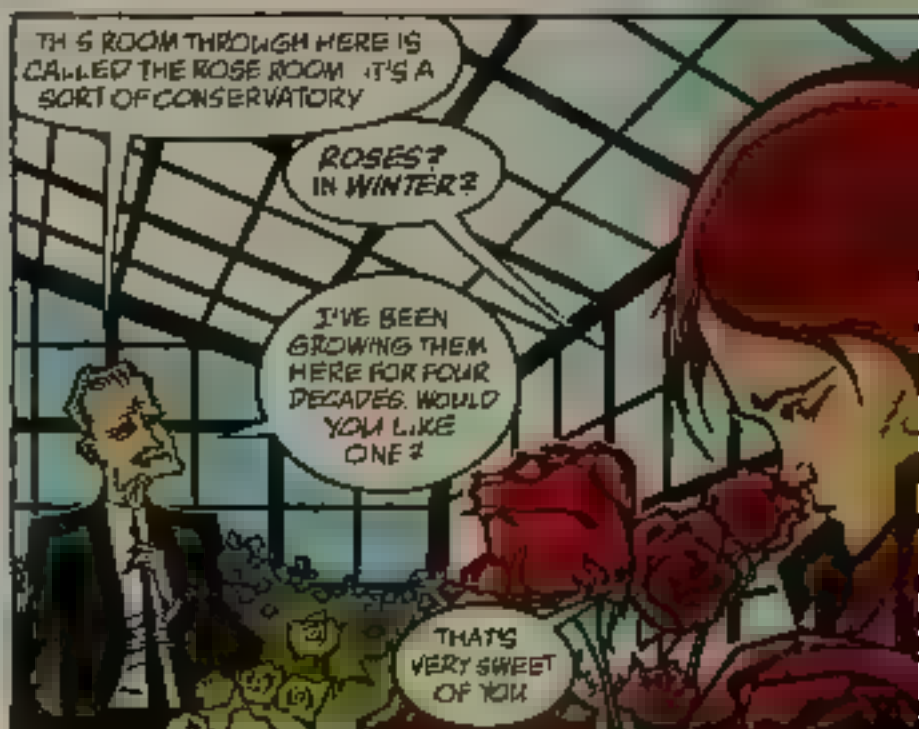
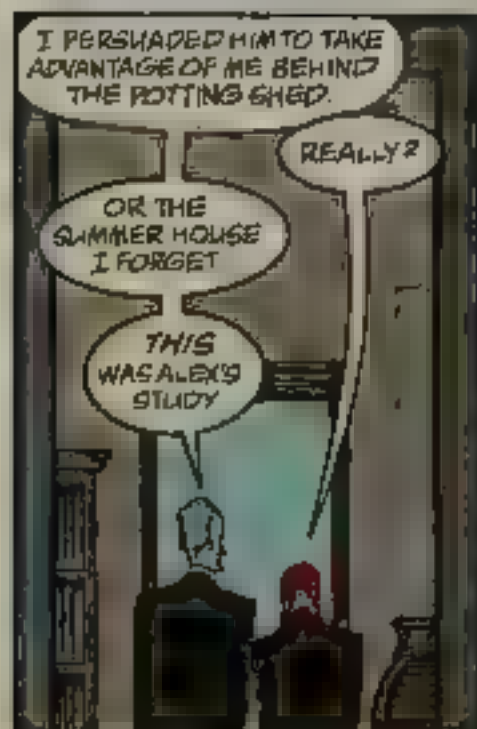
YOU CAN'T TAKE ANYTHING AWAY, THOUGH, I'M AFRAID THE BOOKS BELONG TO ALEX

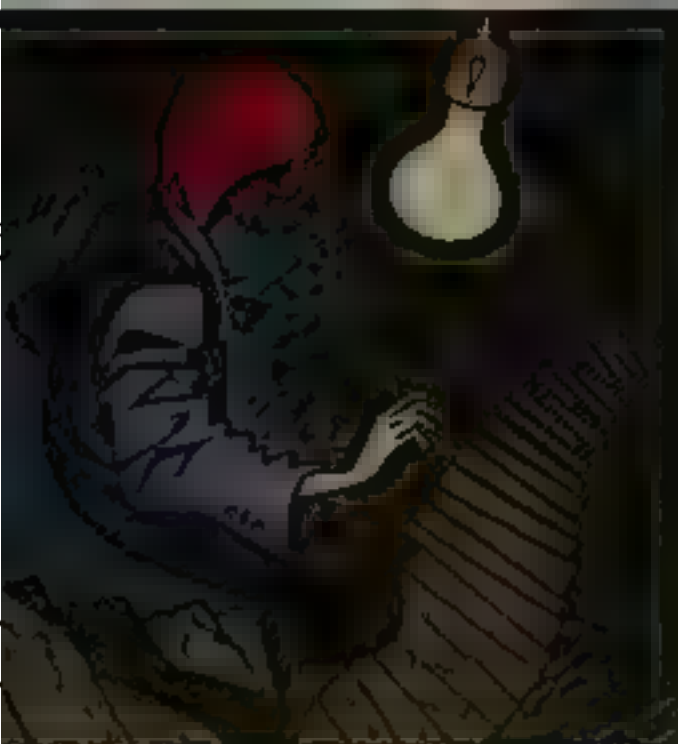
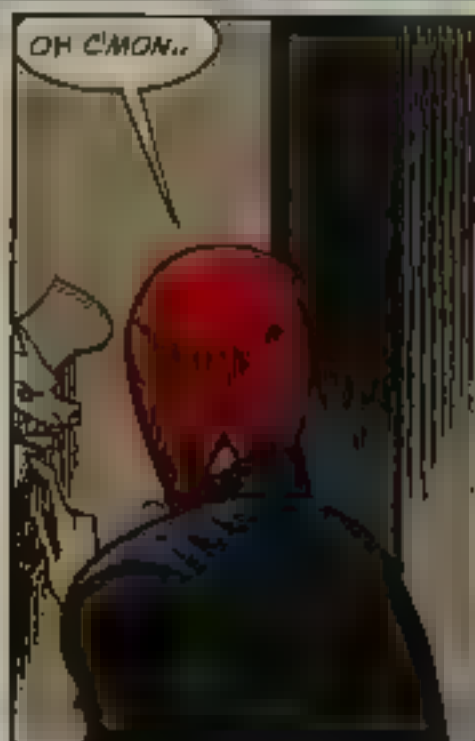
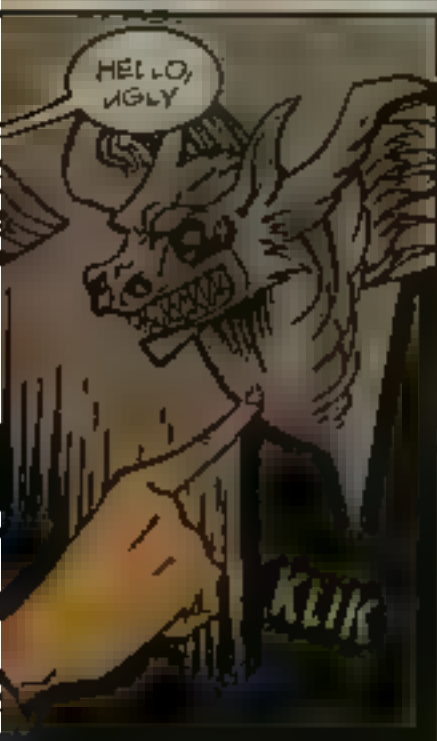


WHEN MONEY GOT A BIT TIGHT IN THE LATE SEVENTIES, I SUGGESTED WE SELL SOME OF THE BOOKS -- HE WOULDN'T HEAR OF IT.

WOUND UP SELLING OFF TWENTY ACRES OF PRIME WOODLAND TO DEVELOPERS INSTEAD.





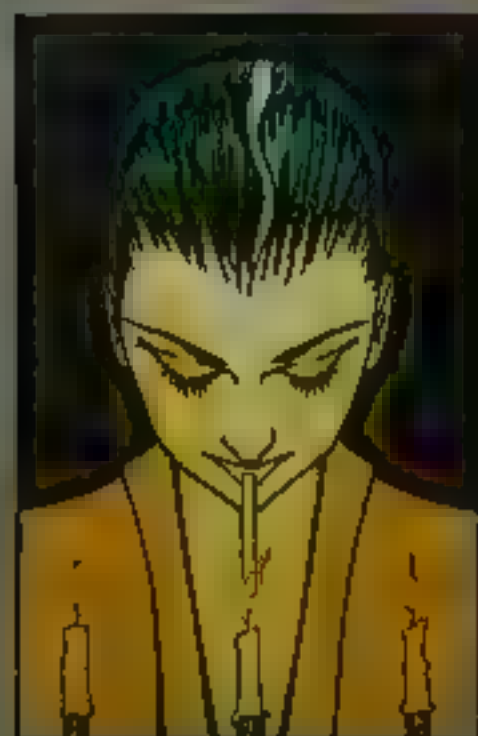






YOU'RE LATE

WHO ARE YOU?  
DOES MISTER  
MCGUIRE KNOW  
THAT YOU'RE  
DOWN  
HERE?



I, DEAR ONE, AM YOUR GRAND-  
FATHER AND NO, I'M AFRAID  
HE DOESN'T

HH YOU'RE  
KIDDING.

NO, I AM NOT I FATHERED  
YOUR MOTHER ON LITTLE SLEEPING  
UNITY IT WASN'T HARD

THERE'S NOT REALLY AN ACTUAL  
TRANSMISSION OF SEMEN, BUT  
JIMMY'S BODY THOUGHT THERE  
WAS YOU'RE OF MY BLOOD,  
GIRL.



SO,  
YOU GOT A  
MESSAGE



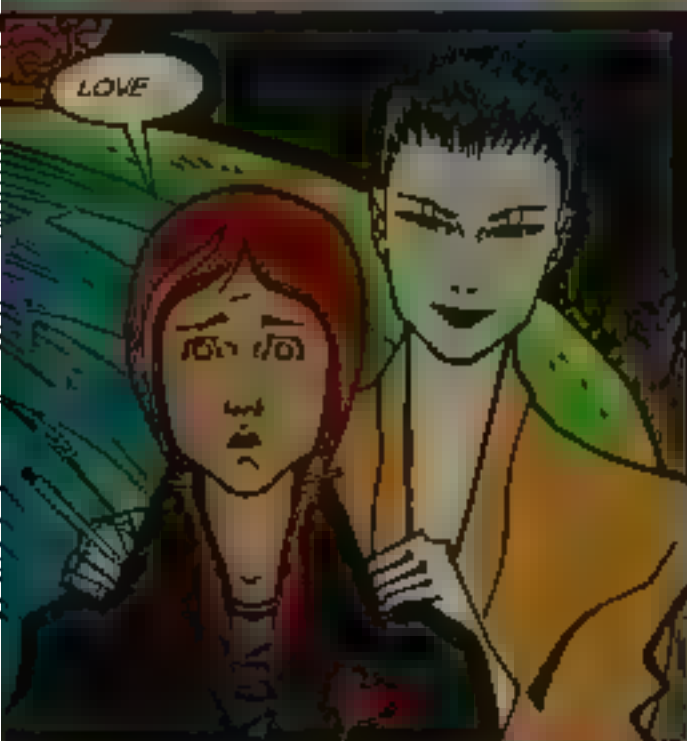
WEIRD SHIT THIS IS  
JUST ONE OF THOSE  
WEIRD SHIT MOMENTS.  
ISN'T IT?

YOU  
MIGHT SAY  
THAT



ARE YOU GOING  
TO HURT ME?  
KILL ME? MESS  
ME UP?

NO MORE  
THAN USUALLY  
NO, AND PERHAPS,  
A LITTLE BUT  
ONLY WITH  
LOVE



LOVE

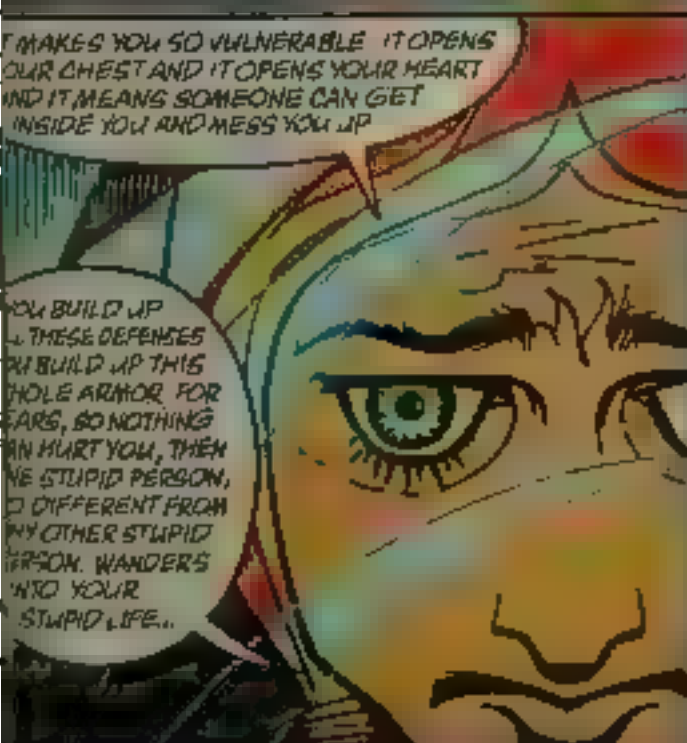


HAVE YOU  
EVER BEEN  
IN LOVE?

YOU MIGHT  
SAY THAT

HORRIBLE,  
ISN'T IT?

IN WHAT  
WAY?



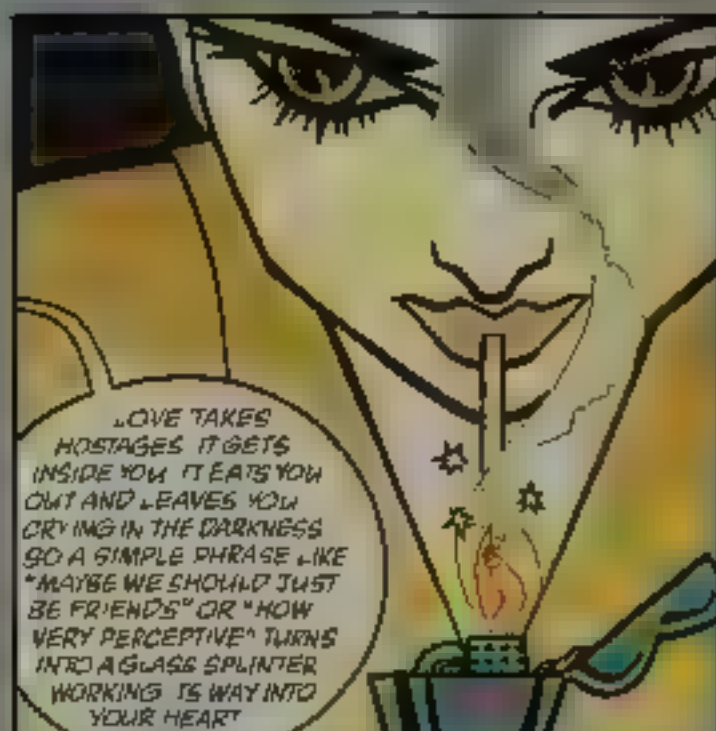
IT MAKES YOU SO VULNERABLE IT OPENS  
OUR CHEST AND IT OPENS YOUR HEART  
AND IT MEANS SOMEONE CAN GET  
INSIDE YOU AND MESS YOU UP

YOU BUILD UP  
ALL THESE DEFENSES  
YOU BUILD UP THIS  
WHOLE ARMOR FOR  
FEARS, SO NOTHING  
CAN HURT YOU, THEN  
ONE STUPID PERSON,  
SO DIFFERENT FROM  
ANY OTHER STUPID  
PERSON. WANDERS  
INTO YOUR  
STUPID LIFE..



YOU GIVE THEM A  
PIECE OF YOU THEY  
DON'T ASK FOR IT THEY  
DO SOMETHING DUMB  
ONE DAY LIKE KISS YOU,  
OR SMILE AT YOU, AND  
THEN YOUR LIFE  
ISN'T YOUR OWN  
ANYMORE





LOVE TAKES  
HOSTAGES IT GETS  
INSIDE YOU IT EATS YOU  
OUT AND LEAVES YOU  
CRYING IN THE DARKNESS  
SO A SIMPLE PHRASE LIKE  
"MAYBE WE SHOULD JUST  
BE FRIENDS" OR "HOW  
VERY PERCEPTIVE" TURNS  
INTO A GLASS SPLINTER  
WORKING ITS WAY INTO  
YOUR HEART



HOW  
PICTURESQUE

I HURTS NOT JUST  
IN THE IMAGINATION NOT  
JUST IN THE MIND. IT'S A  
SOUL HURT A BODY-HURT.  
A REAL GETS-INSIDE-YOU  
AND-RIPE YOU APART  
PAIN

NOTHING  
SHOULD BE ABLE  
TO DO THAT.

ESPECIALLY  
NOT LOVE

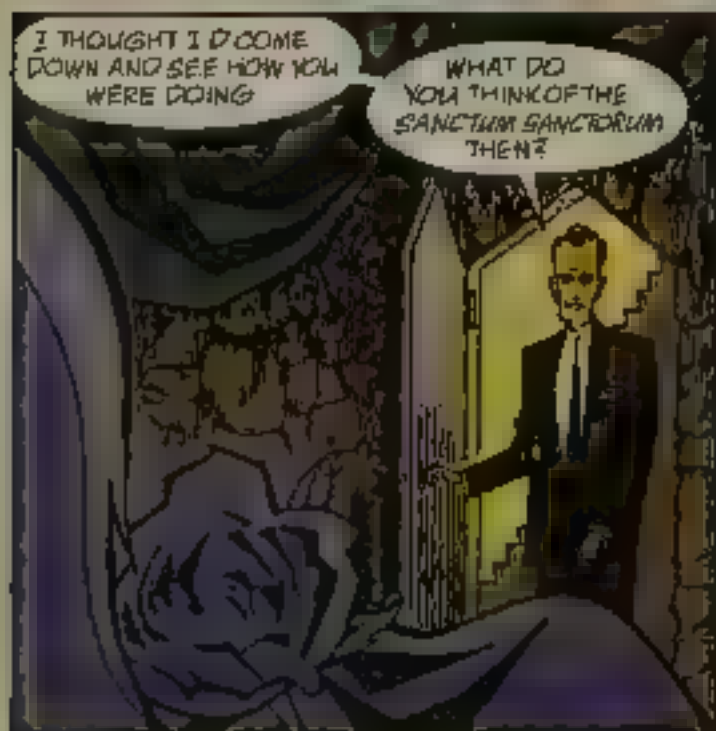


I HATE  
LOVE



I THINK I PREFERRED  
YOU, GRANDDAUGHTER  
WHEN YOU WERE STOICALLY  
COMPLAINING ABOUT NOT  
FEELING ANYTHING

WHY WHY  
AM I TELLING YOU  
ALL THIS? WHO  
ARE YOU...?



I THOUGHT I'D COME  
DOWN AND SEE HOW YOU  
WERE DOING

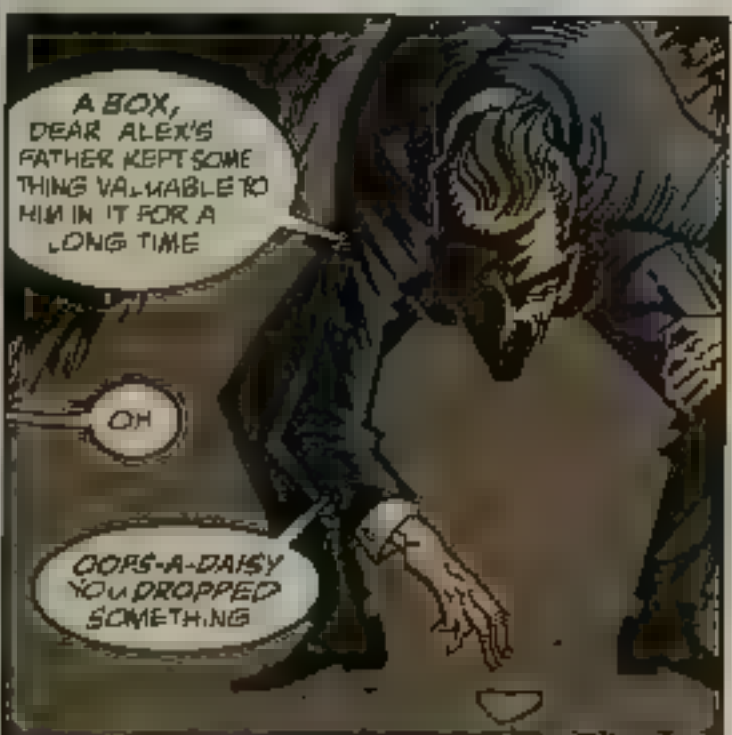
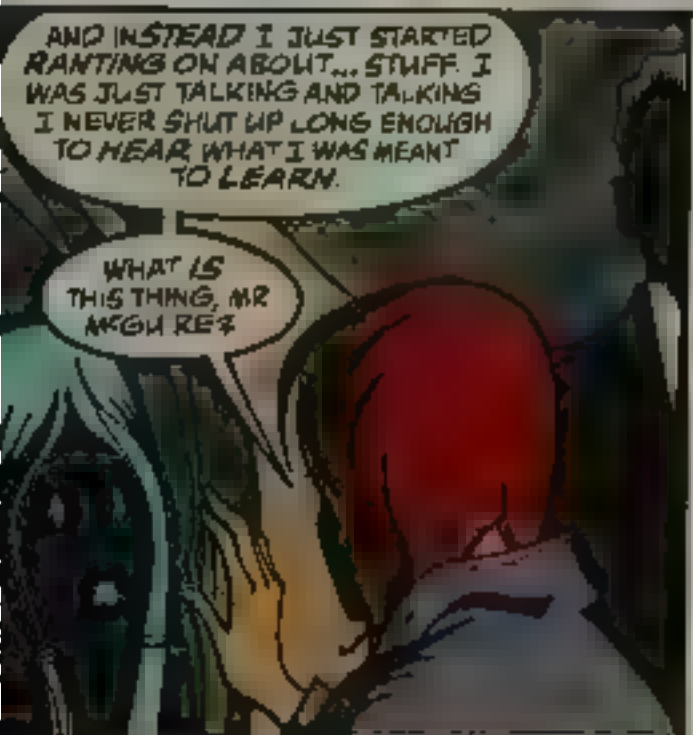
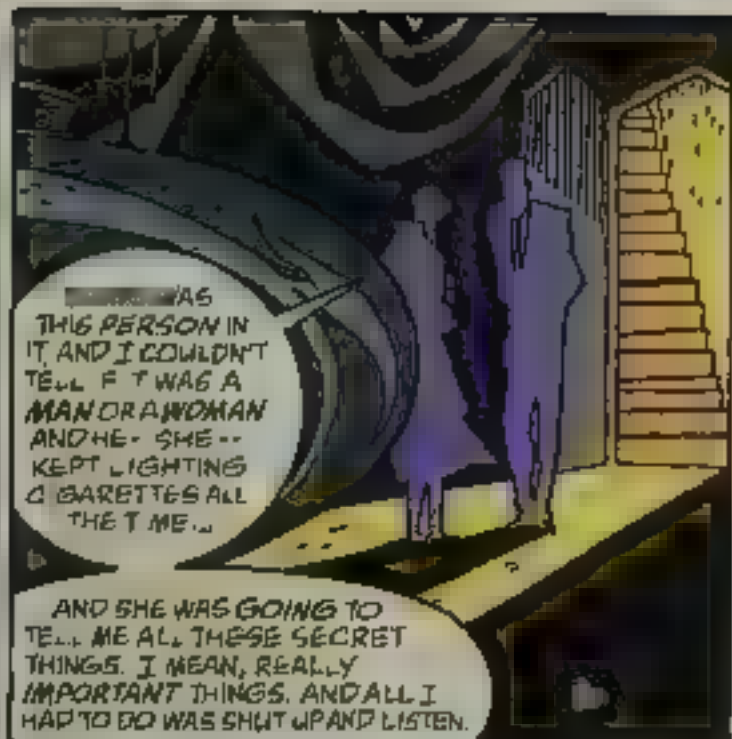
WHAT DO  
YOU THINK OF THE  
SANCTUM SANCTORUM  
THEN?



I'M SORRY.  
MR MCQUIRE.

I THINK I  
MUST HAVE FALLEN  
ASLEEP OR  
SOMETHING

FUNNY  
PLACE TO FALL  
ASLEEP,  
DEAR





SWARTALFHEIM

YOU GOT  
ANY BETTER  
DEAS?

WELL, I  
DON'T KNOW  
MAYBE

HOW ABOUT THIS  
I'LL FLY IN AND SCOUT-  
PLACE OUT. FLY BACK  
HERE. WE'LL SNEAK IN  
IN MAYBE DISGUISE  
AS SOMETHING

IT'S  
HAPPENING  
AGAIN

SOMETHING'S  
PULLING ME BACK  
TO THE  
DREAMING..

FIGHT  
IT

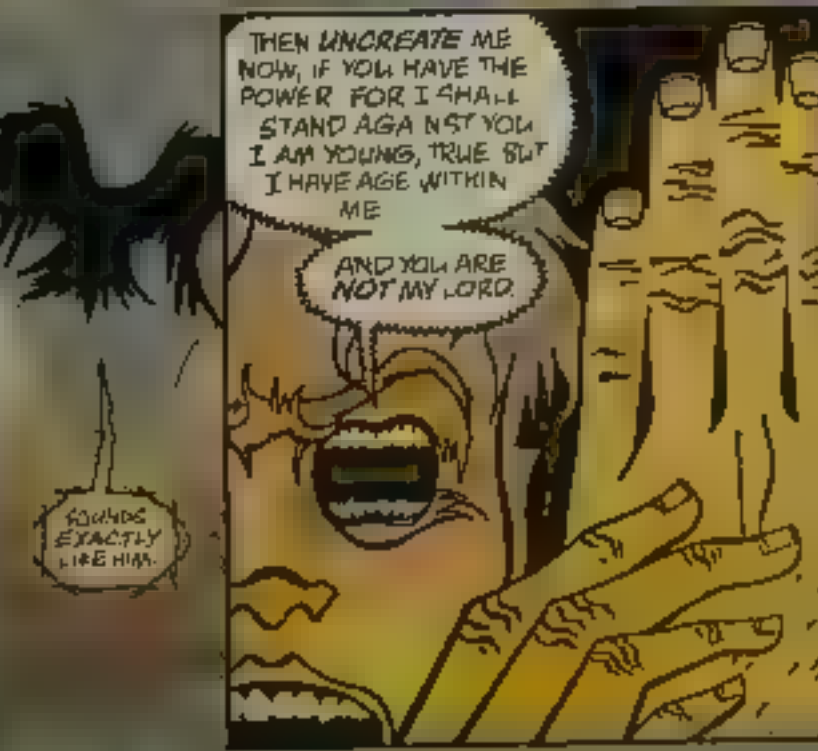
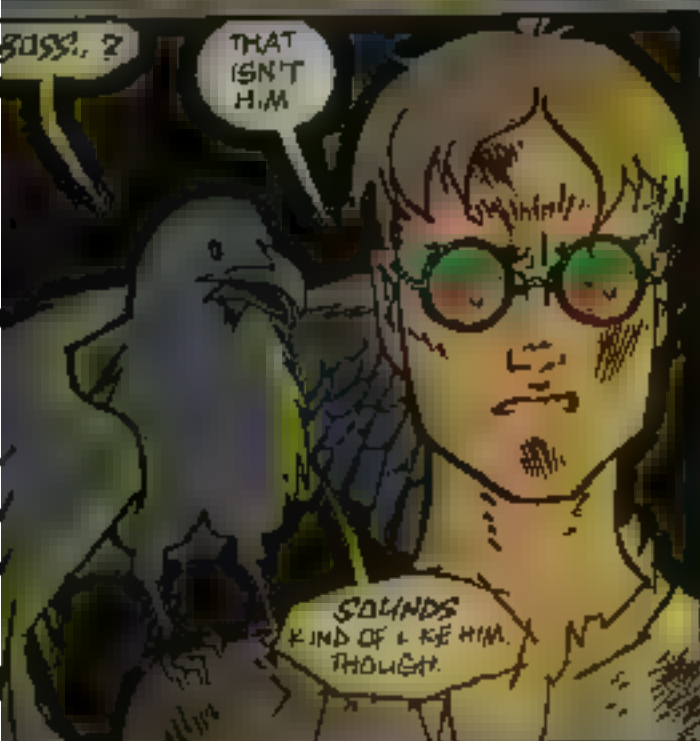
NO, LET US JUST  
DO T IF WE ARE  
EXPECTED THEN WE ARE  
EXPECTED AND I HAVE  
NO TALENT FOR  
DISGUISE

ANY IDEA WHAT THIS THING  
IS? I'VE SEEN A FEW A THEM  
IN THE DREAMING FROM TIME  
TO TIME ACROSS THE  
SKY

THE DORT I  
THINK THEY CAN  
HELP YOU FIND YOUR  
WAY BACK TO YOUR  
BODY SOMETHING  
LIKE THAT.

HUSH NOW

THERE'S  
SOMEONE  
HERE

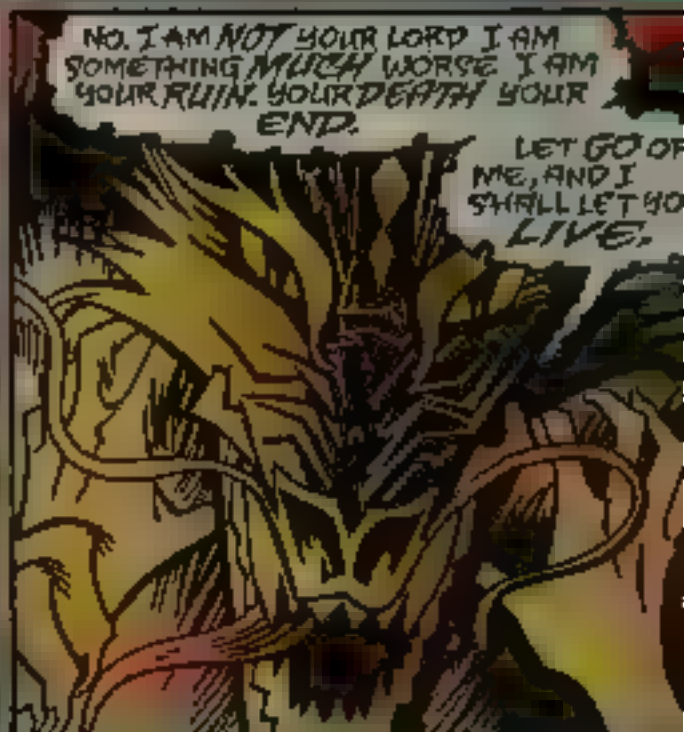






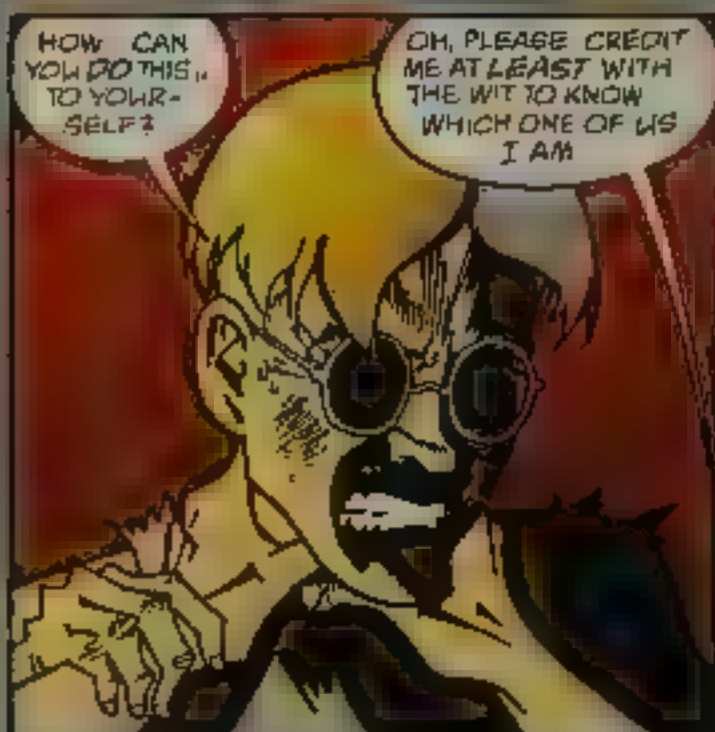
PLEASE, YOU  
MUST NOT...

ARE  
YOU?



NO. I AM NOT YOUR LORD I AM  
SOMETHING MUCH WORSE I AM  
YOUR RUIN. YOUR DEATH YOUR  
END.

LET GO OF  
ME, AND I  
SHALL LET YOU  
LIVE.



HOW CAN  
YOU DO THIS,  
TO YOUR-  
SELF?

OH, PLEASE CREDIT  
ME AT LEAST WITH  
THE WIT TO KNOW  
WHICH ONE OF US  
I AM



OWW.



THAT'S MUCH MORE IMAGINATIVE BUT  
STILL NOT CONVINCING

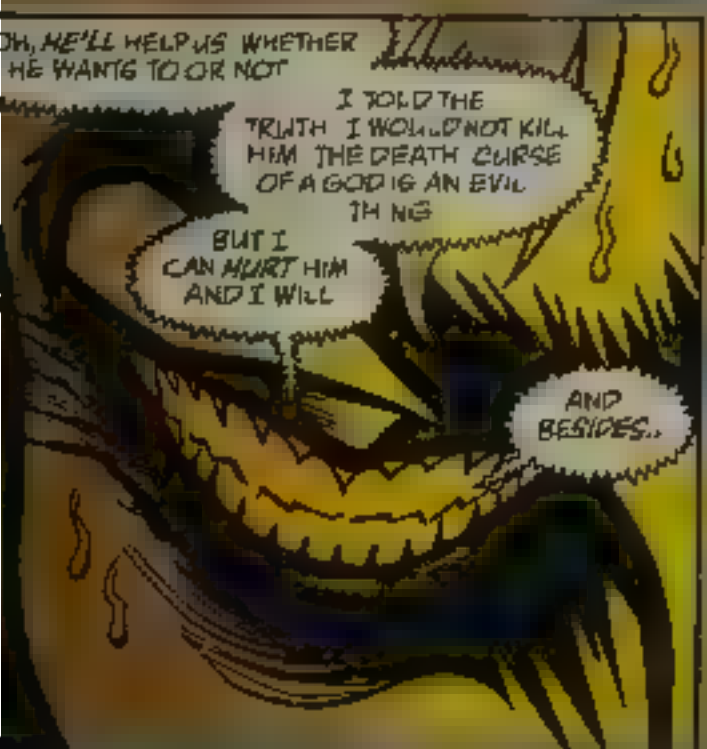
I SHALL  
NOT LET YOU  
GO, OLD  
GOD




LET ME PLEASE  
LET ME GO...CHOKING.

I WILL GIVE  
YOU A RING,  
FORGED BY THE  
DWARFS IT WILL  
LET YOU FIND  
HIDDEN TREASURE  
AND KNOW WHAT  
OTHERS ARE  
THINKING...

„GIVE YOU,  
A SWORD. A HAMMER.  
AN EAGLE. A TINDEE-  
BOX



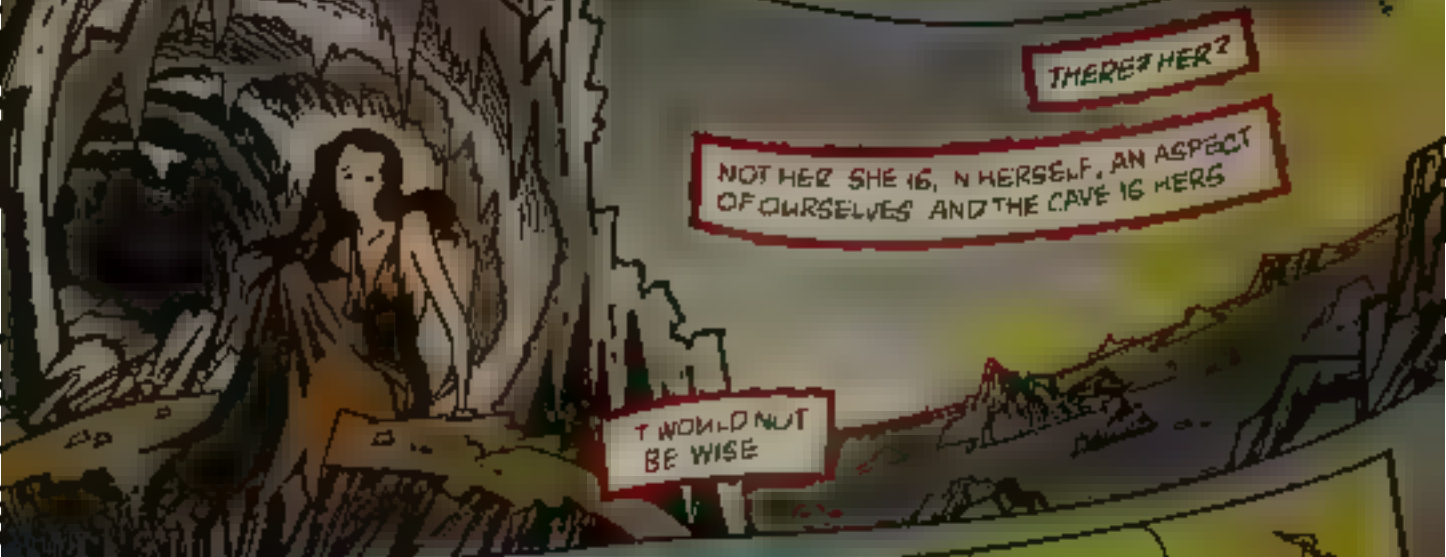




THERE? HIM?

NO.

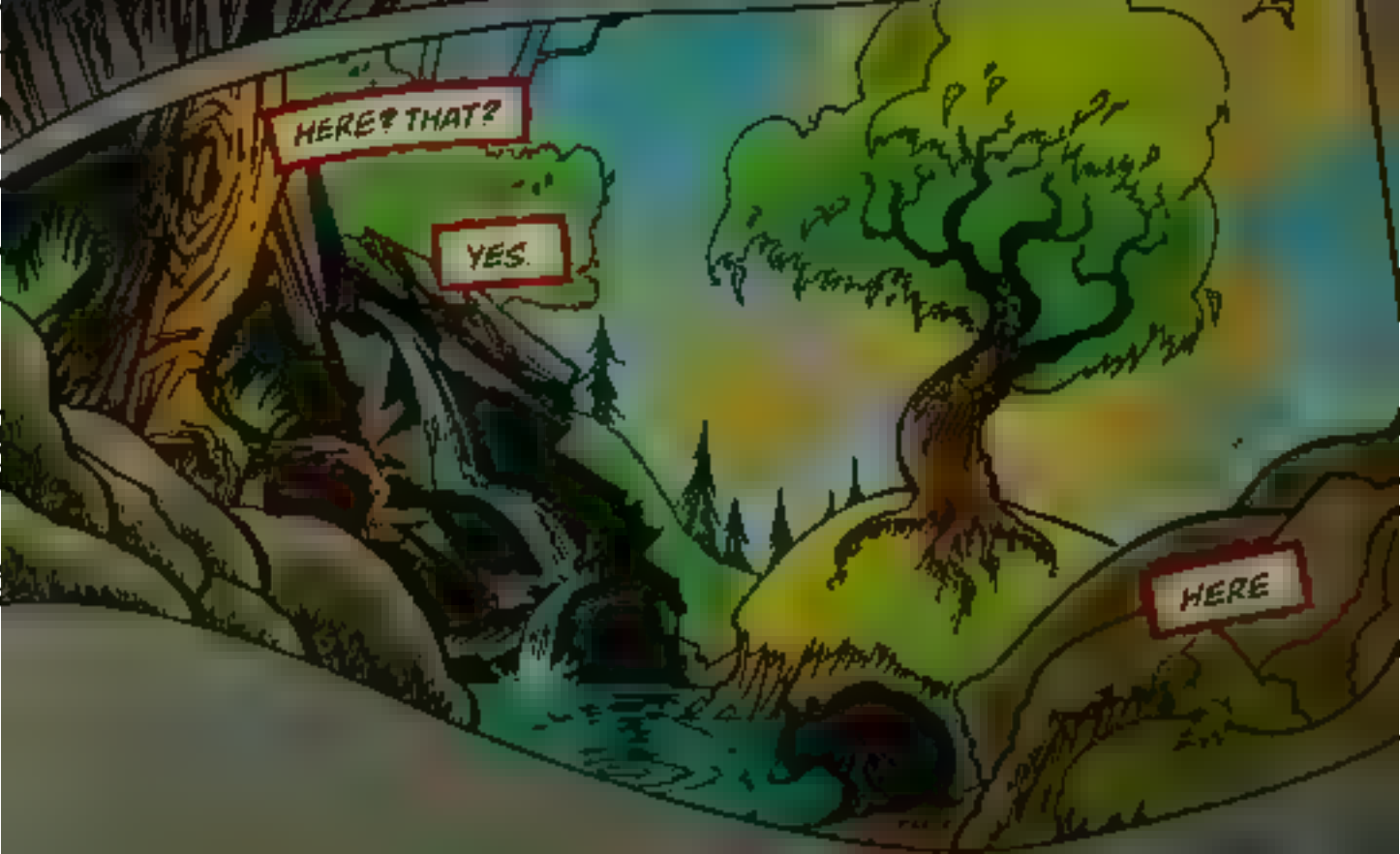
NO, NOT THAT ONE IT SOLD  
AND WELL GUARDED. AND THERE  
IS MORE TO IT THAN THERE APPEARS  
PERHAPS LATER



THERE? HER?

NOT HER SHE IS, N HERSELF, AN ASPECT  
OF OURSELVES AND THE CAVE IS MERS

T WOULD NOT  
BE WISE



HERE? THAT?

YES.

HERE

NOW TO THE  
ACT OF BLOOD...

THERE IS NO  
FITTER OFFERING

AAAAAARK!

MADAME WHILE  
I WELCOME GUESTS  
AND VISITORS OF EVERY  
KIND MANNER AND  
DESCRIPTION, I DO  
NOT APPRECIATE  
DAMAGE AND DESTRUCTION  
TO MY REGULAR  
INHABITANTS...

DO YOU KNOW  
WHO WE ARE?

DO  
YOU?

DO YOU  
KNOW WHAT WE  
CAN DO?

NO,  
MADAME I  
DO NOT BELIEVE  
I HAVE HAD  
THE PLEASURE...





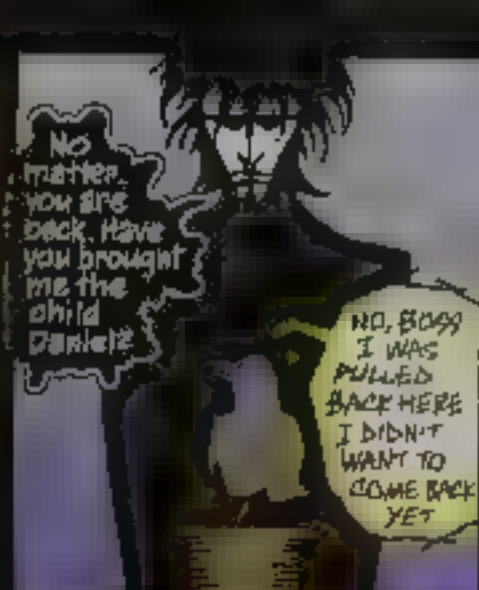


"CAWWWWWW"



AWK

Matthew? I was not expecting you.



No matter you are back. Have you brought me the child Daniele?

NO, BOSS I WAS PULLED BACK HERE I DIDN'T WANT TO COME BACK YET



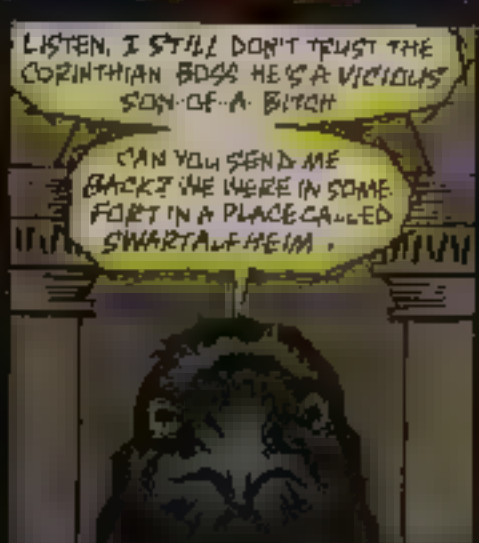
THE CORINTHIAN WOULD STILL BE BACK THERE HE AND LOK WERE FIGHTING WHEN I LEFT

SHIT LISTEN. BOSS LOK'S INVOLVED WITH THIS MESS I DON'T KNOW IF THE KID'S DEAD OR WHAT



Lok's involvement is not entirely a surprise to me.

NO? OH



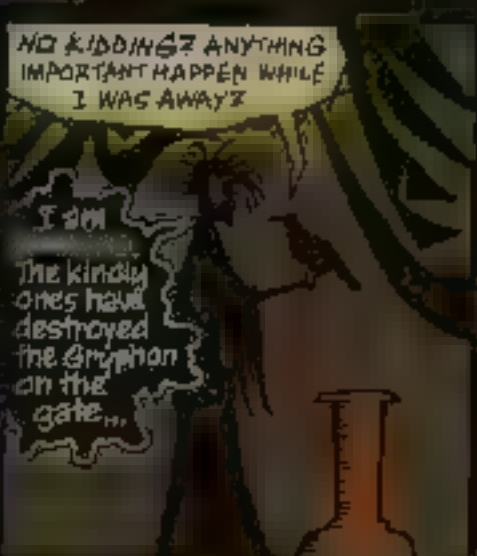
LISTEN, I STILL DON'T TRUST THE CORINTHIAN BOSS HE'S A VICIOUS SON-OF-A-BITCH

CAN YOU SEND ME BACK? WE WERE IN SOME FORT IN A PLACE CALLED SWARTALFHEIM.



It is too late to send you back, Matthew.

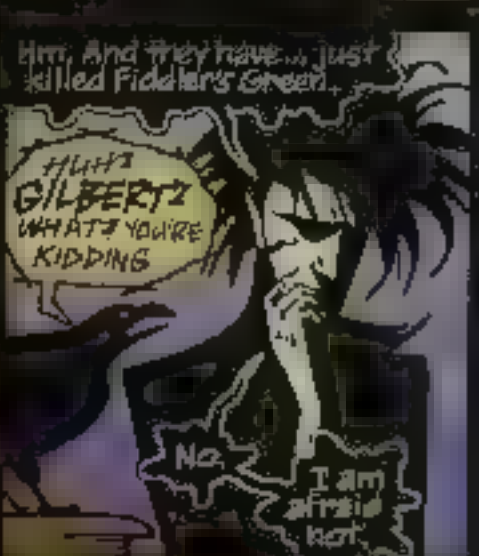
Events have progressed far beyond that point.



NO KIDDING? ANYTHING IMPORTANT HAPPEN WHILE I WAS AWAY?

I AM

The kindly ones have destroyed the Gryphon on the gate...



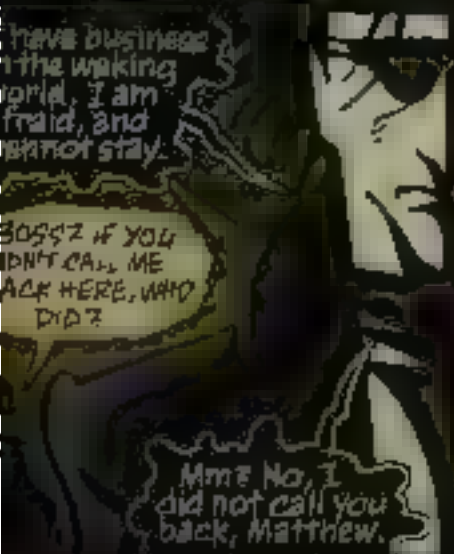
Hmm, And they have... just killed Fiddler's Green.



HUH? GILBERT? WHAT? YOU'RE KIDDING

No

I am afraid not.



I have business in the waking world, I am afraid, and cannot stay.

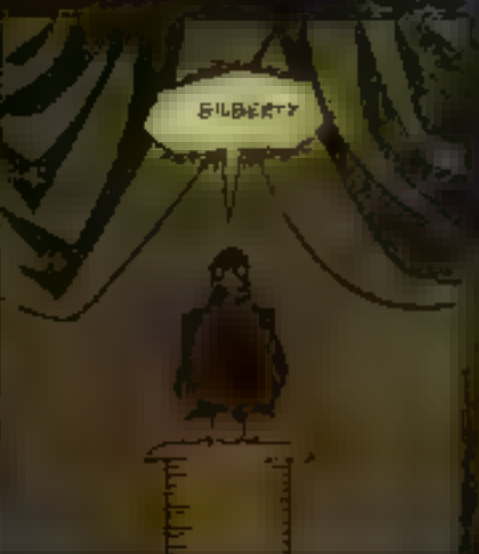
BOSS? IF YOU DIDN'T CALL ME BACK HERE, WHO DID?

Mmm No, I did not call you back, Matthew.



I KNOW THAT. WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS-

OHMM DAMN



GILBERT

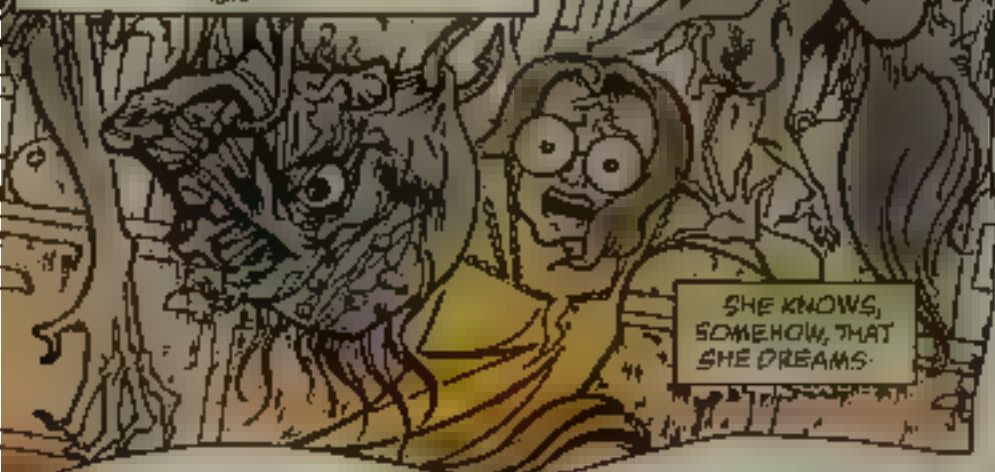




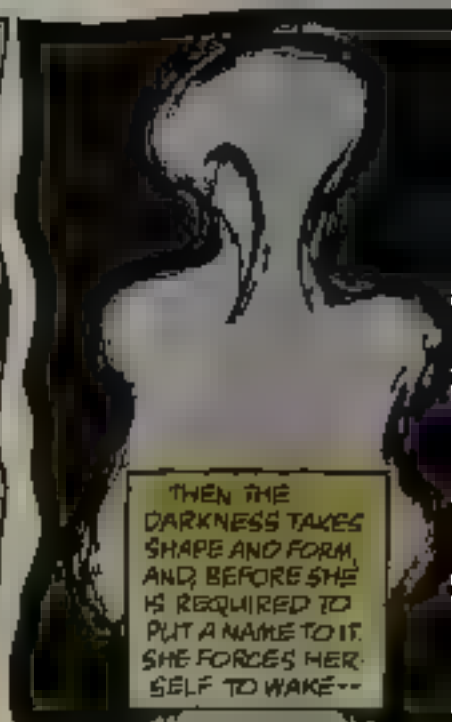
LOS ANGELES



RIPPED DREAM FACES, FLESH ANATOMICAL, HANGING FROM SILVER CHAINS (THE MOON METAL)--A SLICK GLIMPSE OF THE BAR BEHIND--A FLICKER OF SORROW, A FLASH OF REGRET--OLD MEMORIES THAT BEGIN TO STIR AND ARE SUPPRESSED BEFORE THEY CAN TOUCH HER--



SHE KNOWS, SOMEHOW, THAT SHE DREAMS.



THEN THE DARKNESS TAKES SHAPE AND FORM, AND, BEFORE SHE IS REQUIRED TO PUT A NAME TO IT, SHE FORCES HERSELF TO WAKE--



OH IT'S YOU

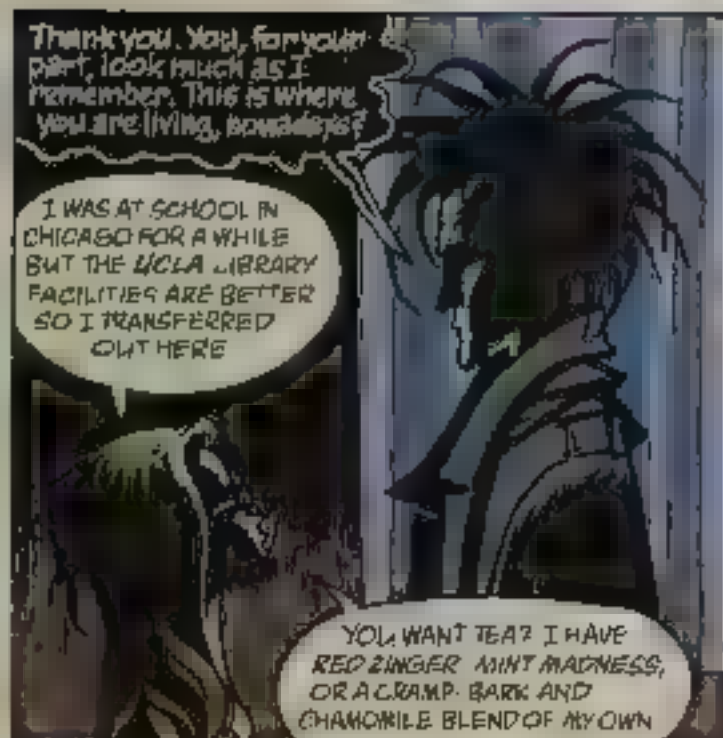


SO.

HOW HAVE  
YOU BEEN?

Perfectly  
satisfactory.

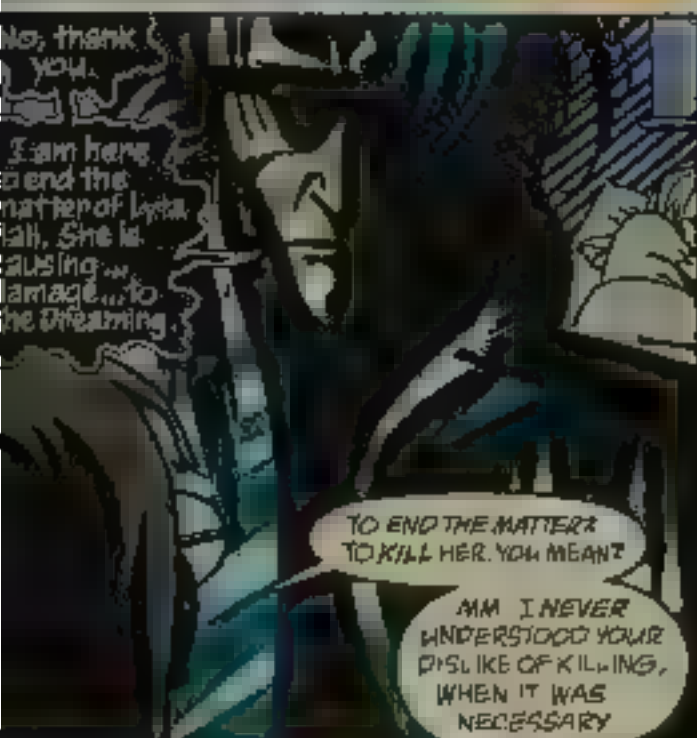
YOU LOOK  
TERRIBLE



Thank you. You, for your  
part, look much as I  
remember. This is where  
you are living, nowadays?

I WAS AT SCHOOL IN  
CHICAGO FOR A WHILE  
BUT THE UCLA LIBRARY  
FACILITIES ARE BETTER  
SO I TRANSFERRED  
OUT HERE

YOU WANT TEA? I HAVE  
RED ZINGER MINT MADNESS,  
OR A CRAMP BARK AND  
CHAMOMILE BLEND OF MY OWN



No, thank  
you.

I am here  
to end the  
matter of Lyta  
Tall. She is  
causing  
damage... to  
the Dreaming.

TO END THE MATTER?  
TO KILL HER, YOU MEAN?

AM I NEVER  
UNDERSTOOD YOUR  
DISLIKE OF KILLING,  
WHEN IT WAS  
NECESSARY



No. You never  
did, did you?

She has already  
caused a great  
deal of trouble. I  
have little choice  
in the matter.

YOU HAVE  
LESS CHOICE  
THAN YOU MIGHT  
IMAGINE



I see.

Your  
handiwork,  
I presume.

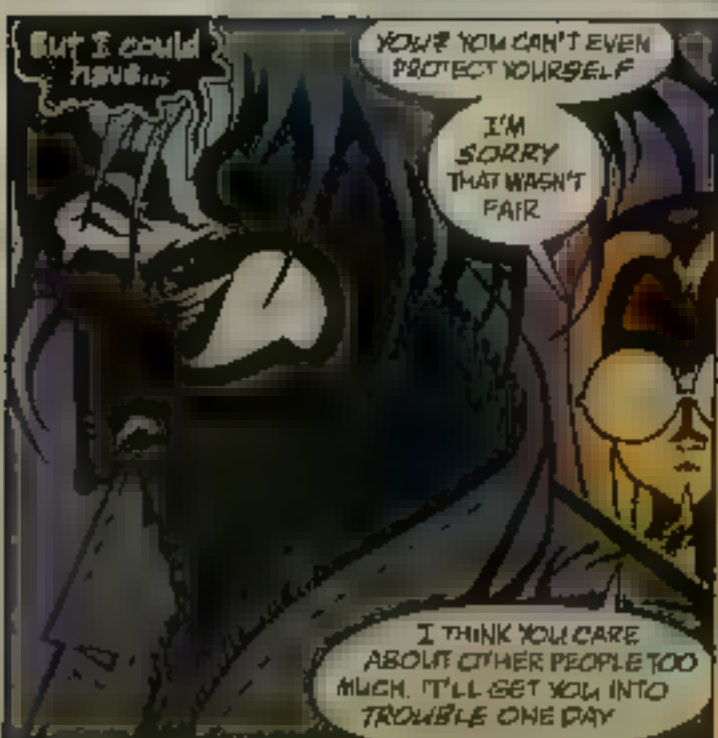
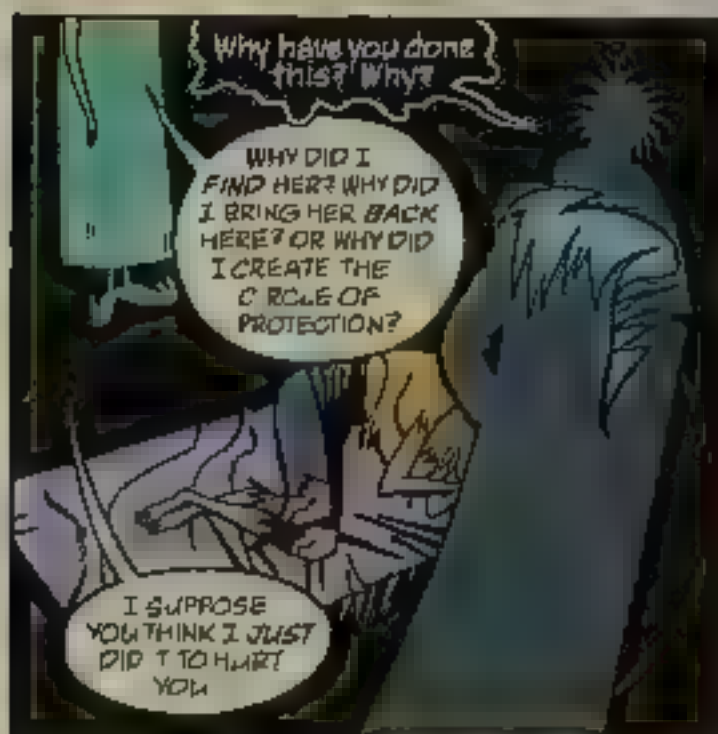
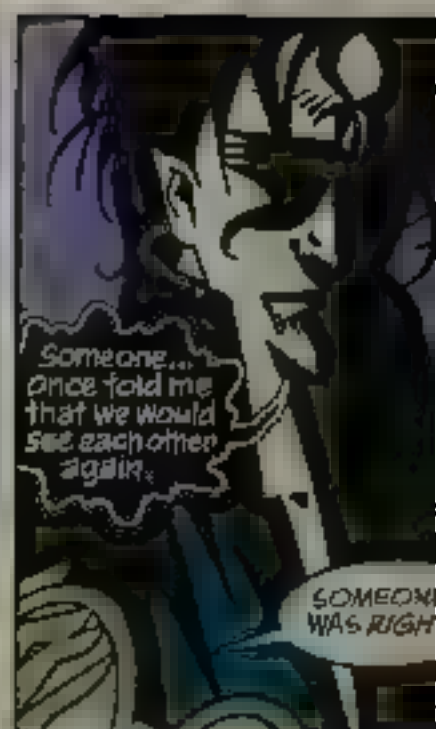


WELL? AREN'T YOU  
GOING TO STEP OVER TO  
KILL HER? SHE'S JUST ONE  
RATHER UNDERFED MORTAL  
WOMAN SHE WOULDN'T  
LAST THREE MINUTES  
AGAINST YOU

I cannot  
cross the  
borders of  
the circle.

NO YOU  
CAN'T







OH, BUT  
THE STARS STILL  
SHINE.

I could kill her.  
There are many ways  
to end a human life.  
I could do it  
without breaking  
the circle.



WITHOUT BREAKING THE  
CIRCLE, PERHAPS BUT WITHOUT  
BREAKING THE RULES?

NO, I  
MUST DO IT  
MYSELF  
DIRECTLY.

YOUR KIND ARE  
SO BOUND BY  
YOUR IDIOT RULES,

EXCEPT FOR YOUR  
BIG SISTER SHE DOES  
WHATEVER SHE PLEASES  
SHE'S A COLD BITCH,  
THAT ONE



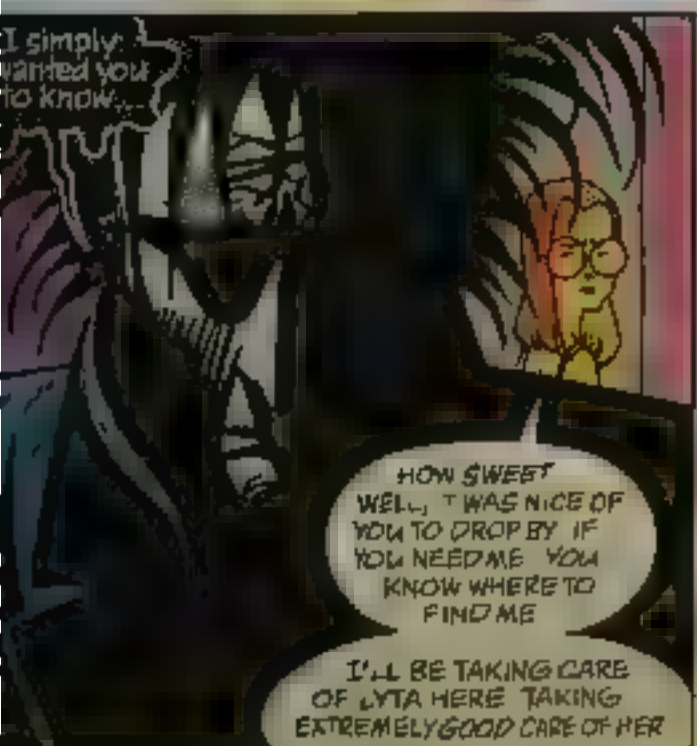
OF COURSE. I COULD BREAK THE  
CIRCLE FOR YOU. I COULD EVEN KILL  
HER FOR YOU. I AM BOUND BY NO  
RULES. AND I OWE HER NOTHING.

BUT WE HAVE  
ESTABLISHED THAT  
THERE IS NOTHING  
YOU COULD GIVE ME  
I WOULD WANT



I... I did not  
intend to  
hurt you.

AND WHAT  
IF YOU DID NOT  
INTEND AND OUTCOME  
ARE SO RARELY  
COINCIDENT



I simply  
wanted you  
to know.

HOW SWEET  
WELL, IT WAS NICE OF  
YOU TO DROP BY IF  
YOU NEED ME YOU  
KNOW WHERE TO  
FIND ME

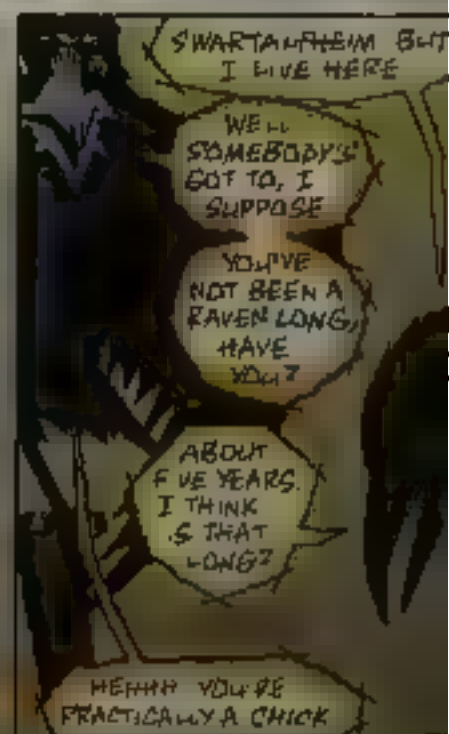
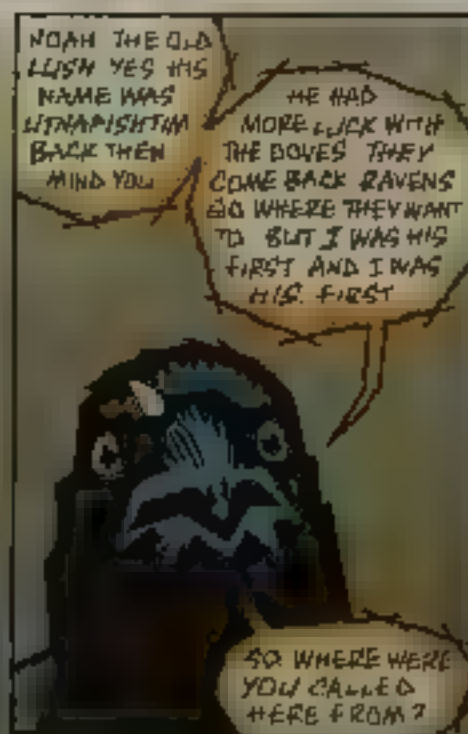
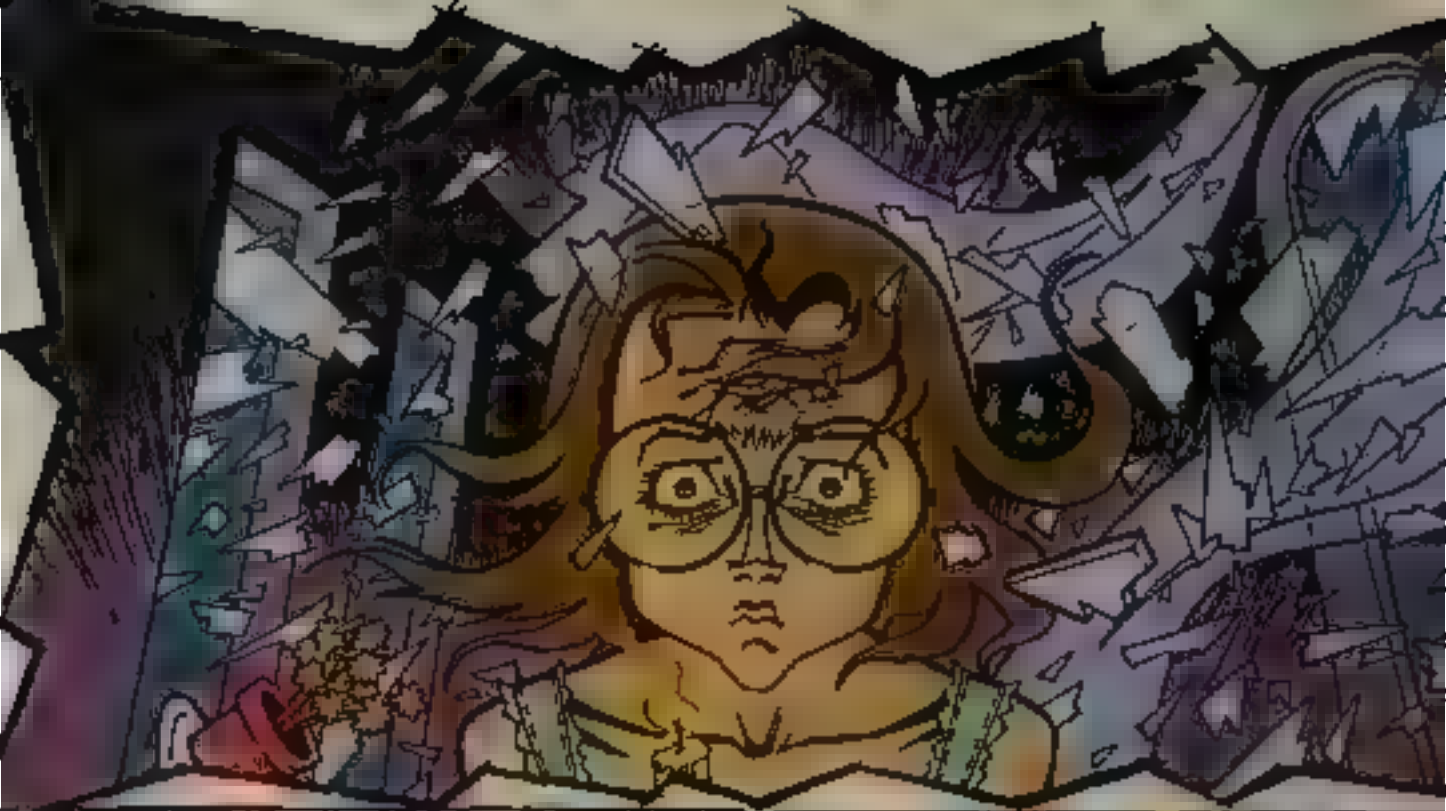
I'LL BE TAKING CARE  
OF LYTA HERE TAKING  
EXTREMELY GOOD CARE OF HER



May  
your gods  
be with  
you.

OH THEY WILL  
BE THERE'S NEVER  
BEEN ANY DOUBT  
ABOUT THAT









SO SWARTZHEIM NEVER BEEN THERE. ME YOU ENJOY YOURSELF?

SO YOU'VE FIGURED OUT WHY WE'RE ALL HERE, THEN? ALL HIS RAVENS?

I DON'T KNOW THAT IT WAS SO MUCH OF A FIGURING OUT MORE OF A KNOWING ONCE I GOT BACK HERE..

THERE'S GOING TO BE A LOT OF CORPSES AREN'T THERE? THERE'S GOING TO BE A BATTLE

THERE'S GOING TO BE A WAR

NOPE I WAS LIKE A BAD TV SHOW HE'S A REINCARNATED SERIAL KILLER. HIS PARTNER'S A BIRD THEY'RE COPS

POOR OLD GILBERT HE WAS SUCH A GREAT PLACE

OH I THINK THE WAR'S ALREADY BEGUN

SO THERE YOU ARE, DANIEL. I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU.

TO BE CONTINUED..

# Plant T&M

742

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11

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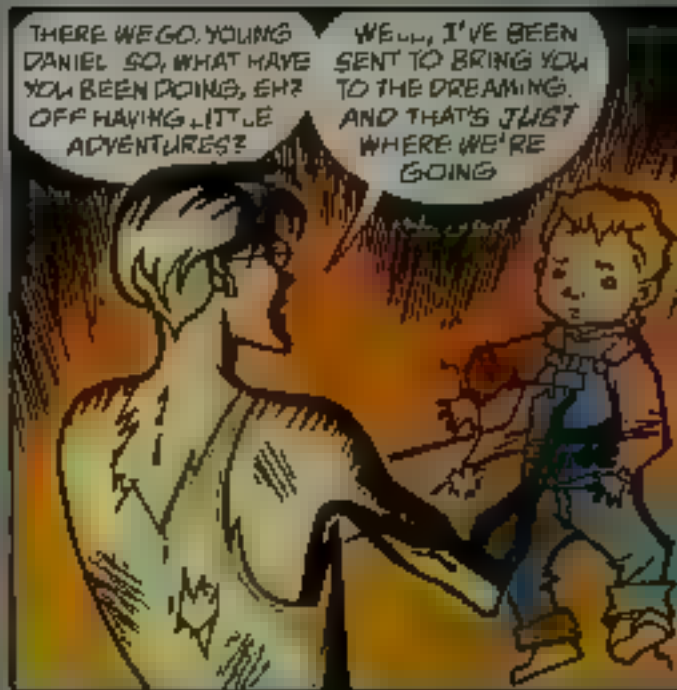
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11





THERE.



THERE WE GO, YOUNG DANIEL. SO, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING, EH? OFF HAVING LITTLE ADVENTURES?

WELL, I'VE BEEN SENT TO BRING YOU TO THE DREAMING. AND THAT'S JUST WHERE WE'RE GOING.



deeming?

THAT'S RIGHT THERE WAS A BIRD HERE SOMEWHERE, ALTHOUGH HE SEEMS TO HAVE GOOFED OFF ON US. BUT DON'T WORRY.

WE'LL GIVE HIM A GOOD TELLING-OFF, EH?



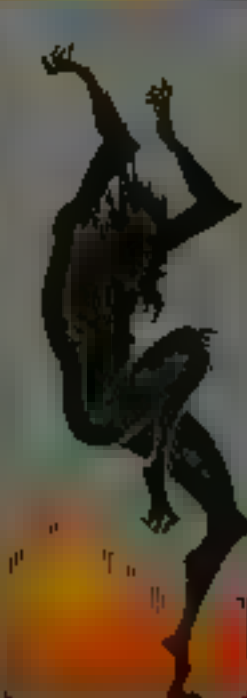
YOU MIGHT AS WELL SHOW YOURSELF. I'VE GOT THE BOY, NOW.



HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT I WAS HERE?

YOU BREATHE TOO LOUDLY, LITTLE CREATURE.

WHAT MANNER OF THING ARE YOU ANYWAY?



I AM THE PUCK, CALLED ROBIN GOODFELLOW. I AM A TRICKSTER. AN ANTIC PRANKSTER, A WILL O' THE WISP.

"THINGS FALL APART, THE CENTRE CANNOT HOLD, WHERE ANARCHY IS LOOSE UPON THE WORLD."

THAT'S ME.

EX JESTER TO THE KING OF FAERIE.

I AM KNOWN AS THE  
CORINTHIAN WHY DID  
YOU STEAL THIS BOY?

NONE O' YOUR  
BEESWAX I'VE  
STOL'N MANY A CHILD  
IN MY TIME LEFT  
MANY A CHANGELING  
IN 'IS CRIB TO STARE  
WITH OLD EYES  
FROM A BABY'S  
FACE

WHO WERE YOU  
WORKING FOR?  
WHO TOLD YOU  
TO STEAL THE  
BOY?

I COULD ANSWER YOU ENDLESSLY,  
AND PERHAPS YOU EXPECT ME TO, BUT  
I LACK THE TIME AND THE INCLINATION  
AND THUS I CHOOSE TO KEEP MY REASONS  
AND MY PRINCIPALS -- TO MYSELF

YOU'VE GOT THE LADDE  
NOW, AND A PRETTY CHILD  
HE IS TOO

SO THE WOLF  
AND THE RAVEN  
ARE VERY PRETTY  
FOOLS WHEN THEY  
ARE YOUNG " EH?

MOUSE. MOUSE,  
GO BACK TO YOUR  
HOUSE, YOUR  
DAUGHTER'S A  
STRUMPET, AND  
SO IS YOUR  
SPOUSE

WE BURNED AWAY  
MOST OF HIS MORTAL  
ITY, YOU KNOW

NOT ALL  
OF I

BUT ANOTHER  
FEW DAYS, ANOTHER  
FEW FIRES AND  
WE WOULD HAVE  
HAD T ALL

SO DO WE FIGHT NOW,  
ROBIN GOODFELLOW?

A PUCK IS HARDER BY FAR TO  
HURT THAN SOME LITTLE LORD OF  
MALICE FROM THE LAND OF ICE AND  
SNOW WE PUCKS ARE OLD AND  
HARD AND WILD...

BUT NO,  
I'LL LEAVE I  
THINK, TAKE MY  
ADIEUS OF THIS  
DULL SPHERE

I'LL RETURN  
TO FAERIE PERHAPS  
FOR A SHORT WHILE  
VEX MY LORD AMBERON,  
PLAQUE MAB, MAEVE,  
TITANIA, OR ONE OF  
THE OTHER FACETS  
OF THE QUEEN

CREATION IS  
MY PLAYGROUND,  
AFTER ALL

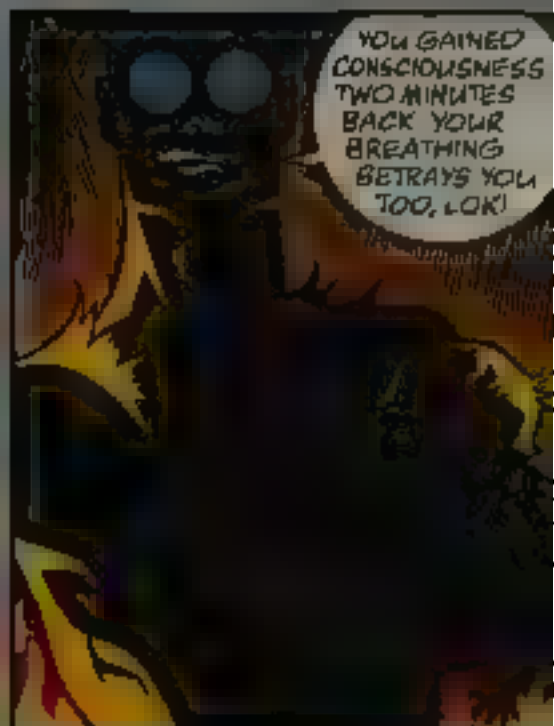
pway?



IT WAS A DELIGHT TO MAKE  
YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, MESSIRE THE  
CORINTHIAN AND I SHALL RESTRAIN  
MYSELF FROM ENQUIRING WHETHER  
YOU TAKE YOUR NAME FROM THE  
LETTERS, THE PILLARS, THE LEATHER,  
THE PLACE, OR THE MODE OF  
BEHAVIOR...



YOU GAINED  
CONSCIOUSNESS  
TWO MINUTES  
BACK YOUR  
BREATHING  
BETRAYS YOU  
TOO, LOKI!



KILL  
ME

GIVE ME BACK  
MY EYES OR  
KILL ME



NO, I  
SHALL KEEP  
THE EYES  
AND I SHALL  
LET YOU  
LIVE

GOODNIGHT



PLEASE,  
PLEASE  
KILL ME





HEH, LOKI SKY-  
WALKER I LEFT ONE  
EYE WITH MIMIR THE  
ODILESS TRADED IT  
FOR WISDOM YOU'VE  
NOW LOST BOTH EYES,  
BUT I FEAR YOU HAVE  
HAD THE WORST  
OF THE BARGAIN

GRIMMIR?  
BLOOD BROTHER?  
...MY FRIEND?



YES, IT'S ME.. LOKI MARE'S MOTHER  
PSSH.. I NEVER THOUGHT I WOULD  
HEAR A GOD OF ASGARD BEG FOR  
DEATH WHAT KIND OF DEATH  
WOULD THAT BE?

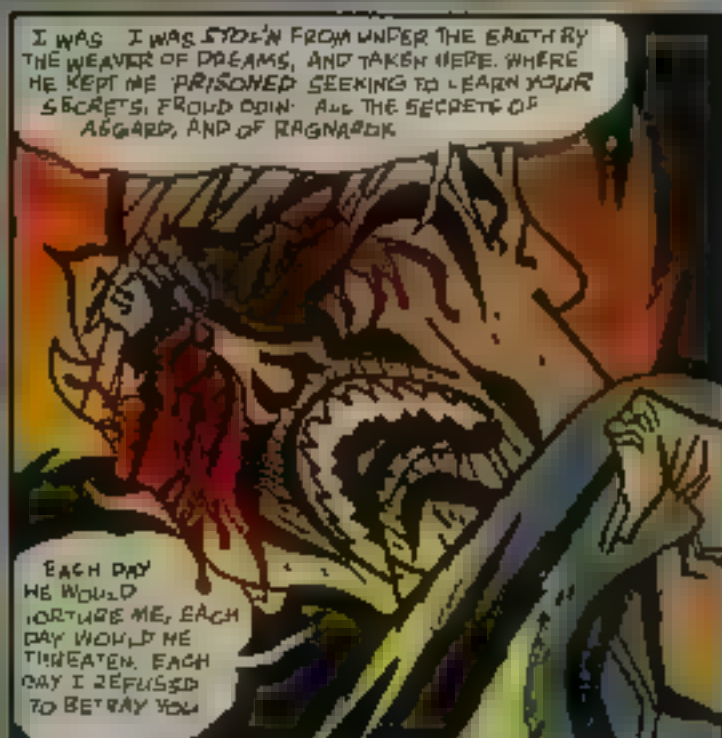
NOT A  
WARRIOR'S  
DEATH, EH?  
BLINDED AND  
SHAMED

A  
WEAKLING'S  
DEATH



ODIN THIS IS  
NOT WHAT I  
APPEARS TO  
BE

OH,  
SO?



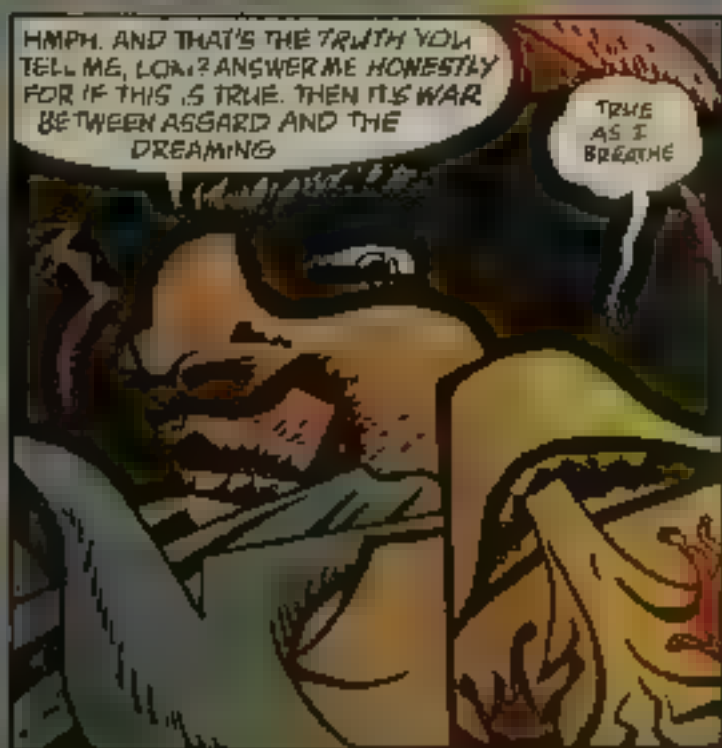
I WAS I WAS STOLEN FROM UNDER THE EARTH BY  
THE WEAVER OF DREAMS, AND TAKEN HERE. WHERE  
HE KEPT ME PRISONED SEEKING TO LEARN YOUR  
SECRETS, FRODO ODIN. ALL THE SECRETS OF  
ASGARD, AND OF RAGNAROK

EACH DAY  
HE WOULD  
TORTURE ME, EACH  
DAY WOULD HE  
THREATEN. EACH  
DAY I REFUSED  
TO BETRAY YOU



FINALLY HE SENTED HIS  
LUTHTHOAT, TO TEAR AT ME  
YES FROM MY HEAD. WOULD  
I NEVER REVEAL TO HIM  
THE SECRETS OF ODIN.

KILL ME I  
SAID TO HIM I  
WOULD PROUDLY  
DIE RATHER THAN  
BETRAY A SINGLE  
CONFIDENCE

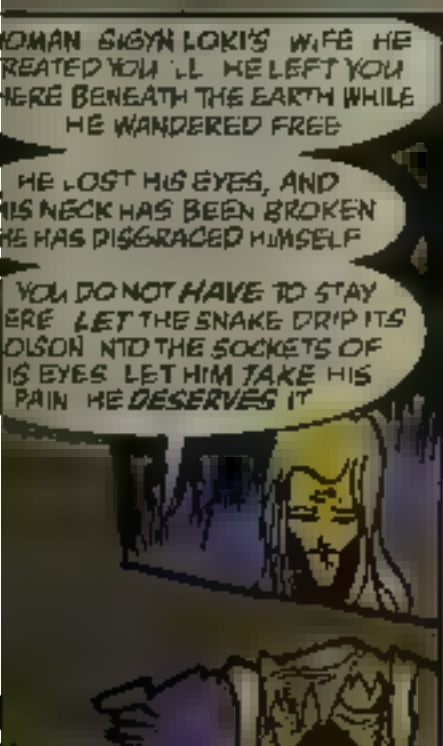
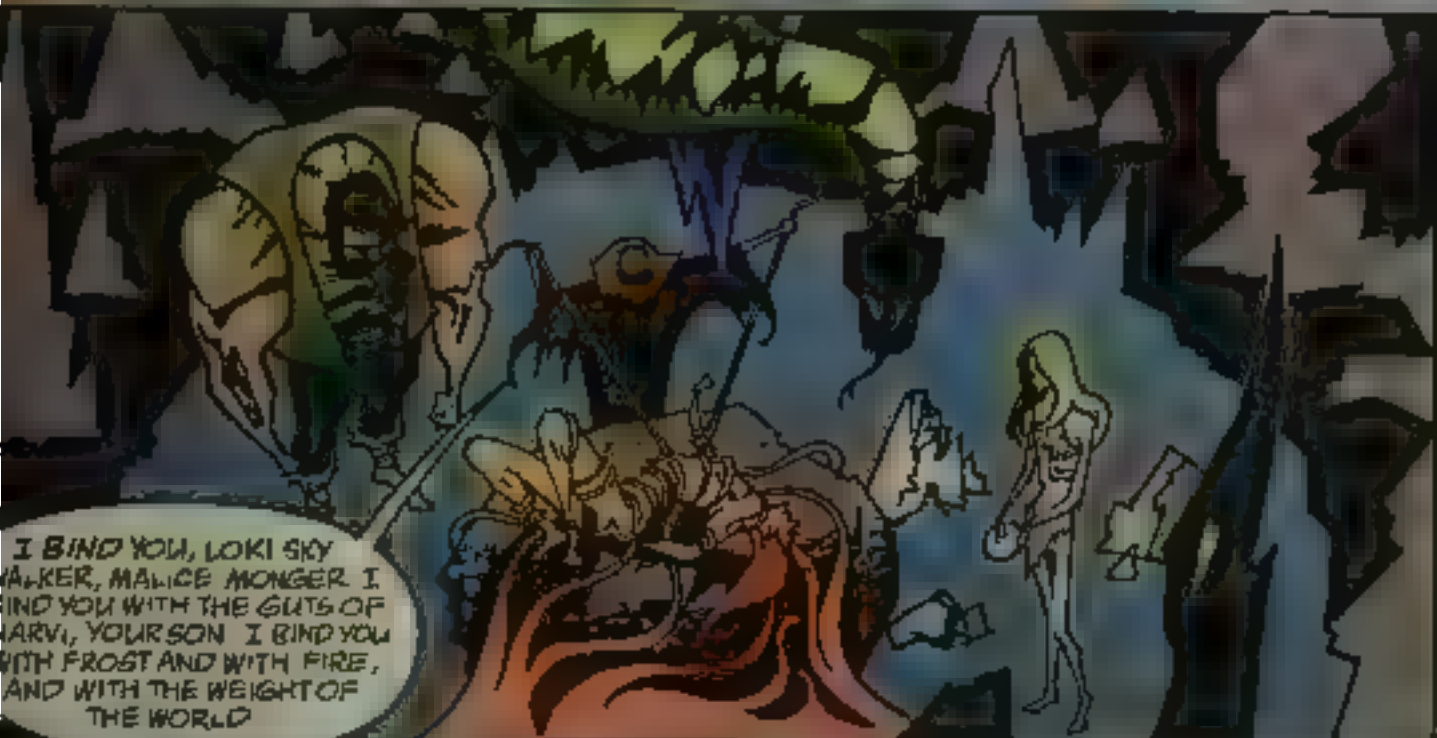


HMPH. AND THAT'S THE TRUTH YOU  
TELL ME, LOKI? ANSWER ME HONESTLY  
FOR IF THIS IS TRUE. THEN IT'S WAR  
BETWEEN ASGARD AND THE  
DREAMING

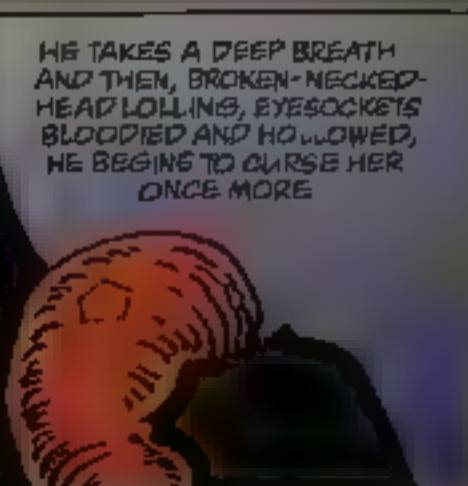
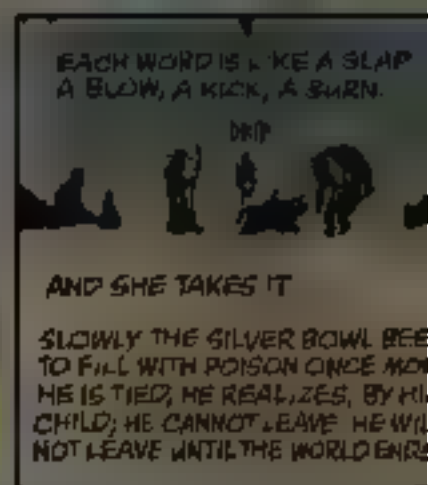
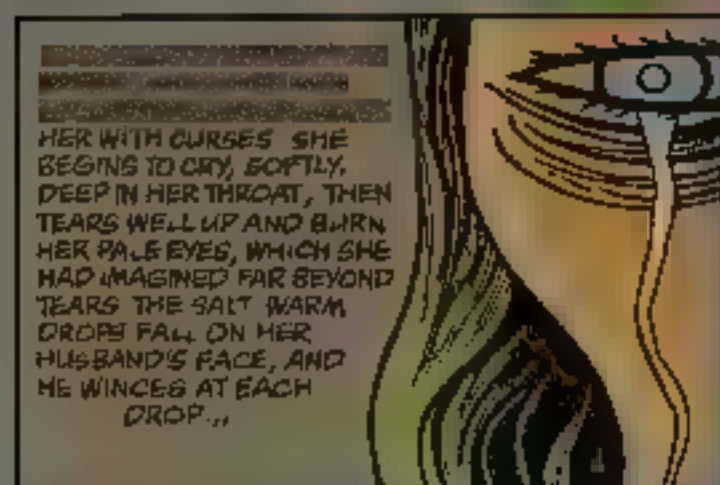
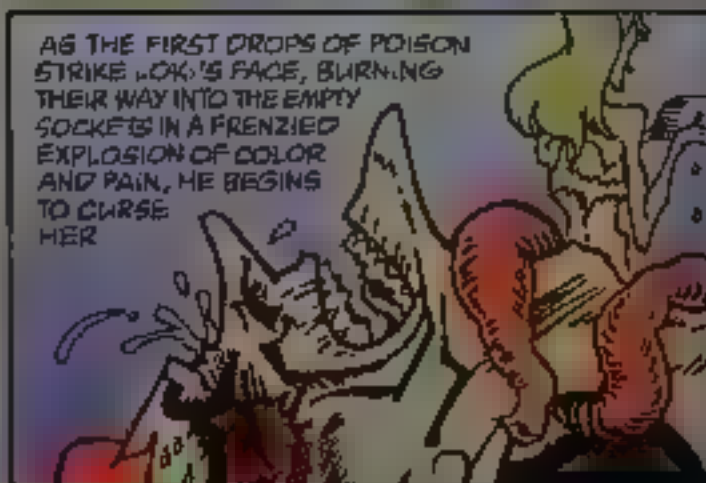
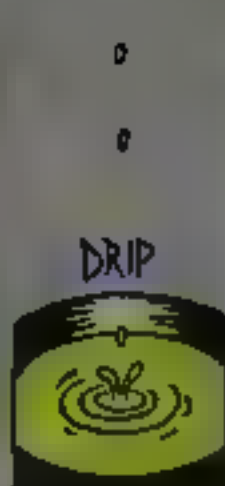
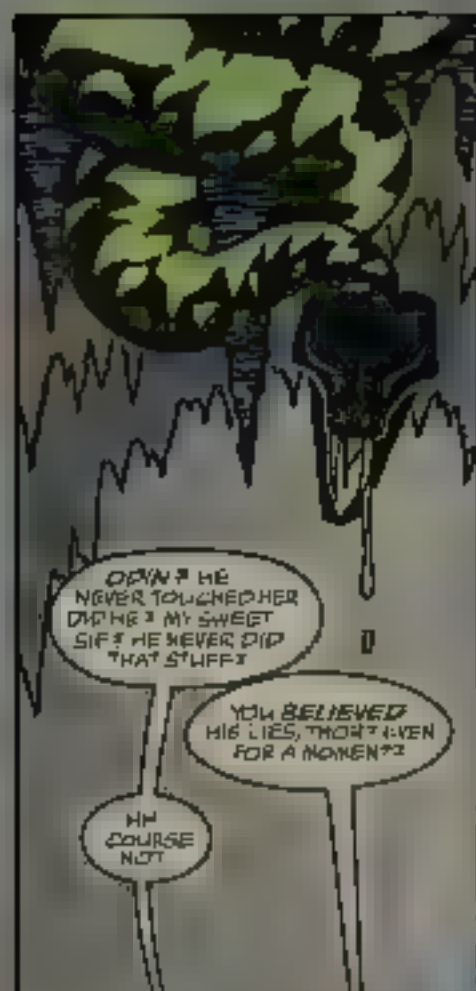
TRUE  
AS I  
BREATHE

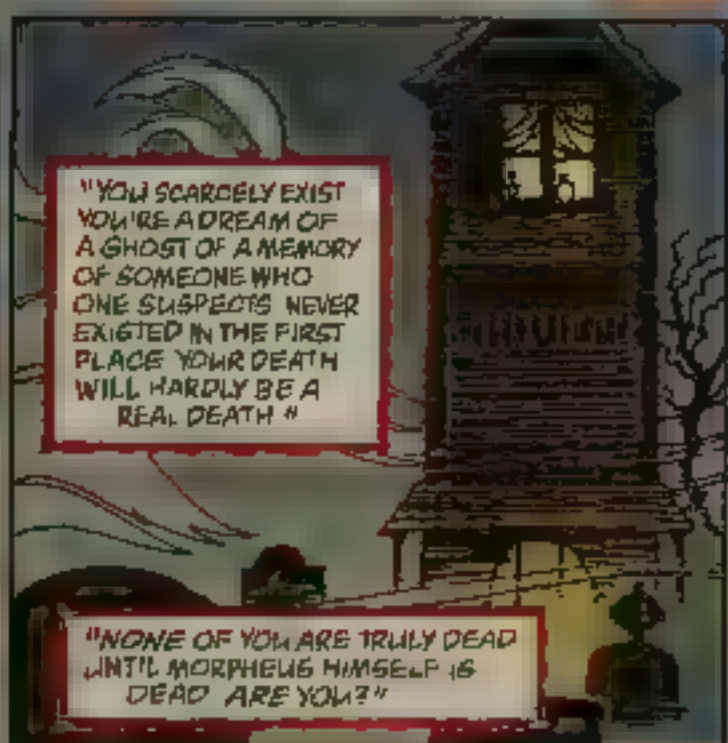
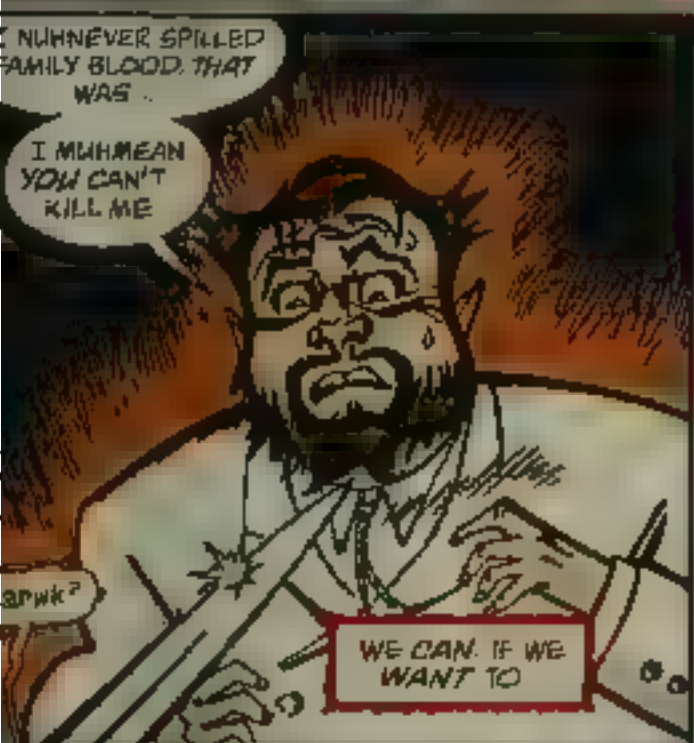














# THE KINDLY ONES #10

WRITTEN BY  
NEIL GAIMAN

DRAWN BY  
MARC HEMPEL

INKED BY  
RICHARD CASE

LETTERED BY TODD KLEIN  
COLORED BY DANIEL VOZZO  
EDITED BY KAREN BERGER  
ASSOCIATED BY SHELLEY ROEBERG

SANDMAN CHARACTERS  
CREATED BY GAIMAN  
KIEH & DRINGENBERG

"FAERIE (WHICH IS A PLACE, BUT  
PERHAPS ALSO, I LIKE TO THINK, AN  
ATTITUDE) IS, LIKE ALL PLACES,  
INHABITED BY PEOPLE. A WORD I  
USE HERE IN ITS WIDEST POSSIBLE  
SENSE, GOVERNED ONLY BY RULES  
OF ETIQUETTE, BY FORMALITIES  
AND MODES OF BEHAVIOR IN  
SHORT BY CUSTOM."

CUSTOMS HAVE POWER, AND ONLY  
THE TRULY BRAVE, OR THE TRULY  
DANGEROUS, WILL DEFY THEM.  
ONE MUST NOT OFFEND AGAINST  
THE NOTIONS OF ONE'S  
NEIGHBORS.

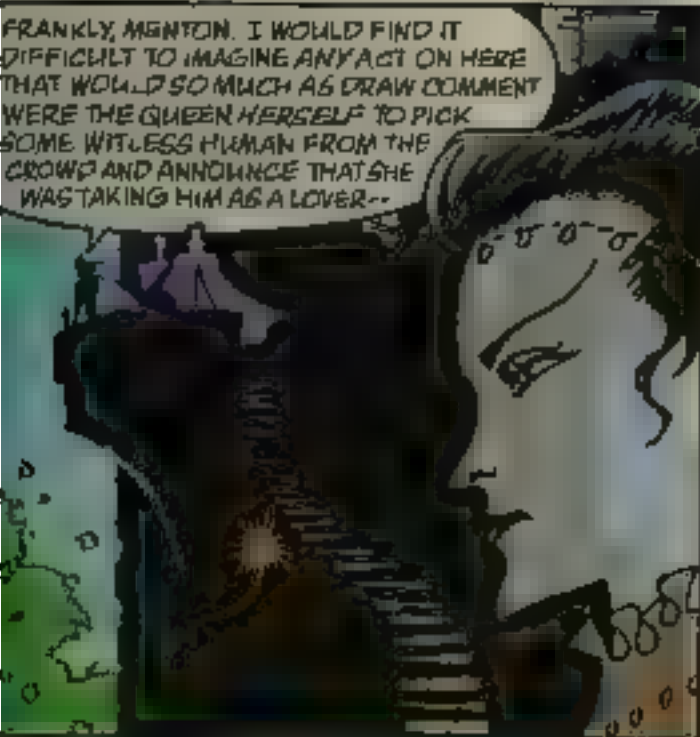
BUT CLURACAN: WE ARE CREATURES  
OF ANARCHY AND MADNESS. WE  
ARE THE WILD. HOW CAN YOU  
POSSIBLY DESCRIBE US AS  
CREATURES OF CUSTOM?

LOOK YOU-- HERE AT OUR  
REVELS, SOME OF US GAVOTTE,  
OTHERS MINUET, OTHERS WALTZ  
AND SPIN AND JIG.

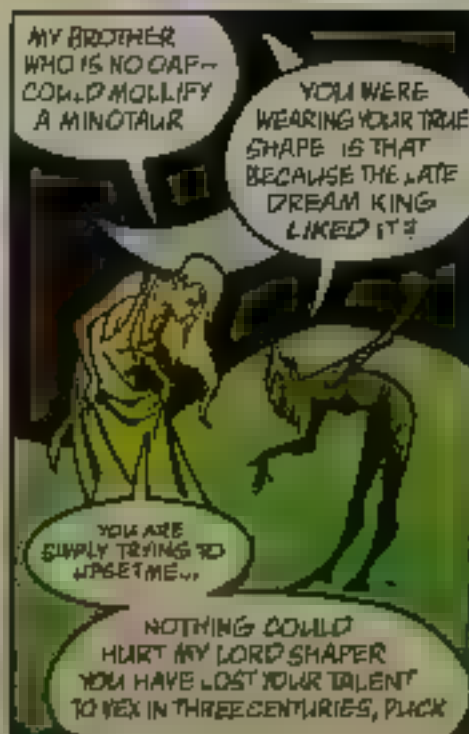
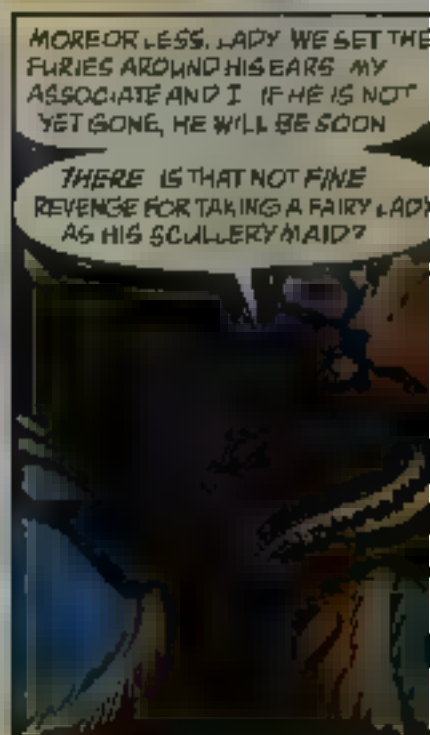
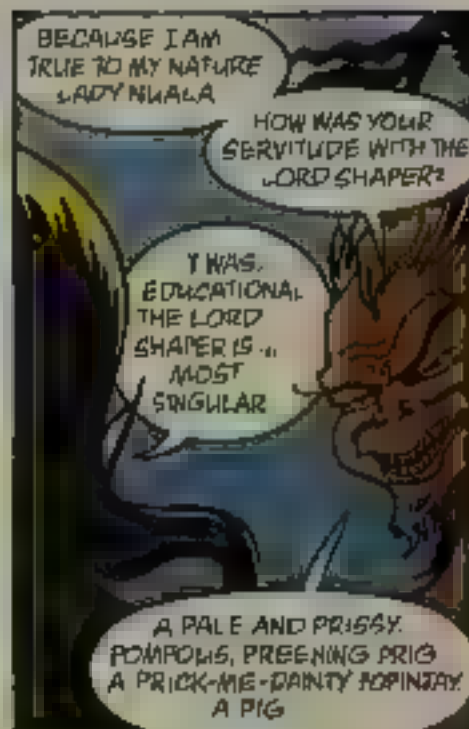
THERE IS NO  
ORDER HERE. NO  
PATTERN. NO...CUSTOM.

SOME OF US ARE IN RAGS, SOME  
TAGS, SOME IN VELVET GOWNS.  
WHERE IS THE CONVENTIONAL HERE?  
I SEE NOTHING BUT DIVERSITY.

REALLY? I  
SEE NOTHING  
BUT DULL  
ROUTINE.







"A MURDER OF RAVENS  
HAUNTS THE DREAMING.  
SLOW WINGS FLAPPING  
BLEAKLY  
LIKE SHADOWS OR OLD  
MEN STUMBLING,  
BATTLE BIRDS, DARK  
DWELLERS IN THE  
AFTERMATH."

"WE CROAK OUR RAVEN SECRETS, EACH TO EACH  
SHARE OUR GRIM JOY AND SHARE OUR HISTORIES,  
AS HIDDEN KINGS, LOST GODS, DARK THOUGHTS  
RIDING COLD WINDS AND STORMS"

UNSATISFIED, WE PICK  
AT RANDOM CORPSES  
CREATURES OF DEATH,  
CERTAIN OF FEASTS TO COME,  
OF CARRION: THE SPOILS  
OF THE NIGHT

A MURDER  
OF RAVENS:  
DARK -

HERALDS OF  
MISFORTUNE.

THPLAT!

KAAR!

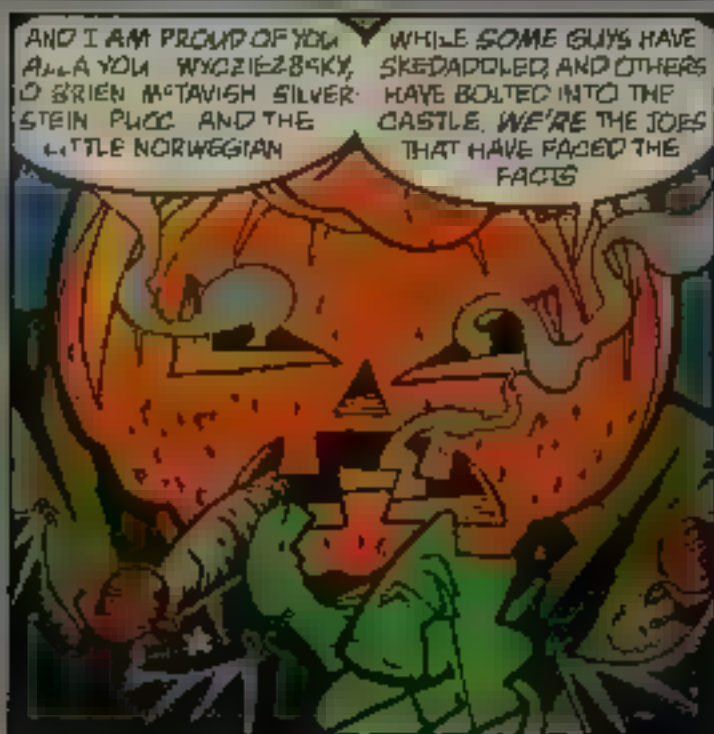
YAGETTOUTAHERE:  
GWAN! SHOO!

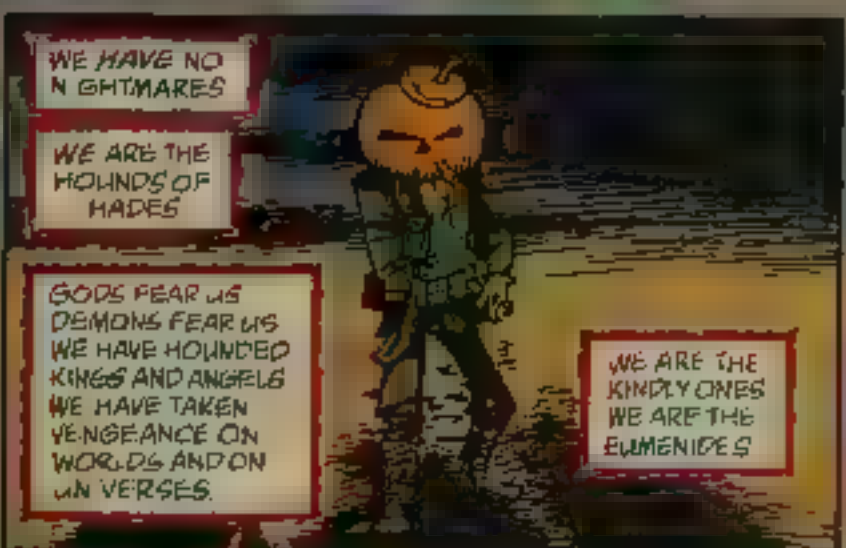
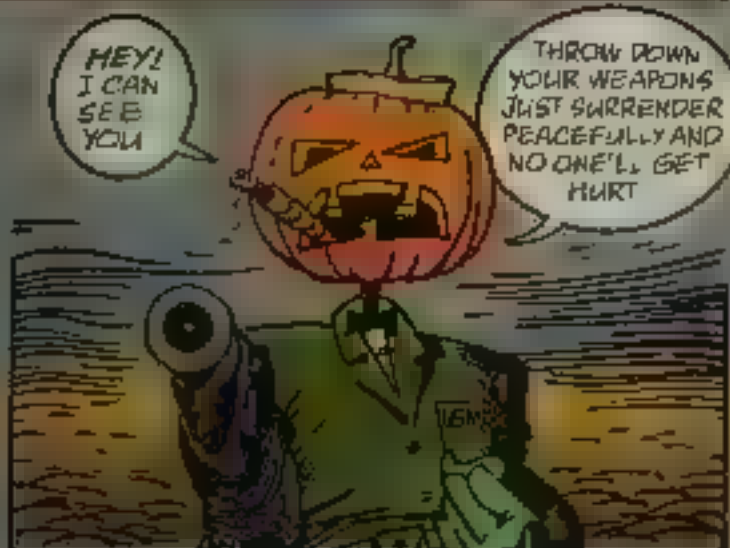
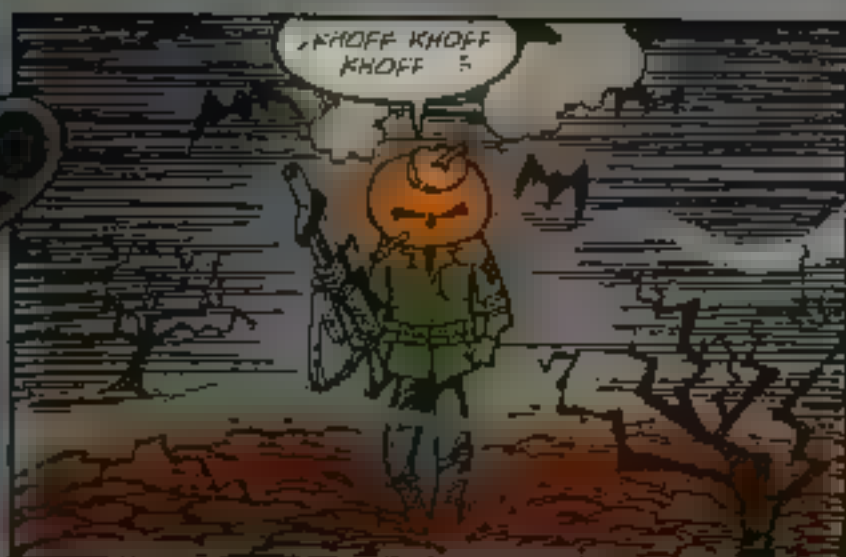
JESUS, AND  
I THOUGHT THE  
BOSS'S BIRDS  
WAS BAD AT LEAST  
NONE OF THEM  
THOUGHT THEY  
WAS POETS

YEAH, YEAH  
POINT TAKEN EXCEPT  
WHAT'S NAME

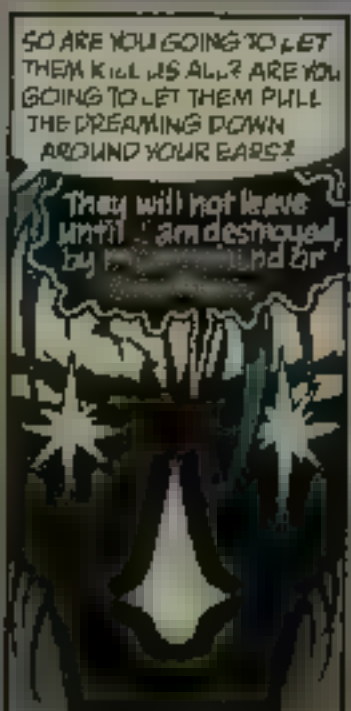
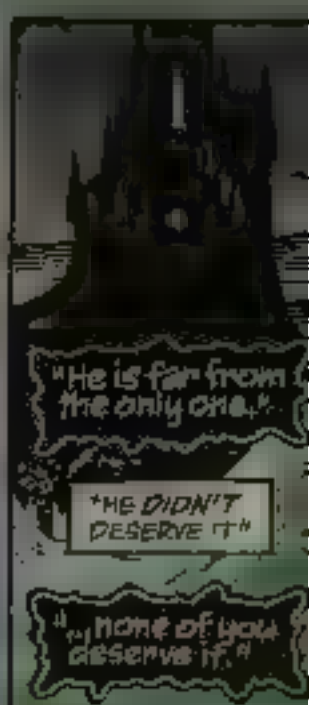
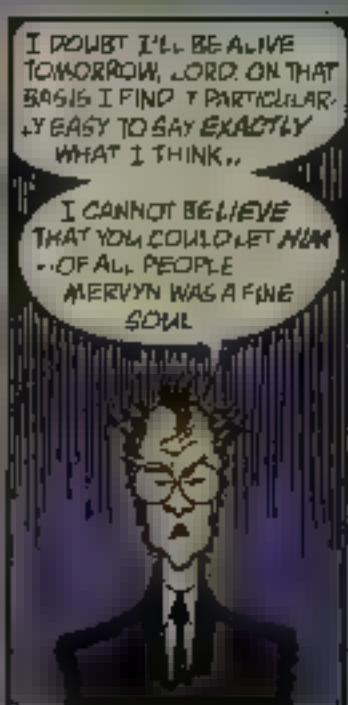
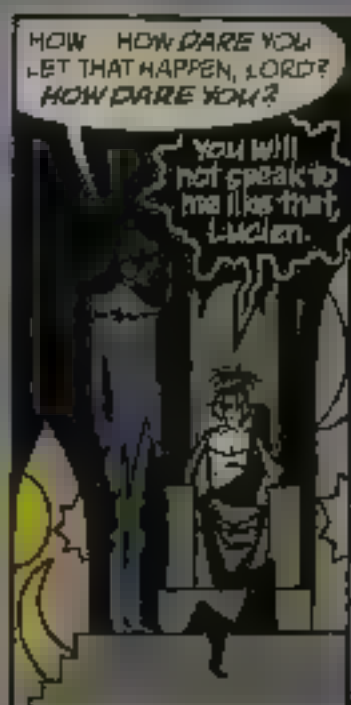
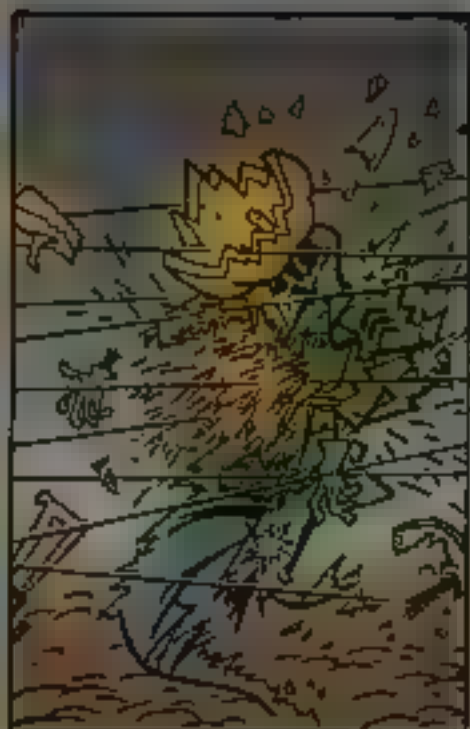
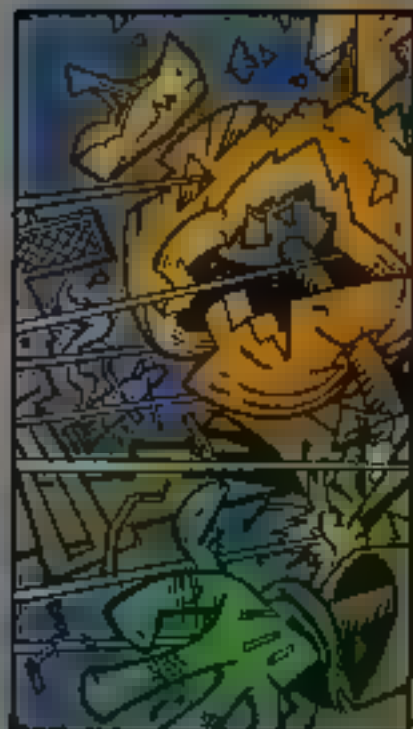
OKAY ARISTEAS  
OF MARMORA LIKE  
I GIVE A TOSS SO  
NOW THAT THE  
BEAK'S OUTTA  
THE WAY IF I  
C'N HAVE YOUR  
ATTENTION ?

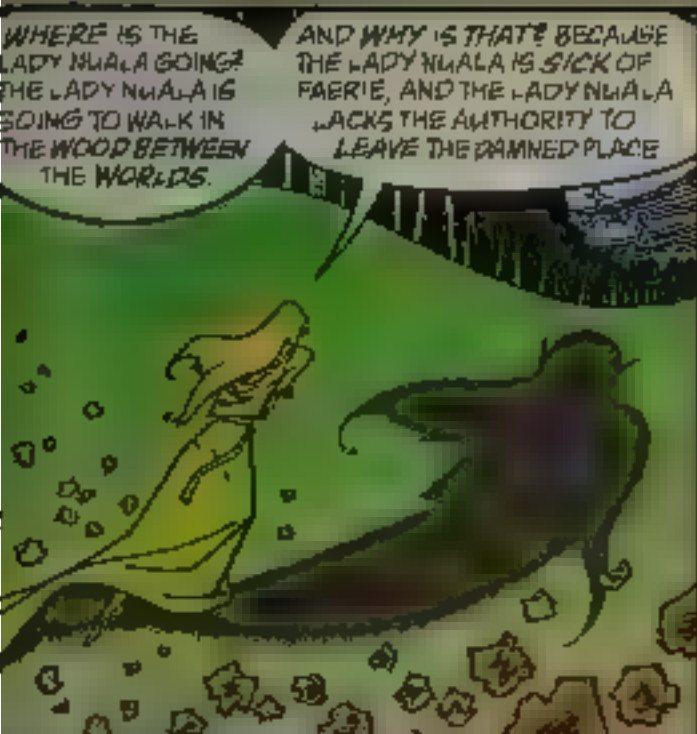












WHERE IS THE  
LADY NUALA GOING?  
THE LADY NUALA IS  
GOING TO WALK IN  
THE WOOD BETWEEN  
THE WORLDS.

AND WHY IS THAT? BECAUSE  
THE LADY NUALA IS SICK OF  
FAERIE, AND THE LADY NUALA  
LACKS THE AUTHORITY TO  
LEAVE THE DAMNED PLACE

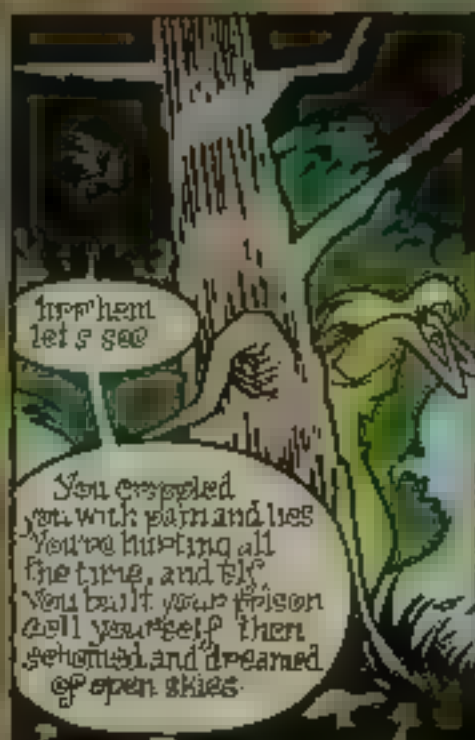


SO THE LADY  
NUALA IS MAKING  
THE BEST OF UN-  
WELCOME CIRCUM-  
STANCES WHICH IS,  
IN AN EGG SHELL  
THE STORY OF LADY  
NUALA'S LIFE  
SO FAR



And to whom  
would the lady  
Nuala be talking?

LEAVE  
ME BE  
BOGGART



hrrhem  
let's see

You crippled  
you with pain and lies  
You're hurting all  
the time, and the  
You built your prison  
all yourself then  
screamed and dreamed  
of open skies.



GO. AWAY. YOU ARE A NASTY,  
LYING LITTLE BOGGART IF YOU  
DO NOT GO, THEN I WILL HURT  
YOU VERY, VERY BADLY

But  
lady

NOW!



=snf=

=snf=



YOU CUT T

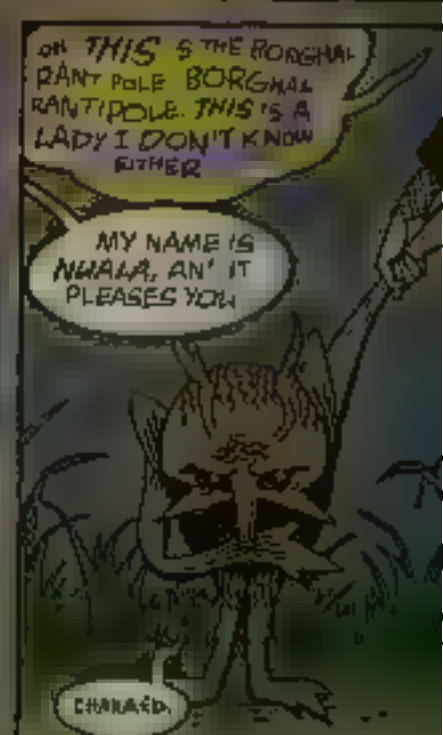
OF  
COURSE  
I CUT T

BUT HE'S  
STILL THERE.  
ISN'T HE MY  
PROSNEY?

WHMM  
SOMETIMES T TAKES  
THEM A LITTLE WHILE  
TO NOTICE ..

ATROPOS?  
IS THERE  
SOMETHING  
YOU AREN'T  
TELLING  
US?











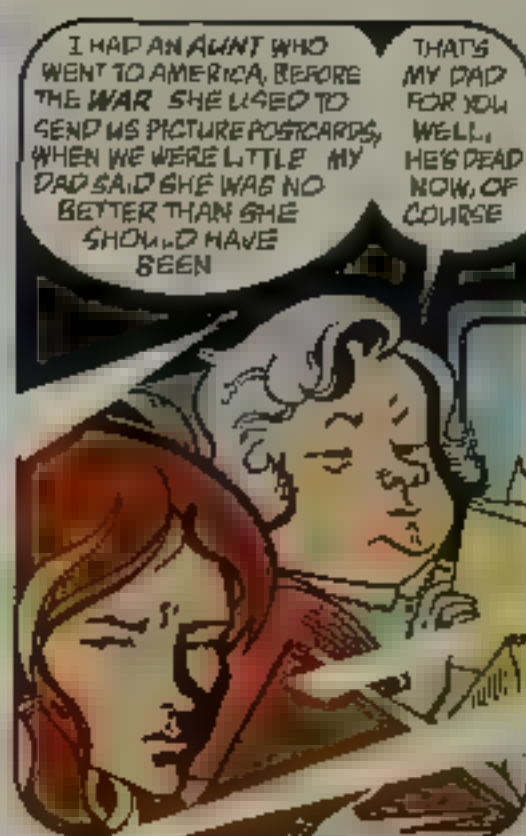
"YOU GOING HOME, THEN?"

"YUP"

"WERE YOU IN ENGLAND ON HOLIDAY?"

"NOT REALLY, KIND OF"

"I'M GOING TO AMERICA ON HOLIDAY I'VE GOT A PEN PAL"



I HAD AN AUNT WHO WENT TO AMERICA, BEFORE THE WAR SHE USED TO SEND US PICTURE POSTCARDS, WHEN WE WERE LITTLE MY DAD SAID SHE WAS NO BETTER THAN SHE SHOULD HAVE BEEN

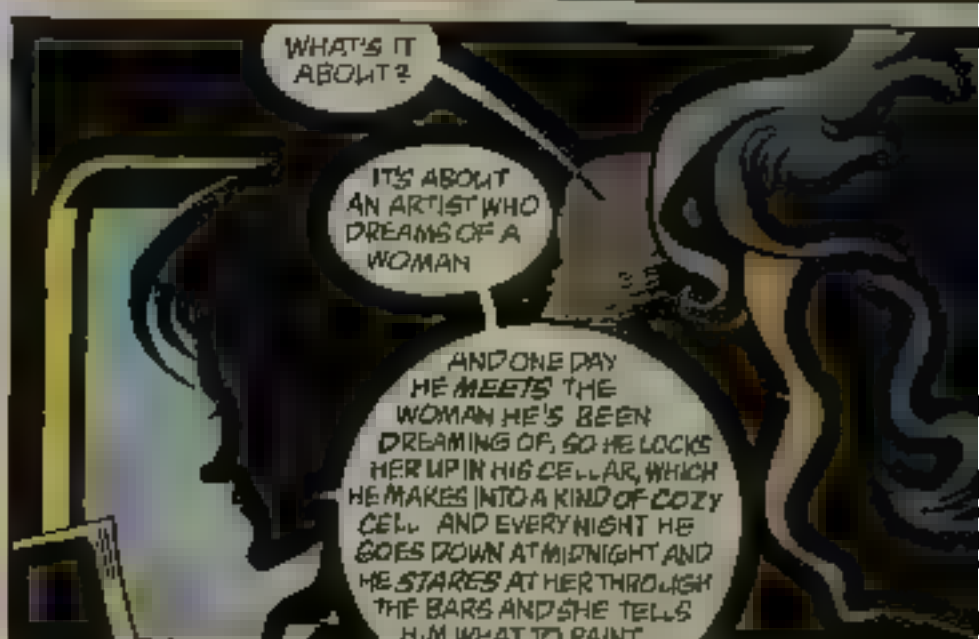
THAT'S MY DAD FOR YOU WELL, HE'S DEAD NOW, OF COURSE



WHAT'RE YOU READING? I'M READING PRINCESS DAISY. IT'S LOVELY

IT'S CALLED HERE COMES A CANDLE IT'S A NOVEL BY SOME DEAD WHITE MALE

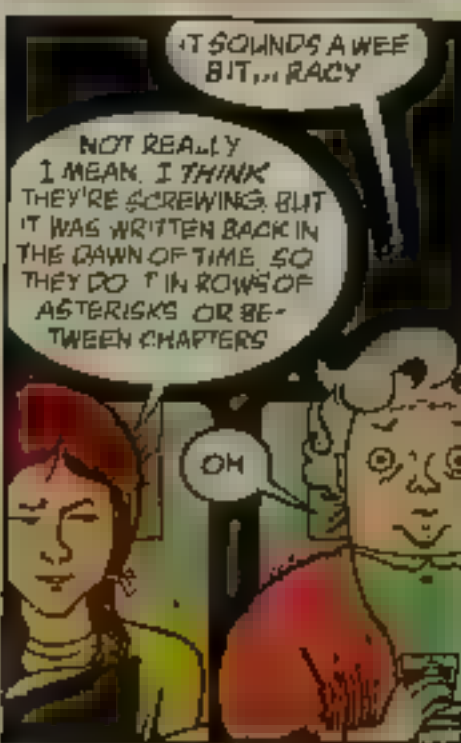
A FRIEND I MET GAVE IT TO ME TO READ ON THE PLANE I HAVE TO SEND IT BACK WHEN I'VE FINISHED IT IT'S BEEN OUT OF PRINT FOR YEARS



WHAT'S IT ABOUT?

IT'S ABOUT AN ARTIST WHO DREAMS OF A WOMAN

AND ONE DAY HE MEETS THE WOMAN HE'S BEEN DREAMING OF, SO HE LOCKS HER UP IN HIS CELLAR, WHICH HE MAKES INTO A KIND OF COZY CELL AND EVERY NIGHT HE GOES DOWN AT MIDNIGHT AND HE STARES AT HER THROUGH THE BARS AND SHE TELLS HIM WHAT TO PAINT,



IT SOUNDS A WEE BIT... RACY

NOT REALLY I MEAN, I THINK THEY'RE SCREWING, BUT IT WAS WRITTEN BACK IN THE DAWN OF TIME, SO THEY DO IT IN ROWS OF ASTERISKS OR BETWEEN CHAPTERS

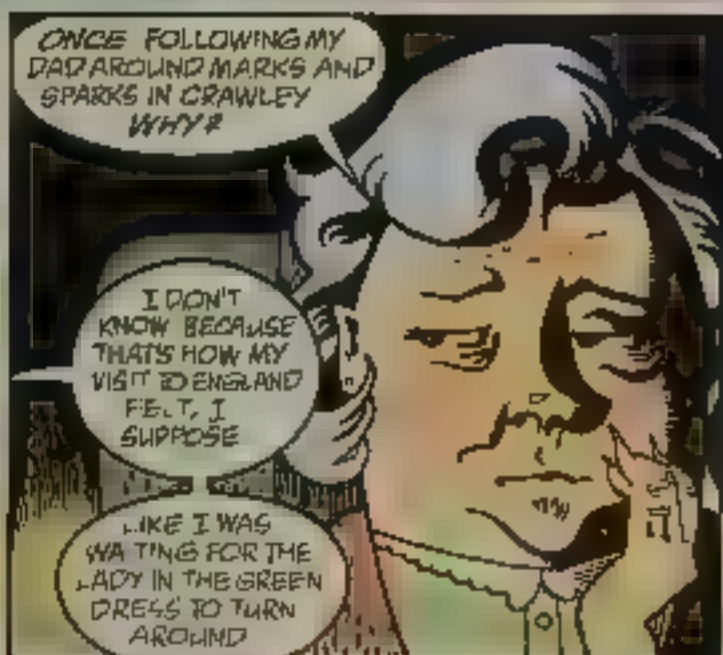
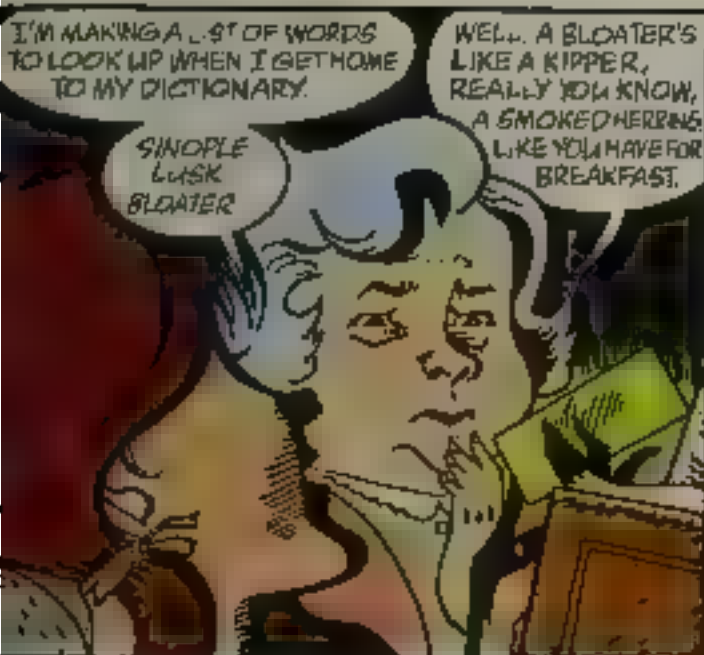
OH



ACTUALLY, IT'S A PRETTY GOOD BOOK I'VE NEVER HEARD OF THE AUTHOR HE'S KIND OF A CROSS BETWEEN ROBERT ACKMAN AND I DUNNO... SHIRLEY JACKSON MAYBE... WHEN WE HAVE ALWAYS LIVED IN THE CASTLE MODE

YOU KNOW SHIRLEY JACKSON?

WELL NOT REALLY



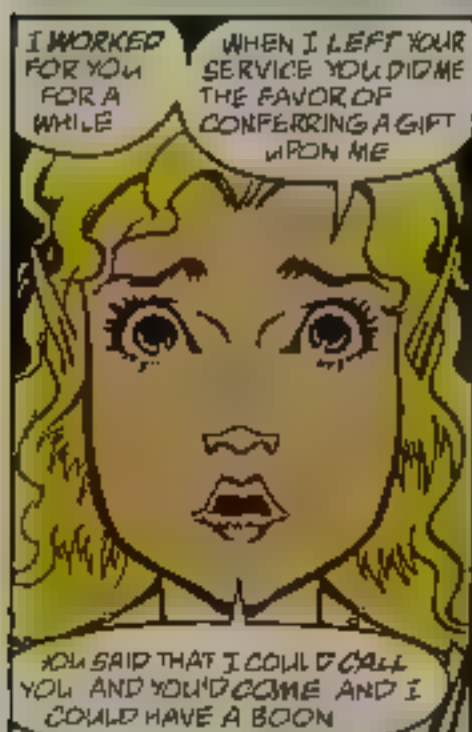




LORD MORPHEUS  
LORD SHAPER?  
HELLO?



THIS IS ME, NUALATH  
EVEN IF I DON'T KNOW  
IF YOU REMEMBER ME I  
MEAN, I'M SURE YOU'D  
REMEMBER ME, BUT NOW  
I LOOK LIKE I DID WHEN  
YOU FIRST MET ME, NOT  
LIKE I LOOKED WHEN YOU  
KNEW ME, AND I'D TAKE  
IT OFF EXCEPT MY BROTHER  
PUT IT ON, AND SO WE  
HAVE TO TAKE IT OFF..



I WORKED  
FOR YOU  
FOR A  
WHILE

WHEN I LEFT YOUR  
SERVICE YOU DID ME  
THE FAVOR OF  
CONFERRING A GIFT  
UPON ME

YOU SAID THAT I COULD CALL  
YOU AND YOU'D COME AND I  
COULD HAVE A BOON



SO HERE AND  
NOW, DO I CALL YOU  
LORD SHAPER



NUALATH?

YES, LORD

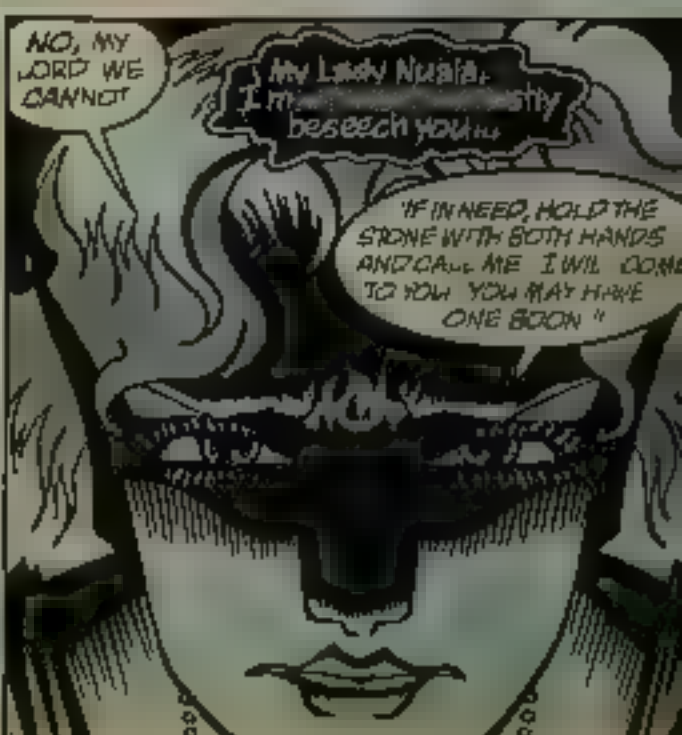


I am no  
longer your  
lord.

NO, LORD  
OF COURSE  
YOU AREN'T  
I'M SORRY

This is  
exceedingly  
inconvenient,  
Nualath.

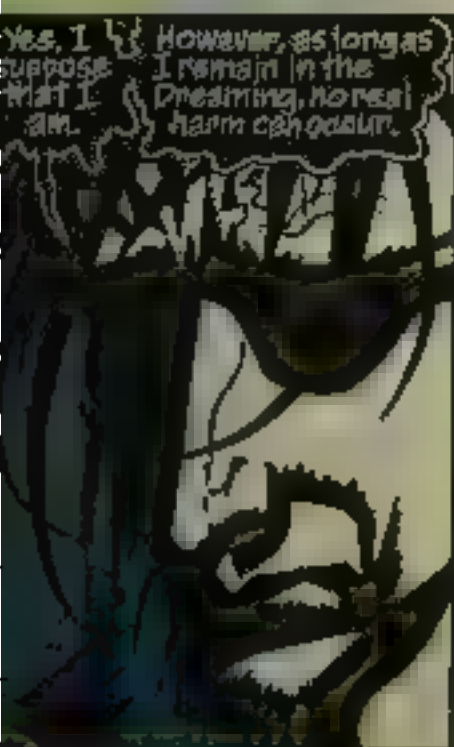
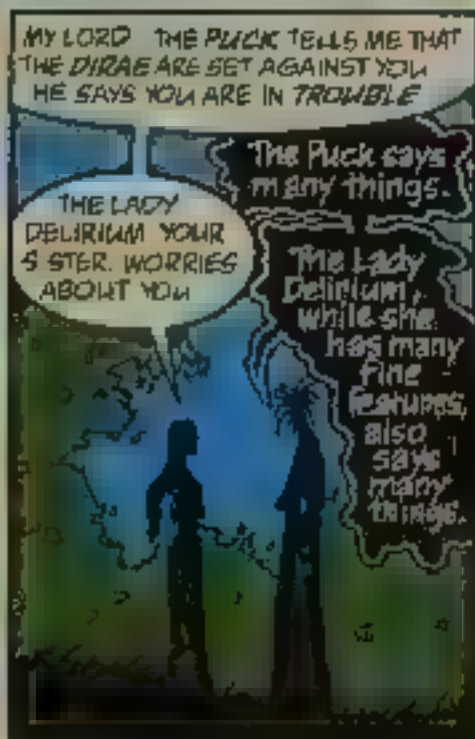
Can we  
not postpone  
it to another  
time?



NO, MY  
LORD WE  
CANNOT

My Lady Nualath,  
I most humbly  
beseech you...

"IF IN NEED, HOLD THE  
STONE WITH BOTH HANDS  
AND CALL ME I WILL COME  
TO YOU YOU MAY HAVE  
ONE BOON"

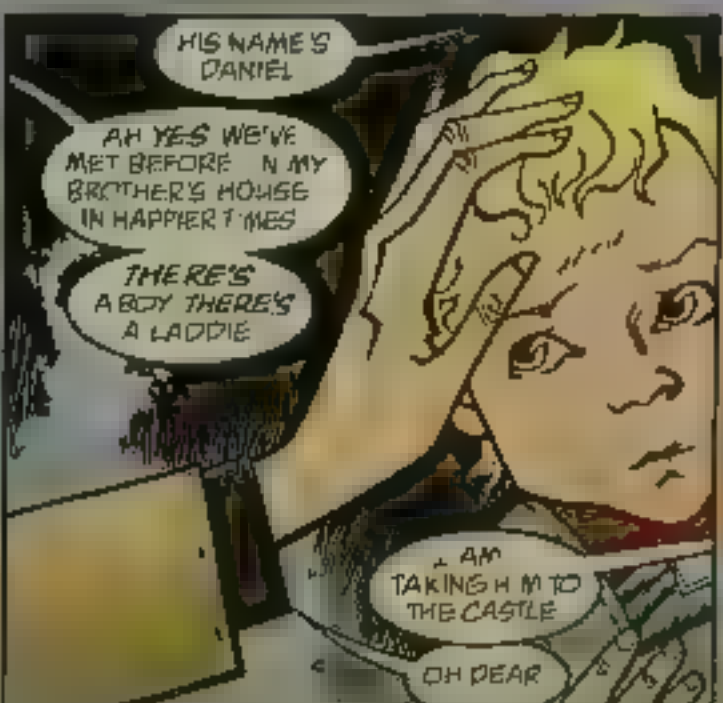
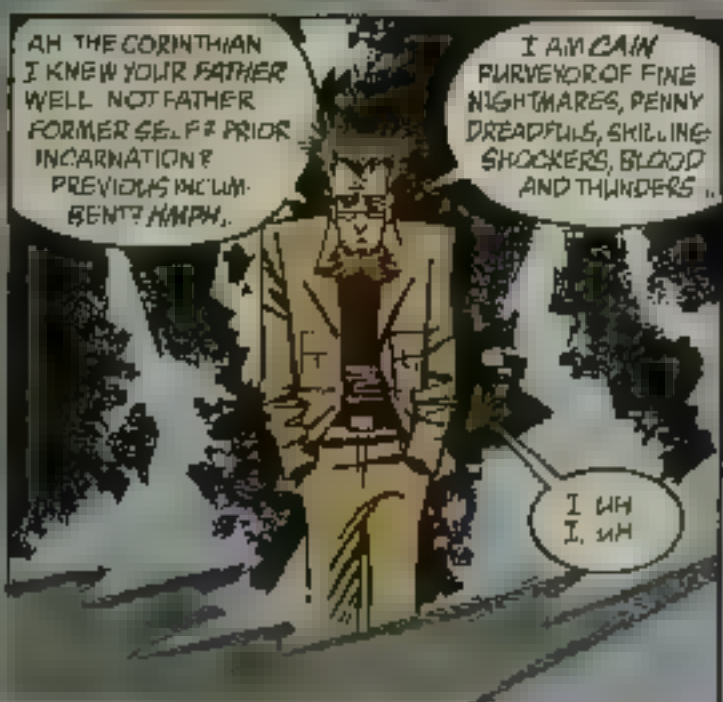
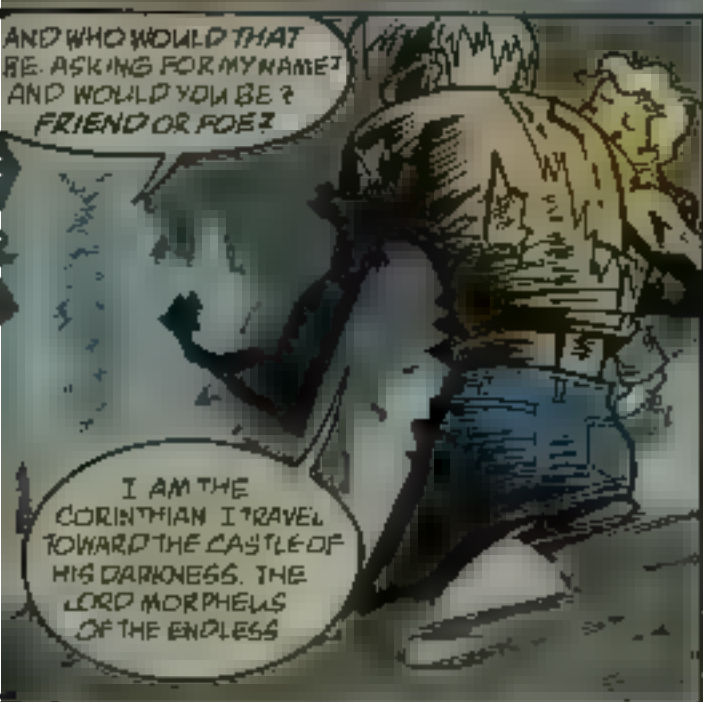
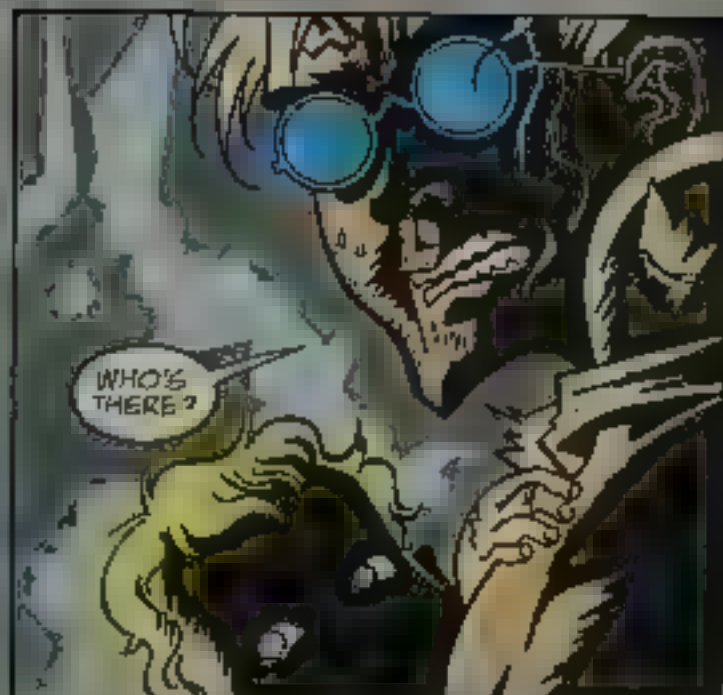


TO BE CONTINUED...

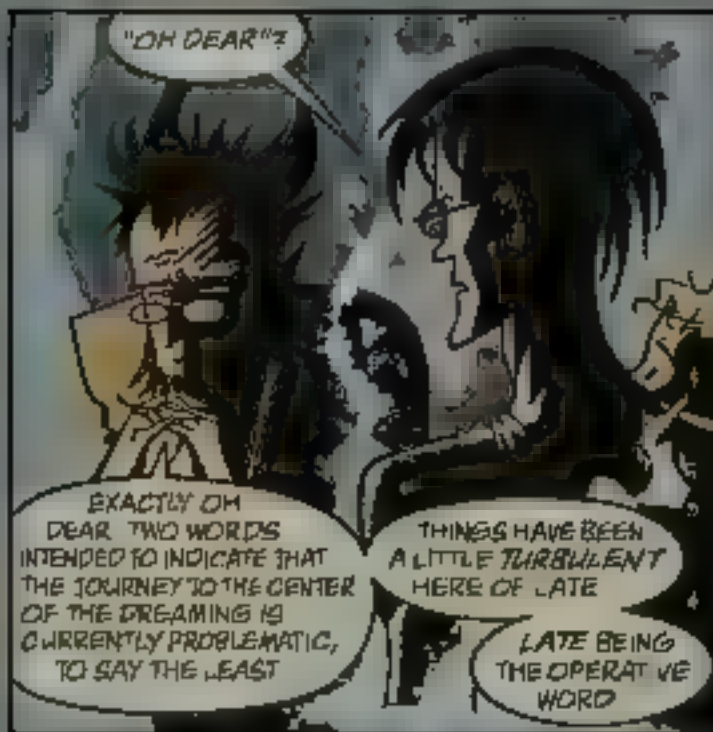


part  
ELEVEN









"OH DEAR"?

EXACTLY OH DEAR TWO WORDS INTENDED TO INDICATE THAT THE JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE DREAMING IS CURRENTLY PROBLEMATIC, TO SAY THE LEAST

THINGS HAVE BEEN A LITTLE TURBULENT HERE OF LATE

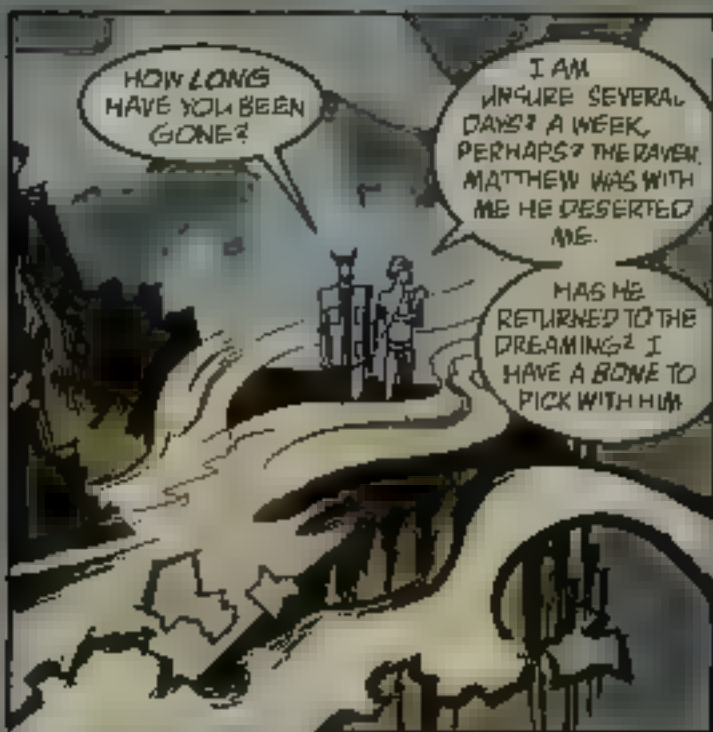
LATE BEING THE OPERATIVE WORD



WELL IF YOU'RE GOING TO GO TO THE CASTLE, I SUPPOSE I OUGHT TO GO WITH YOU SAFETY IN NUMBERS, AND THAT

I CAN LOOK AFTER MYSELF CAN

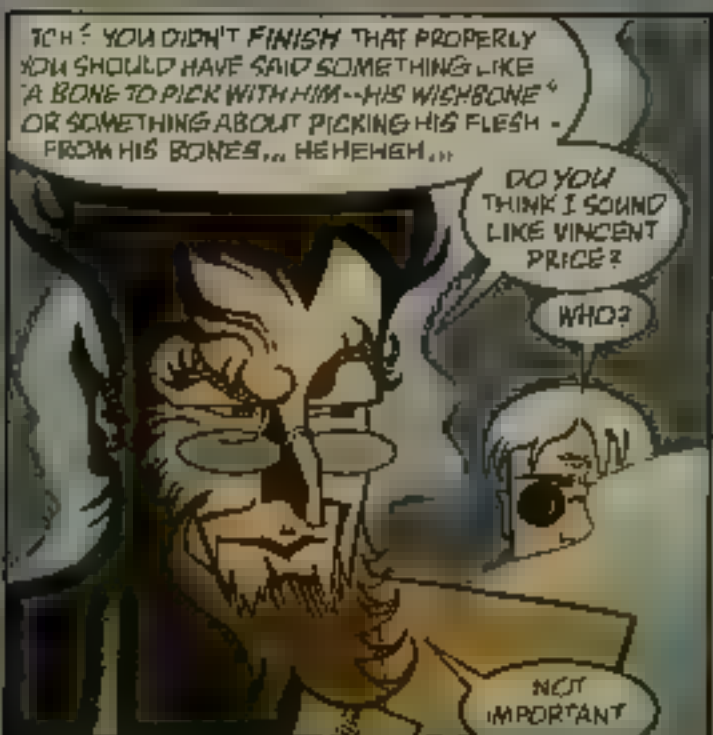
BUT CAN YOU LOOK AFTER THE BRATLING?



HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN GONE?

I AM UNSURE SEVERAL DAYS? A WEEK, PERHAPS? THE RAVEN MATTHEW WAS WITH ME HE DESERTED ME.

HAS HE RETURNED TO THE DREAMING? I HAVE A BONE TO PICK WITH HIM

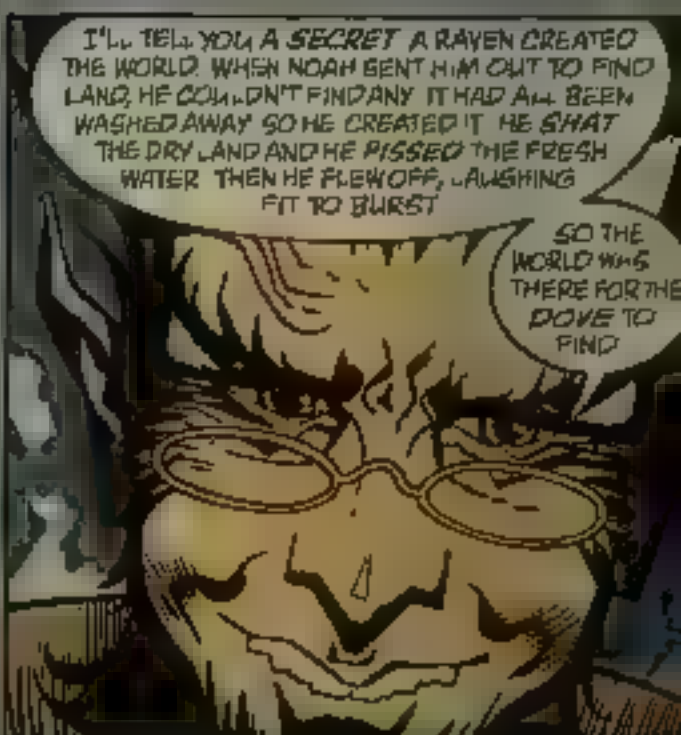


TOH? YOU DIDN'T FINISH THAT PROPERLY YOU SHOULD HAVE SAID SOMETHING LIKE "A BONE TO PICK WITH HIM--HIS WISHBONE" OR SOMETHING ABOUT PICKING HIS FLESH FROM HIS BONES... HEHEHEH...

DO YOU THINK I SOUND LIKE VINCENT PRICE?

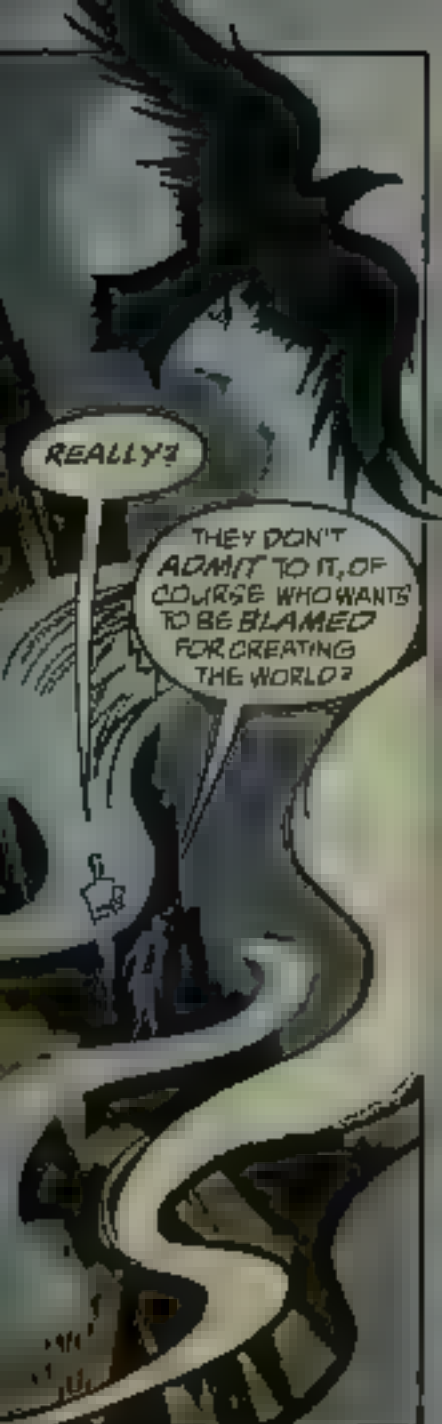
WHO?

NOT IMPORTANT



I'LL TELL YOU A SECRET A RAVEN CREATED THE WORLD. WHEN NOAH SENT HIM OUT TO FIND LAND, HE COULDN'T FIND ANY IT HAD ALL BEEN WASHED AWAY SO HE CREATED IT HE SHAT THE DRY LAND AND HE PISSED THE FRESH WATER THEN HE FLEW OFF, LAUGHING FIT TO BURST

SO THE WORLD WAS THERE FOR THE DOVE TO FIND



REALLY?

THEY DON'T  
ADMIT TO IT, OF  
COURSE WHO WANTS  
TO BE BLAMED  
FOR CREATING  
THE WORLD?



CORRECT ME IF I MISREMEMBER  
FRIEND CAIM, BUT IT SEEMS TO ME  
THAT YOUR STORIES ARE MYSTERIES,  
NOT SECRETS.

THAT WASN'T  
ONE OF MY STORIES  
THAT WAS ONE OF  
MY B... ONE OF MY  
BROTHER'S  
STORIES



AND  
WHERE IS YOUR  
BROTHER?

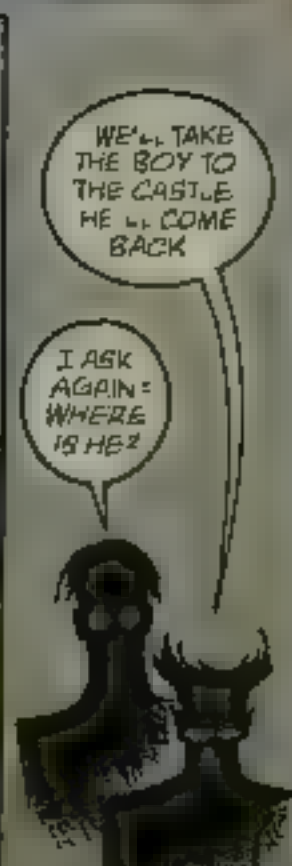


THAT WAS  
EASIER THAN I  
HAD HOPED. BUT  
HIS LORDSHIP  
ISN'T THERE,  
YOU KNOW

WHERE?

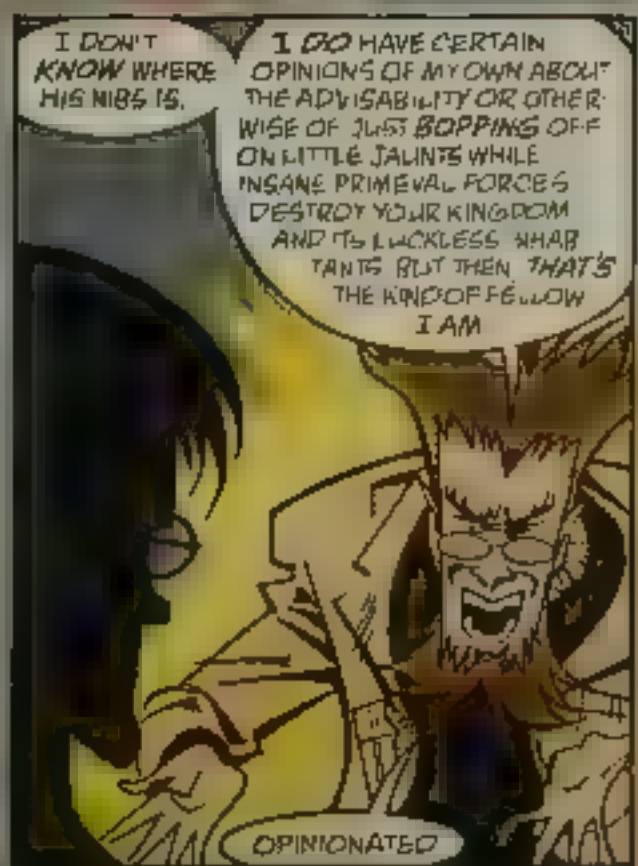
AT THE  
CASTLE HE'S  
NOT THERE  
HE LEFT

THEN WHERE  
IS HE? HE TOLD  
ME TO BRING  
THE CHILD TO  
HIM



WE'LL TAKE  
THE BOY TO  
THE CASTLE  
HE'LL COME  
BACK

I ASK  
AGAIN:  
WHERE  
IS HE?

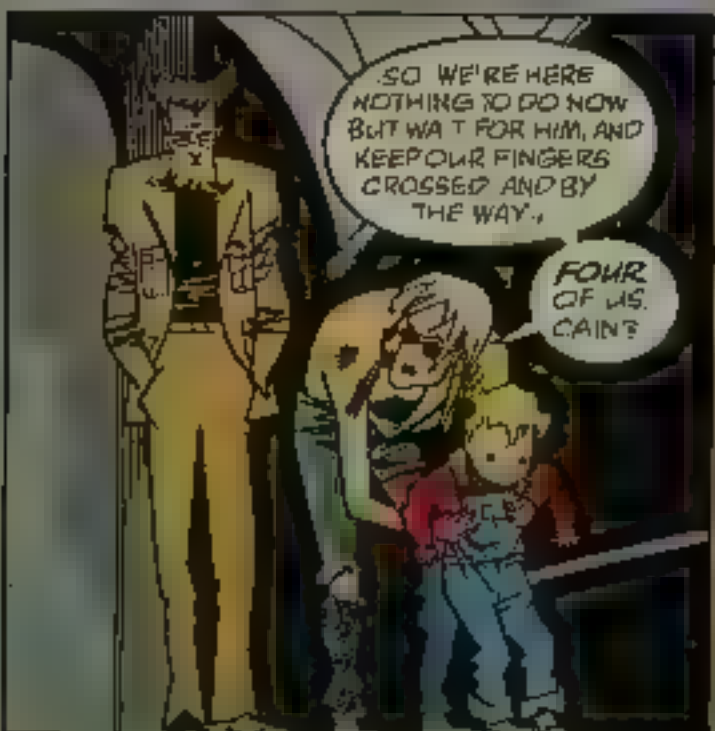
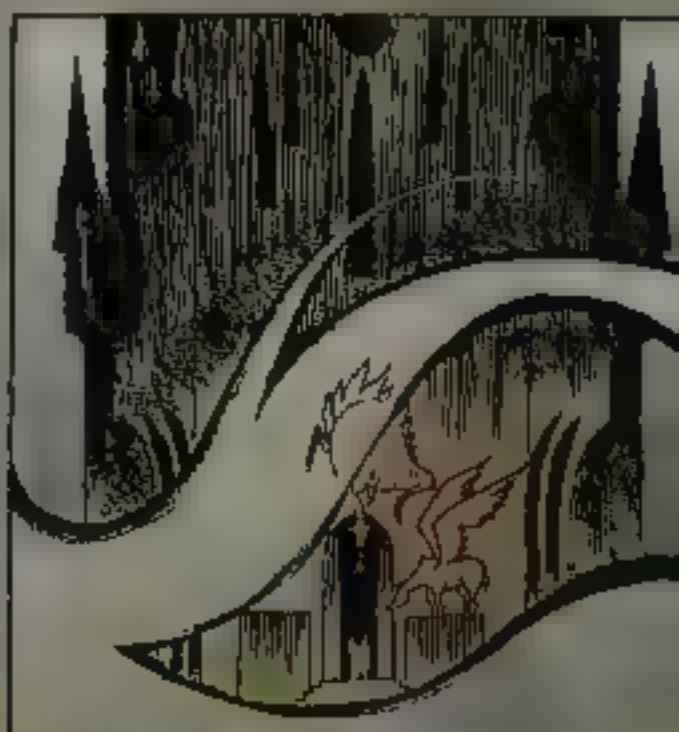


I DON'T  
KNOW WHERE  
HIS NIBS IS.

I DO HAVE CERTAIN  
OPINIONS OF MY OWN ABOUT  
THE ADVISABILITY OR OTHER-  
WISE OF JUST BOPPING OFF  
ON LITTLE JAUNTS WHILE  
INSANE PRIMEVAL FORCES  
DESTROY YOUR KINGDOM  
AND ITS LUCKLESS WHAP  
TANTS BUT THEN THAT'S  
THE KIND OF FELLOW  
I AM

OPINIONATED





# THE KINDLY ONES

WRITTEN BY  
NEIL GAIMAN

DRAWN BY  
MARC HEMPEL

INKED BY  
RICHARD CASE

LETTERED BY TODD KLEIN  
COLORED BY DANIEL KOZZO  
SEPARATIONS BY ANDROID IMAGES  
EDITED BY KAREN BERGER  
ASSOCIATED BY SHELLEY ROEBER

SANDMAN CHARACTERS  
CREATED BY GAIMAN,  
KIEHN & DRINGENBERG

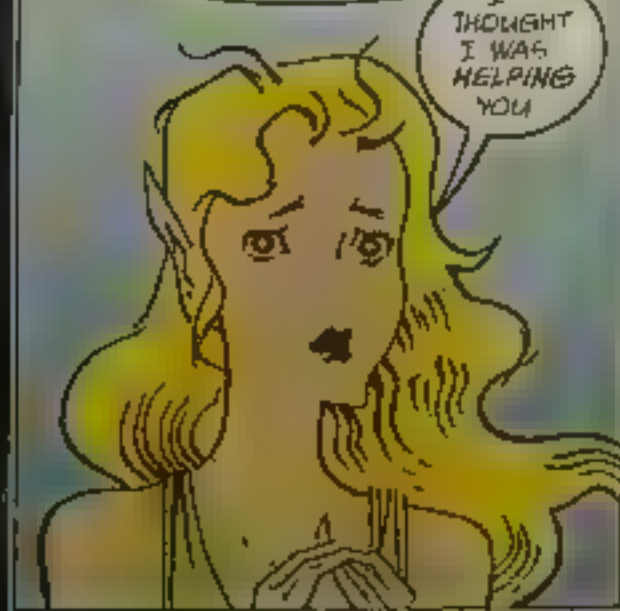


I came, Nyala. Because I  
promised that I would come,  
if you summoned me; and you  
did summon me.

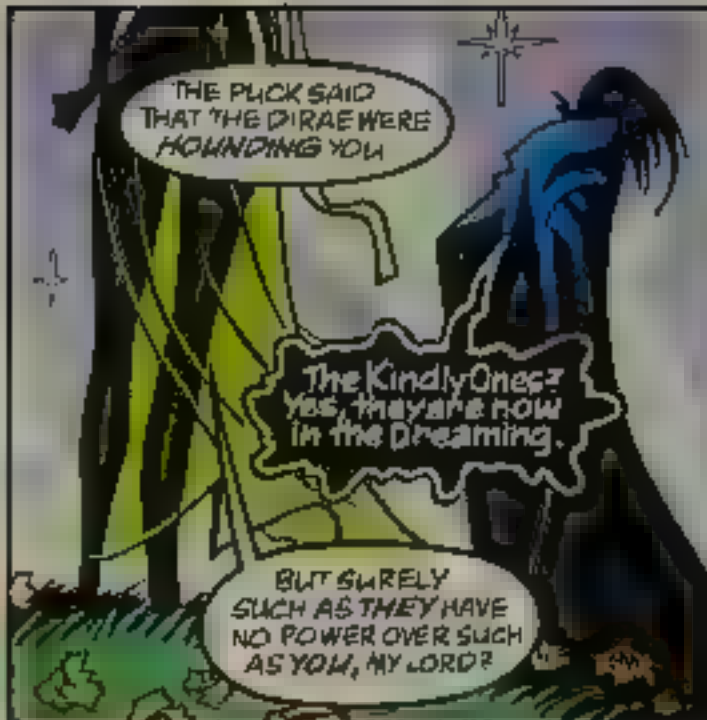
But I would  
that you had  
done other-  
wise.

I DID NOT REALIZE THAT I COULD  
HARM YOU BY TAKING YOU FROM  
THE DREAMING

I  
THOUGHT  
I WAS  
HELPING  
YOU



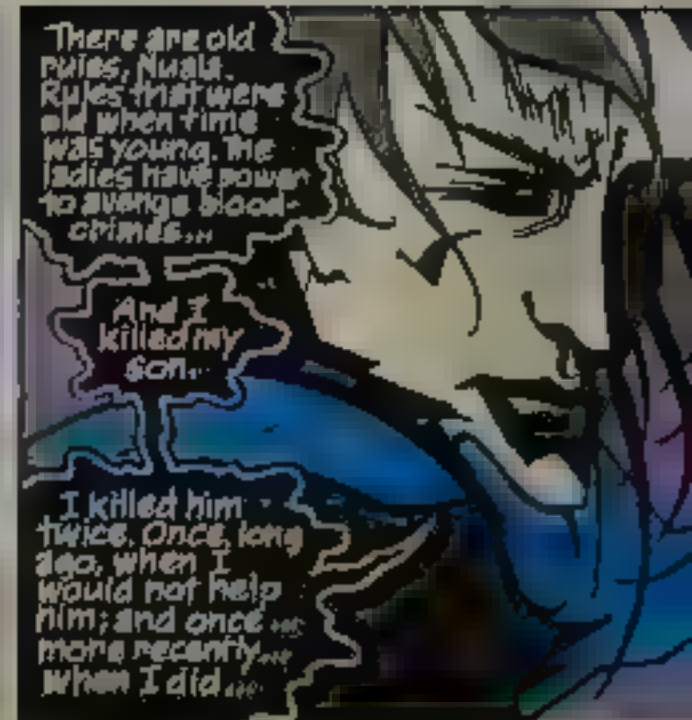




THE PLUCK SAID  
THAT THE DIRAE WERE  
HOUNDING YOU

The Kindly Ones?  
Yes, they are now  
in the Dreaming.

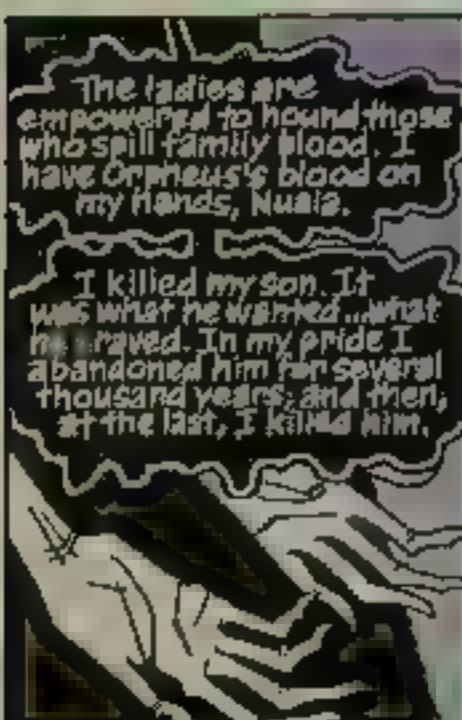
BUT SURELY  
SUCH AS THEY HAVE  
NO POWER OVER SUCH  
AS YOU, MY LORD?



There are old  
rules, Nuala.  
Rules that were  
old when time  
was young. The  
ladies have power  
to avenge blood-  
crimes...


And I  
killed my  
son...

I killed him  
twice. Once, long  
ago, when I  
would not help  
him; and once...  
more recently...  
when I did...

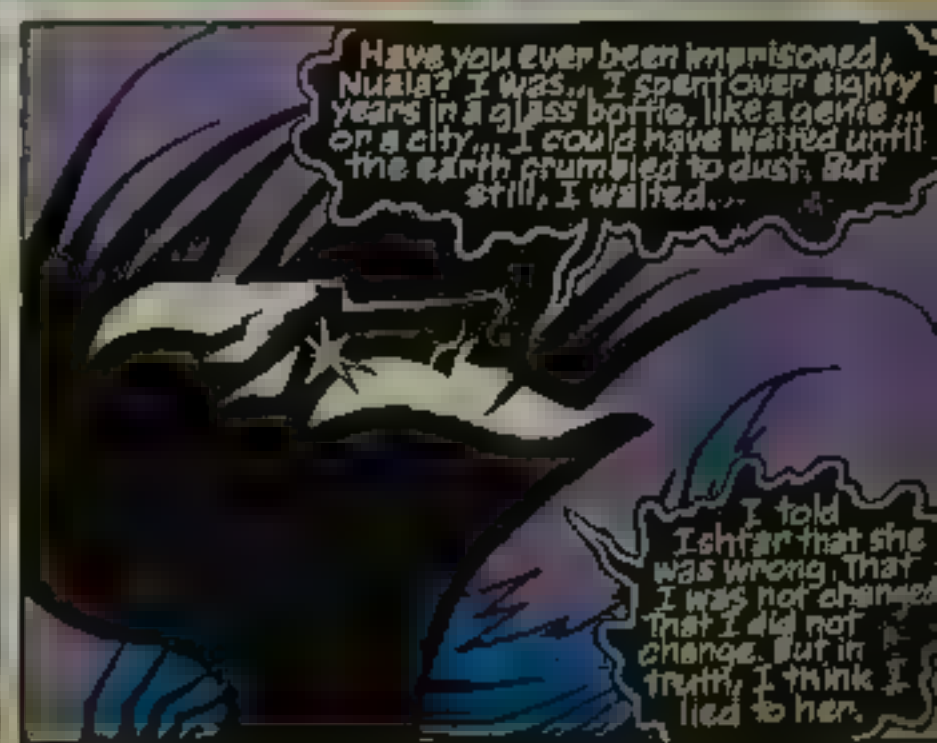


The ladies are  
empowered to hound those  
who spill family blood. I  
have Orpheus's blood on  
my hands, Nuala.

I killed my son. It  
was what he wanted... what  
he craved. In my pride I  
abandoned him for several  
thousand years; and then,  
at the last, I killed him.

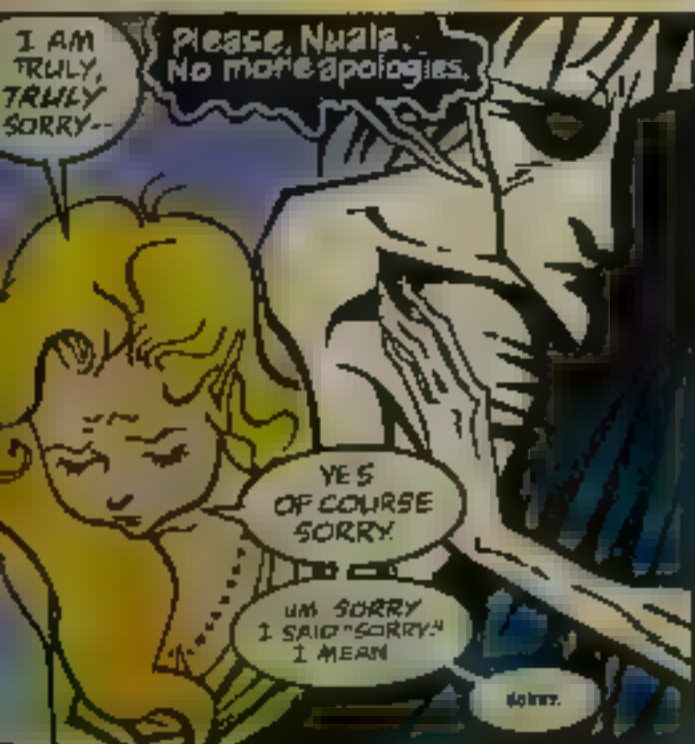
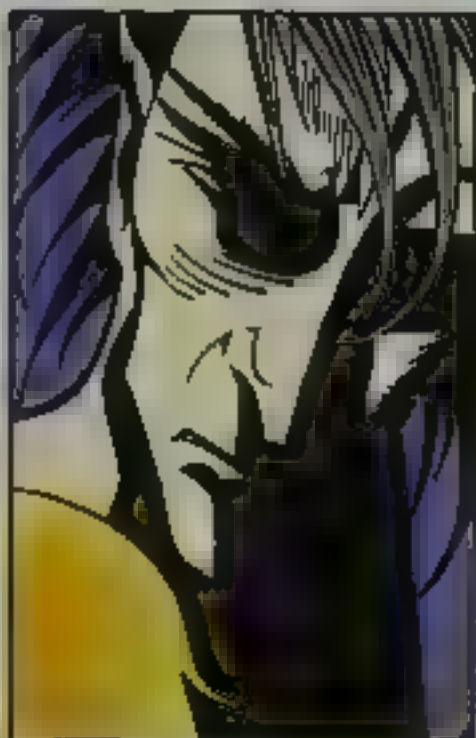


YOU... YOU WANT  
THEM TO PUNISH YOU.  
DON'T YOU? YOU  
WANT TO BE PUNISHED  
FOR ORPHEUS'S  
DEATH



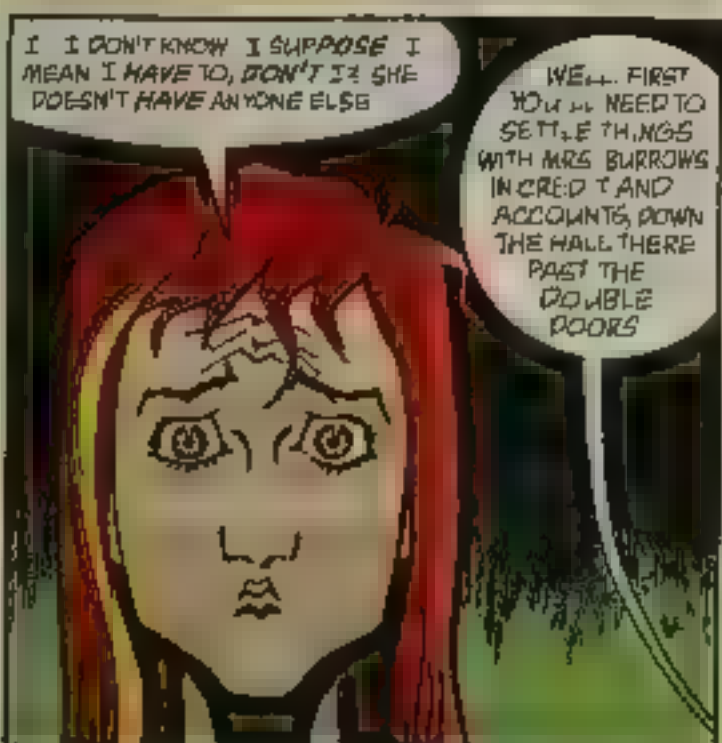
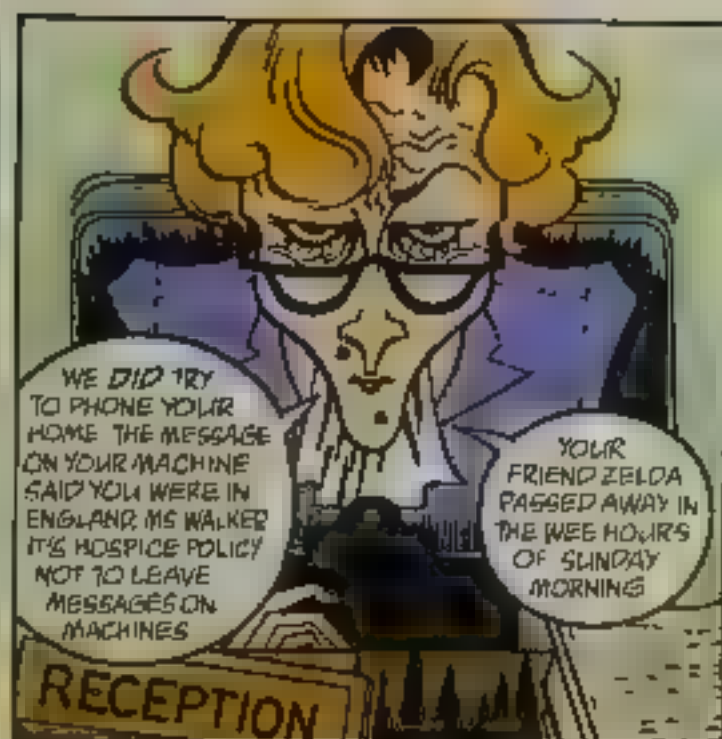
Have you ever been imprisoned,  
Nuala? I was... I spent over eighty  
years in a glass bottle, like a genie  
on a city... I could have waited until  
the earth crumbled to dust. But  
still, I waited...

I told  
Ishtar that she  
was wrong. That  
I was not changed.  
That I did not  
change. But in  
truth, I think I  
lied to her.









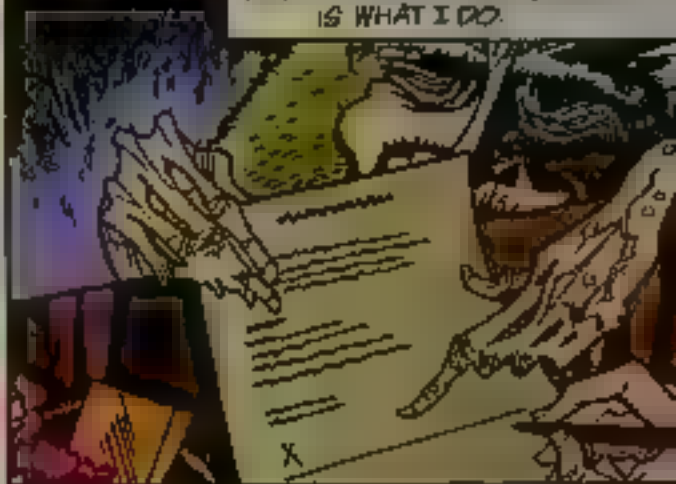


SO I GO DOWN THE HALL AND TO THE LEFT  
AND I SAY HELLO TO MRS BURROWS. AND I  
REALIZE THAT, SOMEWHERE IN ALL THIS MESS,  
I'D BEEN EXPECTING A MIRACLE

I'D BEEN WAITING FOR DEATH TO SPIT ZELDA  
BACK TO GIVE HER UP FOR SOME KIND OF  
MAGIC MIRACLE CURE



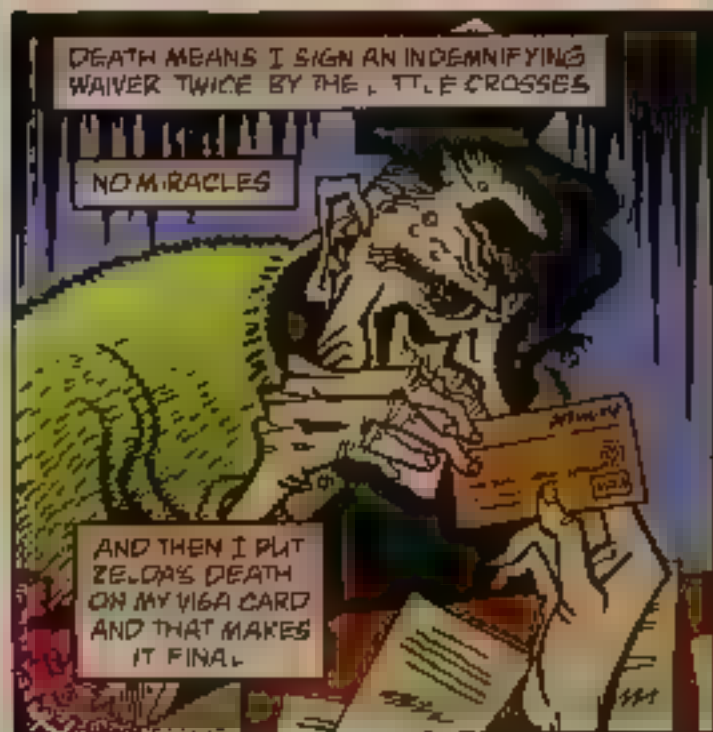
AN ITEMIZED LIST OF PERSONAL  
POSSESSIONS. I HAVE  
DISPLAY CASES OF STUFFED  
SPIDERS, A HUMAN SKULL AND  
SEVERAL PHOTOGRAPHS, AND I HAVE  
THE CHOICE OF TAKING HER BOOKS  
TO THE HOSPICE LIBRARY, WHICH  
IS WHAT I DO.



DEATH MEANS I SIGN AN INDEMNIFYING  
WAIVER TWICE BY THE LITTLE CROSSES

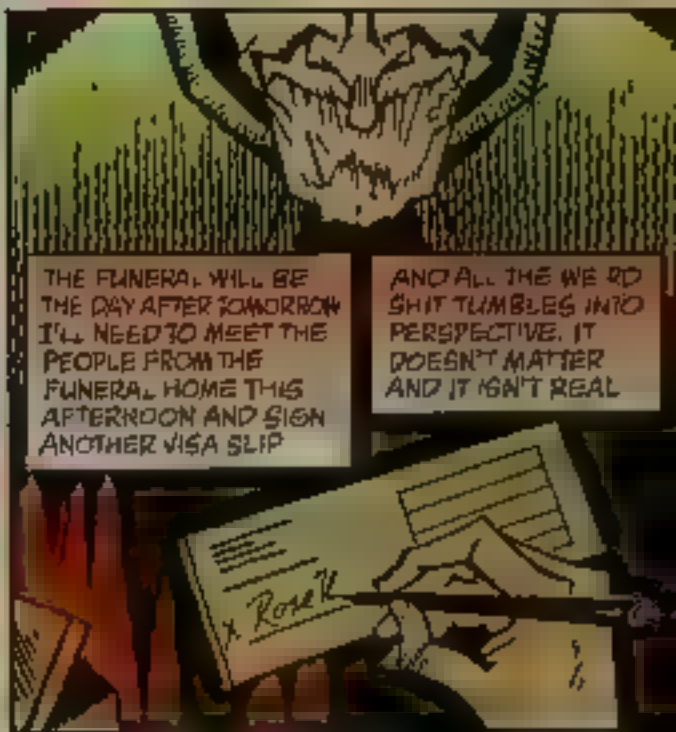
NO MIRACLES

AND THEN I PUT  
ZELDA'S DEATH  
ON MY VISA CARD  
AND THAT MAKES  
IT FINAL



THE FUNERAL WILL BE  
THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW  
I'LL NEED TO MEET THE  
PEOPLE FROM THE  
FUNERAL HOME THIS  
AFTERNOON AND SIGN  
ANOTHER VISA SLIP

AND ALL THE WEIRD  
SHIT TUMBLES INTO  
PERSPECTIVE. IT  
DOESN'T MATTER  
AND IT ISN'T REAL



NO MIRACLES

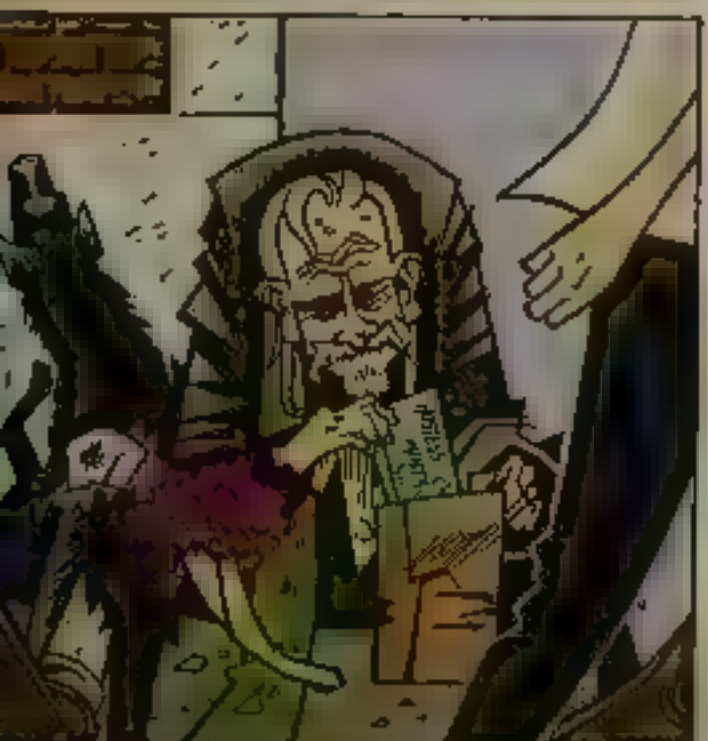
NO MAGIC

NO DREAMS

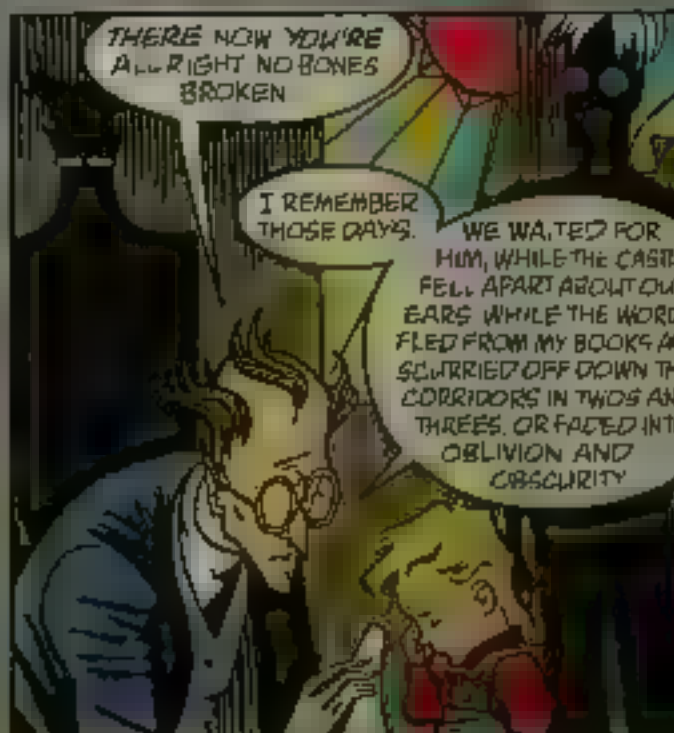
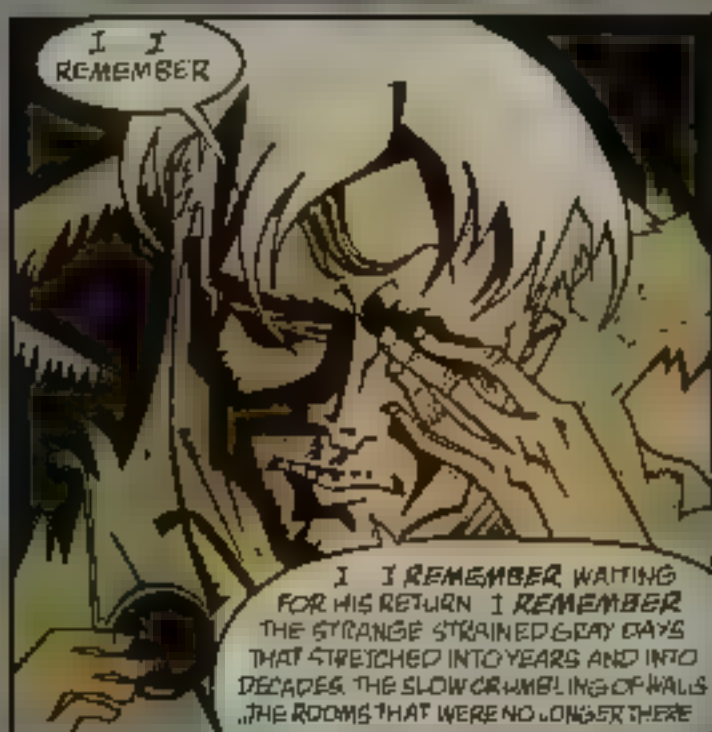


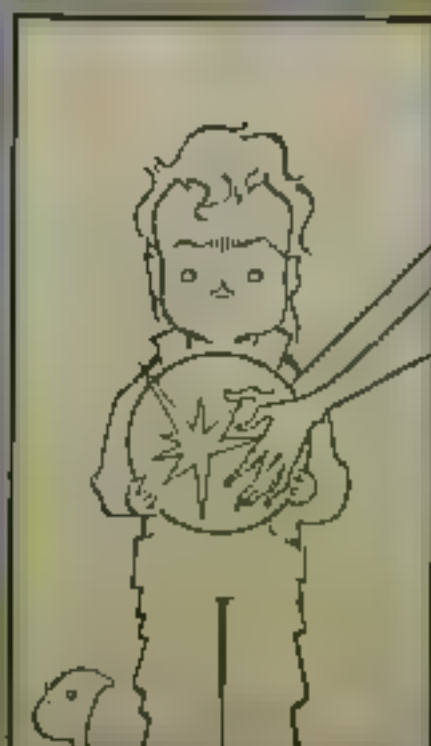
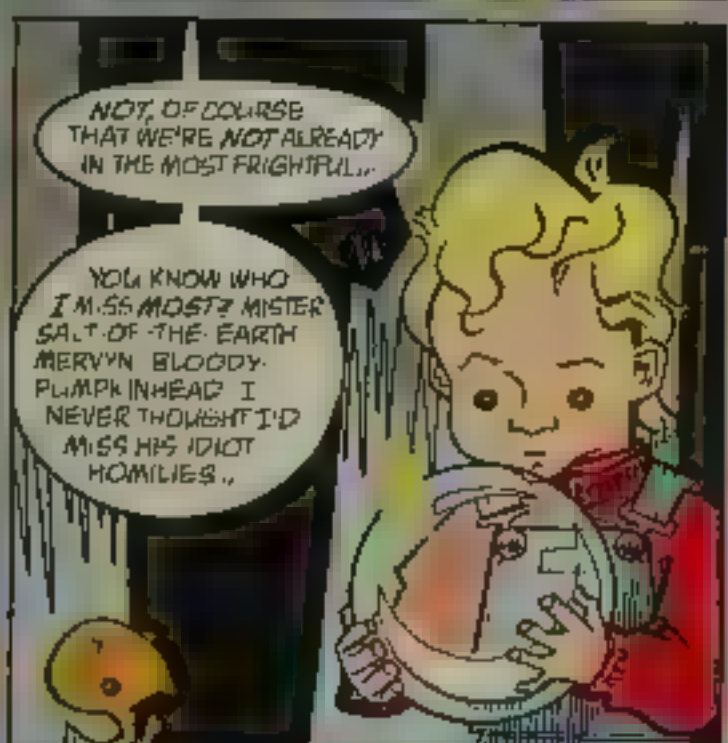
JUST PAIN AND DEATH,  
AND VISA SLIPS



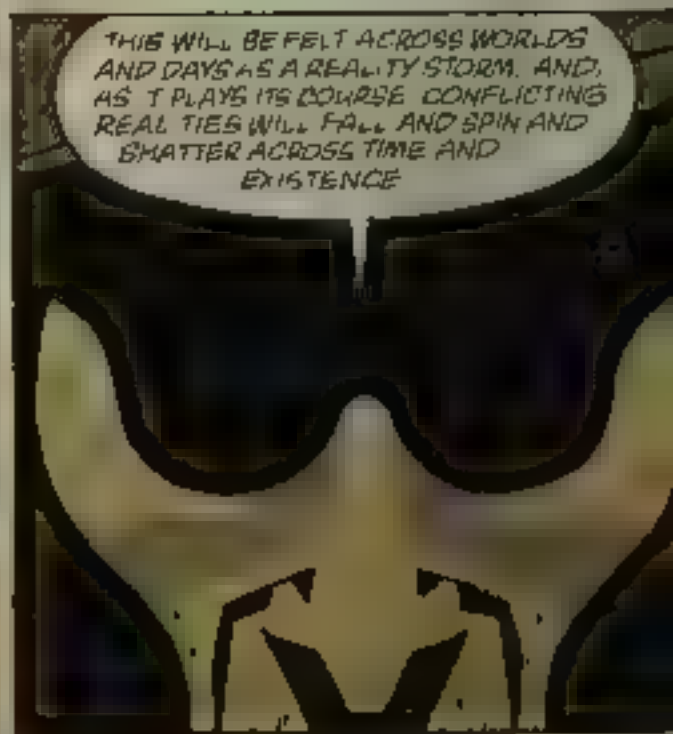


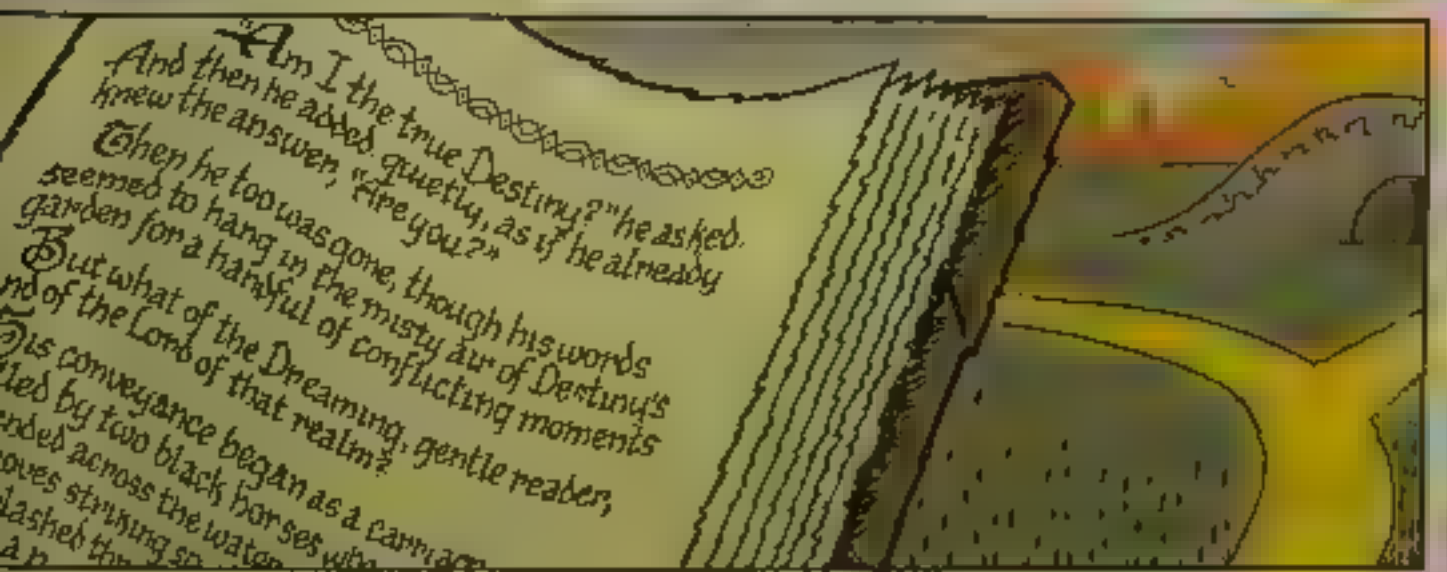
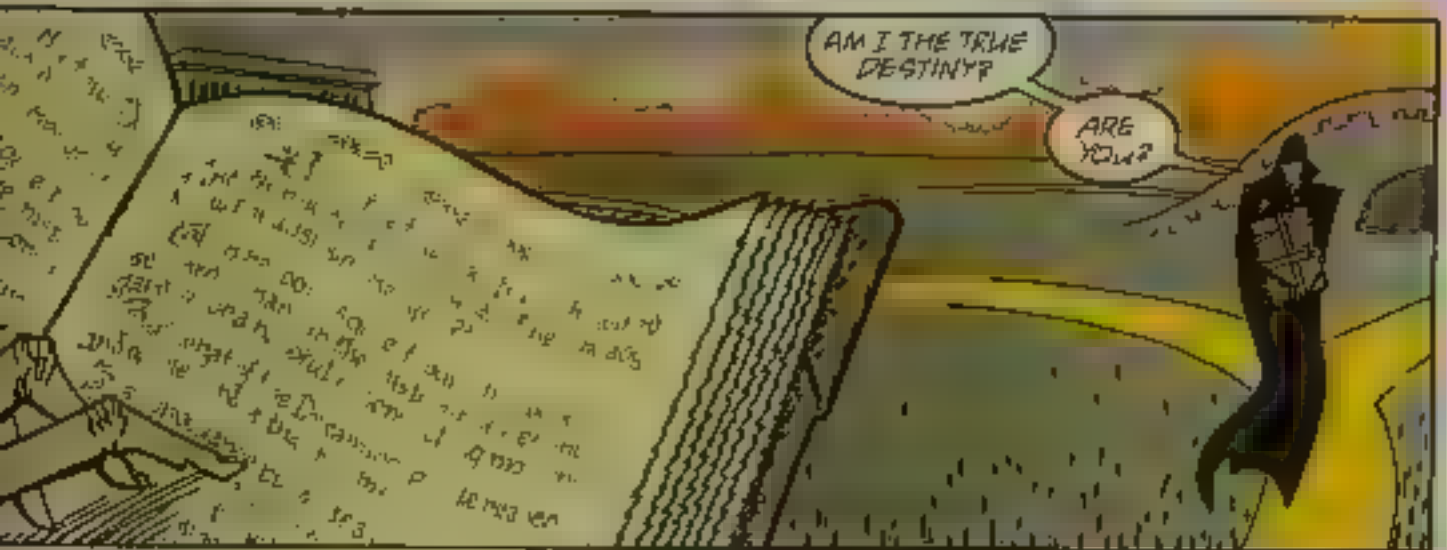










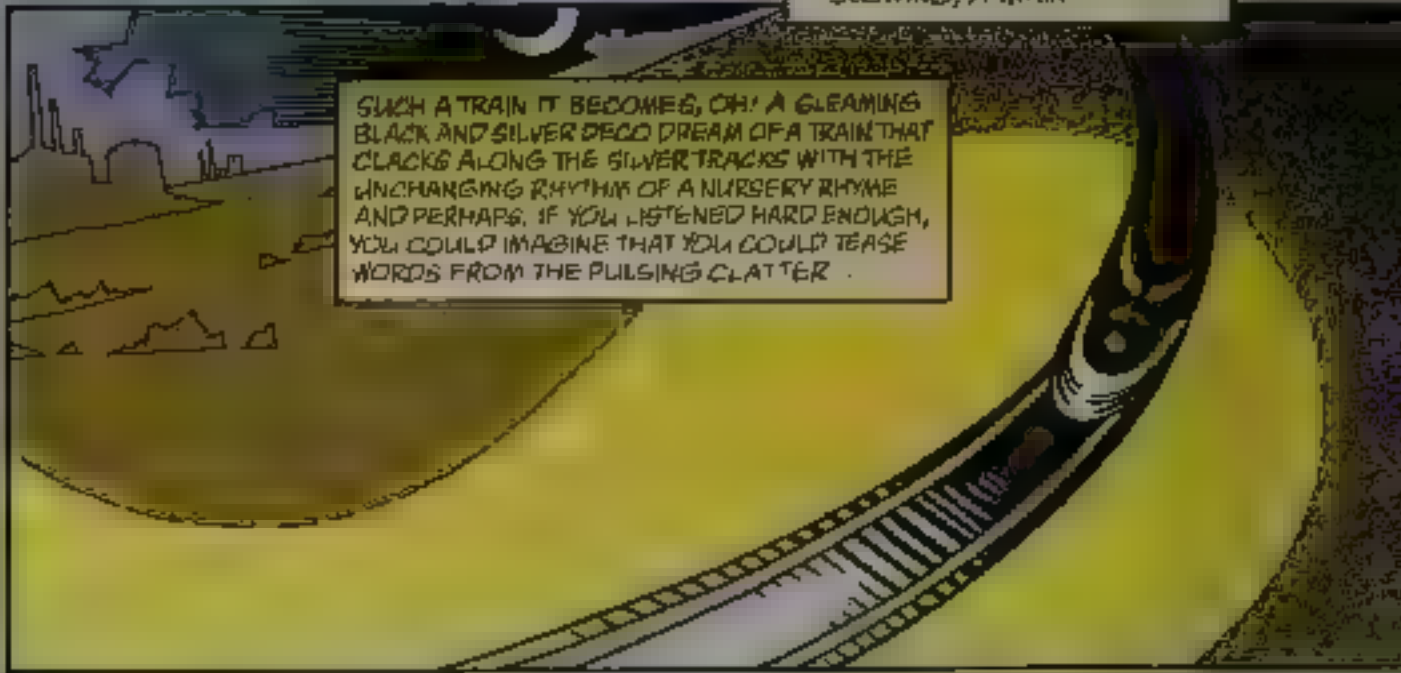




IT BEGINS AS A CARRIAGE, PULLED BY TWO BLACK HORSES POUNDING ACROSS THE WATERS OF NIGHT, THEIR HOOVES STRIKING SPARKS OF TINY STARS, SPLASHING THROUGH THE WET DARKNESS IN A WILD, TIRELESS GALLOP



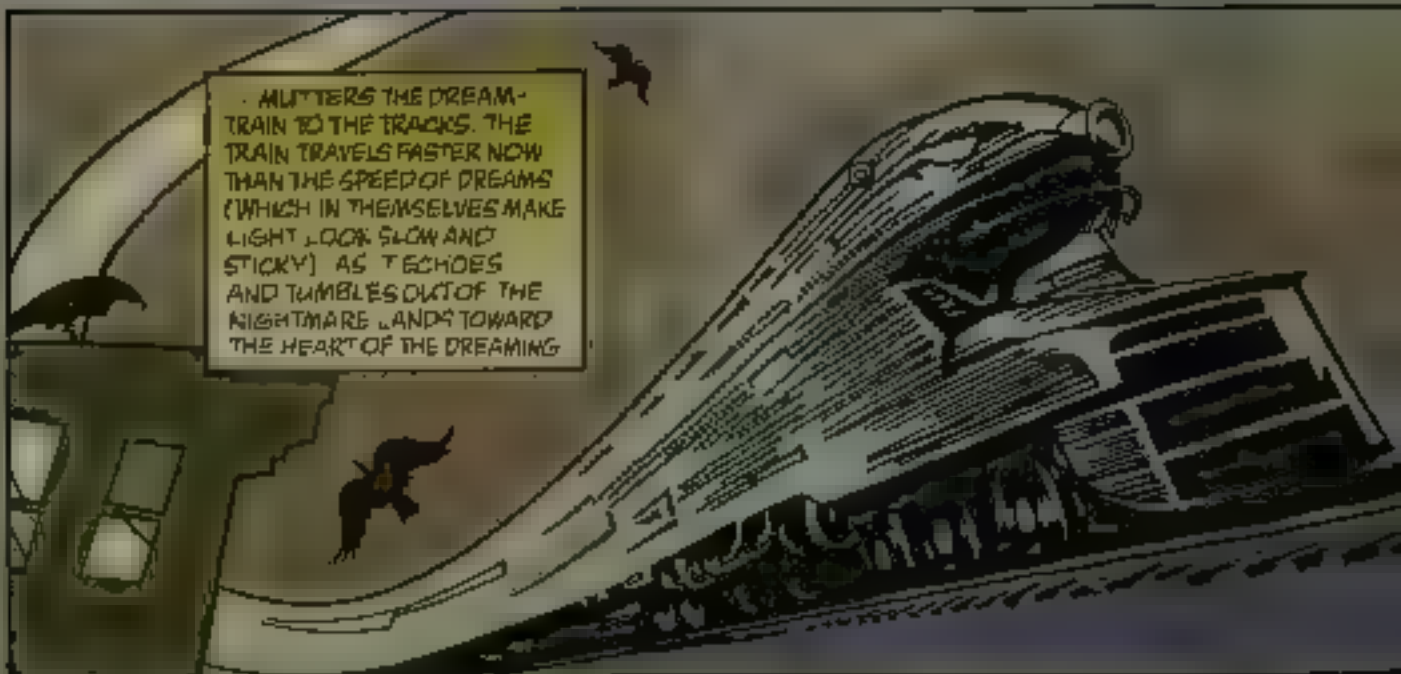
AS IT REACHES THE SANDS THAT BORDER THE DREAMING THE CARRIAGE BECOMES, WITHOUT SLOWING, A TRAIN



SUCH A TRAIN IT BECOMES, OH! A GLEAMING BLACK AND SILVER DECO DREAM OF A TRAIN THAT CLACKS ALONG THE SILVER TRACKS WITH THE UNCHANGING RHYTHM OF A NURSERY RHYME AND PERHAPS, IF YOU LISTENED HARD ENOUGH, YOU COULD IMAGINE THAT YOU COULD TEASE WORDS FROM THE PULSING CLATTER

ALL AROUND ME  
DARKNESS GATHERS,  
FADING IS THE  
SUN THAT SHONE  
WE MUST SPEAK  
OF OTHER MATTERS  
YOU CAN BE ME  
WHEN I'M GONE

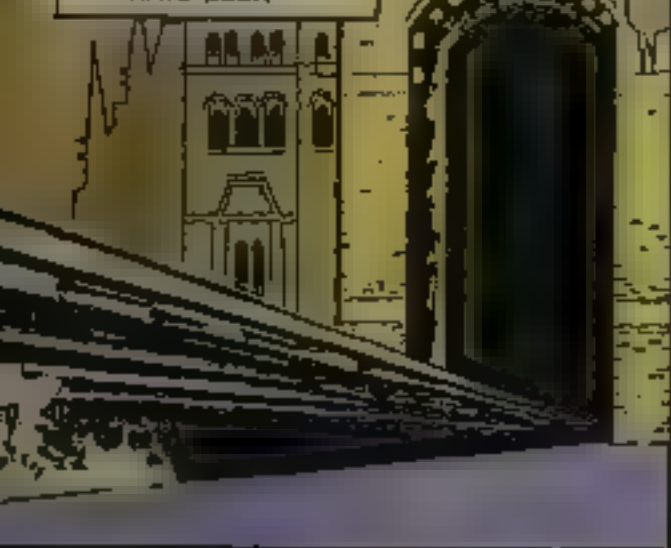
MUTTERS THE DREAM-  
TRAIN TO THE TRACKS. THE  
TRAIN TRAVELS FASTER NOW  
THAN THE SPEED OF DREAMS  
(WHICH IN THEMSELVES MAKE  
LIGHT LOOK SLOW AND  
STICKY) AS TECHOES  
AND TUMBLES OUT OF THE  
NIGHTMARE LANDS TOWARD  
THE HEART OF THE DREAMING



THE CASTLE OF DREAMS  
SHIVERS AND RE-FORMS AS  
THE TRAIN APPROACHES

WHAT WAS A  
FORTRESS IS NOW  
A TERMINUS

ABOVE THE ENTRANCE  
IS A FRIEZE A WYVERN  
AND A WINGED HORSE  
ARE FROZEN IN BAS  
RELIEF, AND THERE IS  
AN EMPTY SPACE  
WHERE A THIRD  
CARVING MIGHT ONCE  
HAVE BEEN



Gentlemen?

I have  
returned. I am  
afraid I must  
apologize for  
the delay.





MY LORD.

I know, Lucien. I know. I should have left neither the Dreaming nor the castle at this time.

I see the castle is no longer being a place of refuge. My apologies.

Corinthian. I am pleased to see you.

Cain.

THERE IS A MATTER I BELIEVE WE NEED TO DISCUSS, SIRE.

IT CONCERNS MY BROTHER MY LORD AND HIS MURDER.

Soon, Cain. Soon. Not now.

MY LORD! I AM THE MURDERER HERE. I HAVE A CONTRACT! MY POOR BROTHER HAD A CONTRACT!

I WAS THE FIRST MURDERER! I HAVE CERTAIN RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES!

WE MUST TALK!

Cain. I have no interest in discussing this matter at this time.

LATER THEN, SIRE OF COURSE

Young man. A pleasure finally to meet you, after all this time.

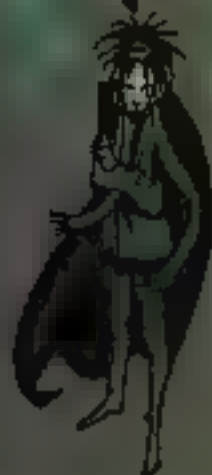
Madame, Ladies. Good afternoon.

THEY'RE HERE?

DREAM KINGS

WE ARE HERE

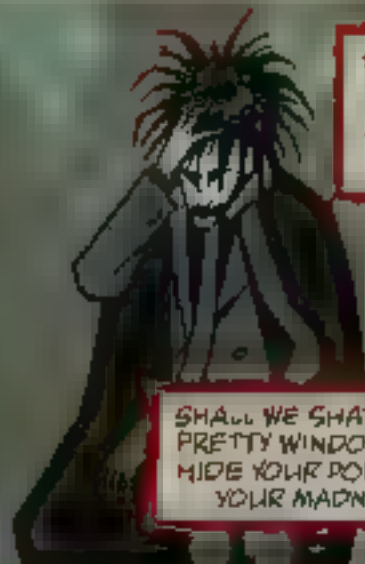
Madame, I must ask you to leave this place.



YOU WERE GONE FROM HERE DREAM KING THIS CASTLE SOURS, NOW, TO DO WITH AS WE WILL.

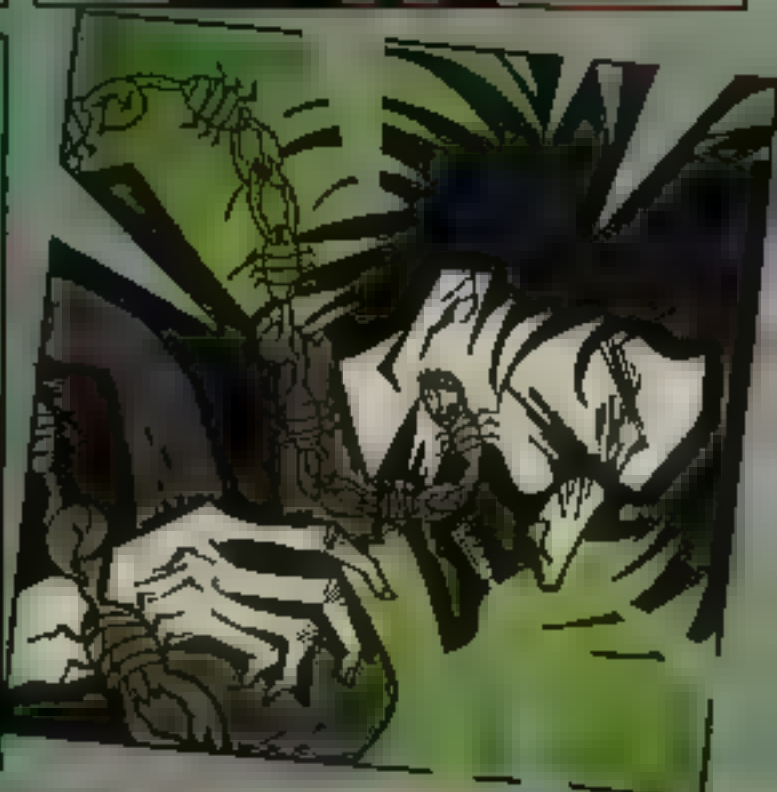
SHALL WE FREE YOUR PRISONERS TO TORMENT YOU?

SHALL WE SHATTER THE PRETTY WINDOWS THAT HIDE YOUR POWER AND YOUR MADNESS?

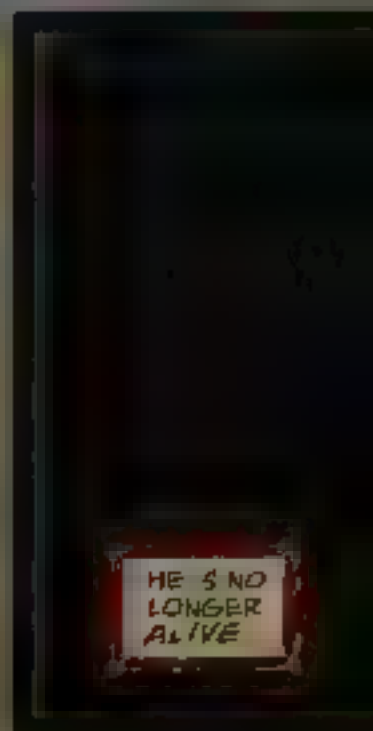


You shall do none of these things.

You will leave now.







HE ISN'T DEAD  
DON'T YOU SEE?  
WE DON'T HAVE  
TO DO THIS WE  
DON'T HAVE TO  
KILL HIM-



WE DON'T KILL WE  
CAN'T HAVEN'T YOU  
BEEN LISTENING?

WE HAVE TO RESCUE  
DANIEL BRING HIM BACK  
WE DON'T HAVE TO HURT  
ANYONE ANYMORE



WE DO NOT RESCUE,  
MY LITTLE SMELLFUNGUS  
WHAT DO YOU THINK  
WE ARE?

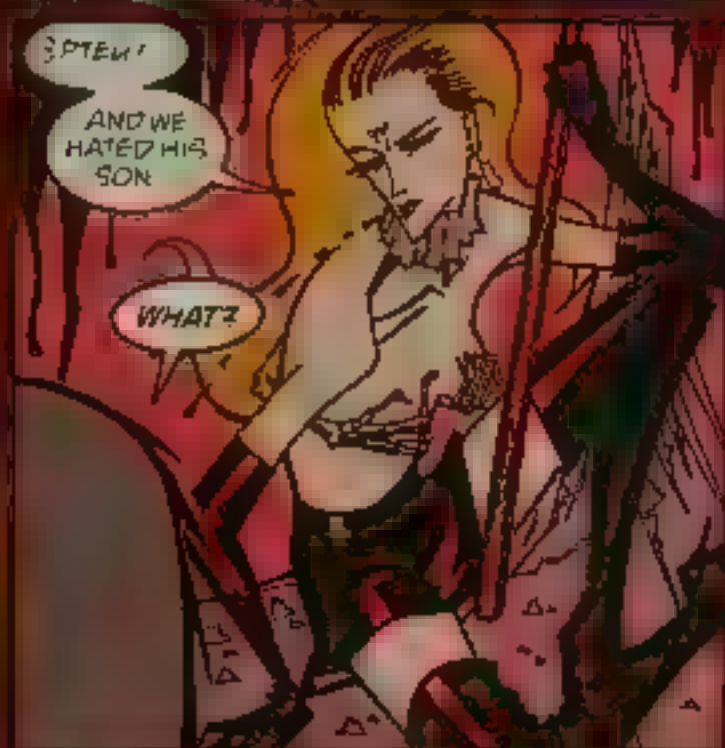
AFTER ALL  
HE KILLED  
HIS SON



3PTEN!

AND WE  
HATED HIS  
SON

WHAT?



HE MADE US  
WEEP HE  
MADE THE  
LADIES WEEP  
WITH HIS  
SONGS AND  
HIS THINGS  
THAT NEVER  
WERE AND  
NEVER SHALL  
BE STORIES

MADE UP  
RUBBISHY  
STORIES

MAKES  
YOU  
SICK



WE HAVE TO  
RESCUE HIM



I TOLD YOU ONCE I WON'T TELL  
YOU AGAIN WE DON'T RESCUE  
WE REVENGE





I don't know I don't  
know anymore I don't know  
anything any more

Heaven, The Silver City Do  
we tell them? I have been telling  
them. Is anyone listening? They  
send no response. But what  
obligation has our Creator to  
respond to us?

We must  
have faith,  
my angel.

We must  
keep our  
faith



AND THIS OCCURS AT THE SAME MOMENT THAT  
A CUSTOMER AT LUX'S, DRUNK AND FLIRTATIOUS,  
PEEKS BENEATH MAZ KEEN'S HALF MASK HE  
SATISFIES HIS CURIOSITY, AS HE LOSES, ONE  
AFTER THE OTHER, HIS DRINK, HIS LUNCH, AND  
HIS SANITY

MAZ KEEN HAS NO  
PATIENCE WITH MEN



WHILE UNABLE TO SLEEP, LARISSA FINDS HERSELF,  
TO HER SURPRISE, MISSING THE DREAM KING.  
MISSING THE COOL OF HIS SKIN, MISSING HIS VOICE  
REMEMBERING EVERYTHING THAT DREW HER TO  
HIM THREE YEARS AGO

HIS ABSENCE HURTS

THE SUDDEN BURST  
OF AFFECTION AND  
DESIRE DISCOMFORTS  
HER SHE PUTS IT  
FROM HER THE  
ROLE IS SECURE,  
THE WOMAN IS  
SAFE





KNOCK  
KNOCK

Enter



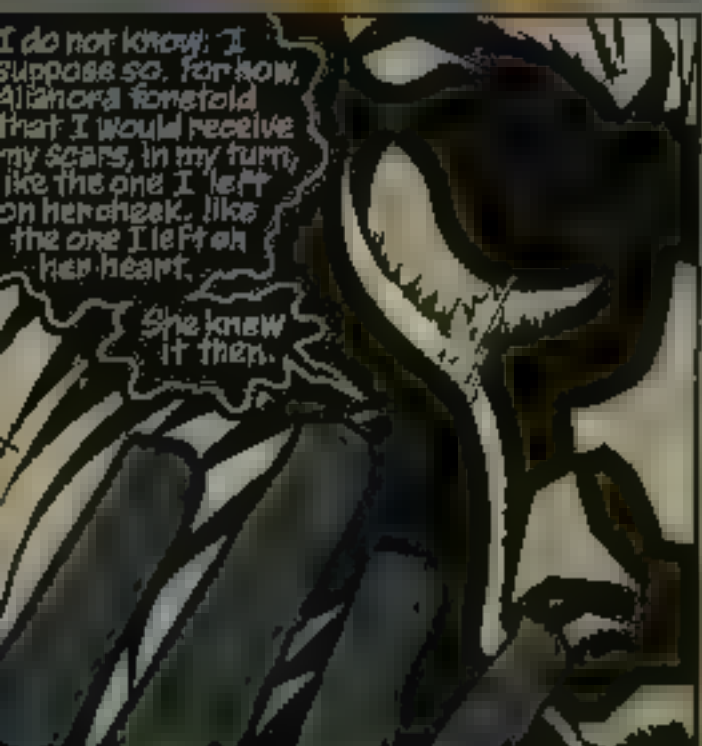
ARE THEY STILL  
HERE, LORD?

No,  
Lucifer.

They have  
withdrawn,  
for now.



VERY GOOD.  
LORD WILL YOU  
BE KEEPING  
THE SCAR?



I do not know. I  
suppose so. For now,  
Allanora foretold  
that I would receive  
my scars, in my turn,  
like the one I left  
on her cheek, like  
the one I left on  
her heart.

She knew  
it then.



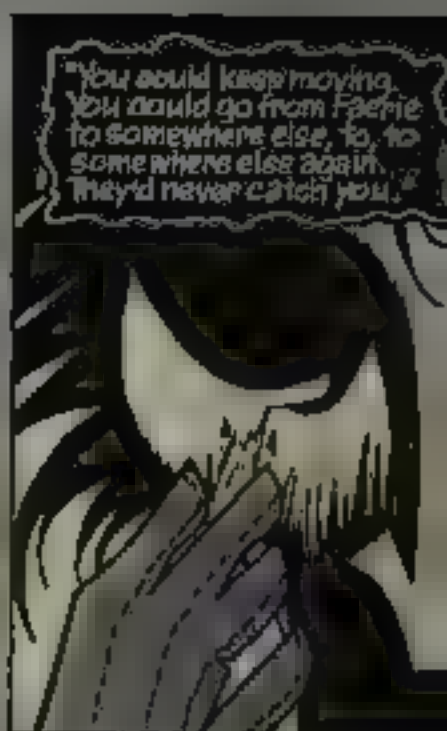
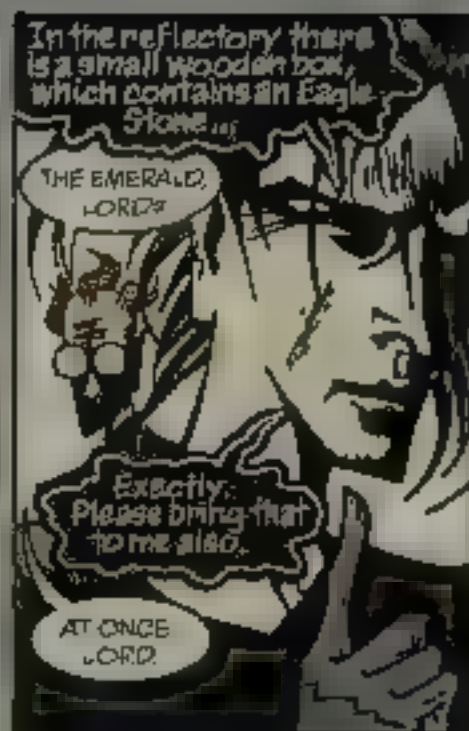
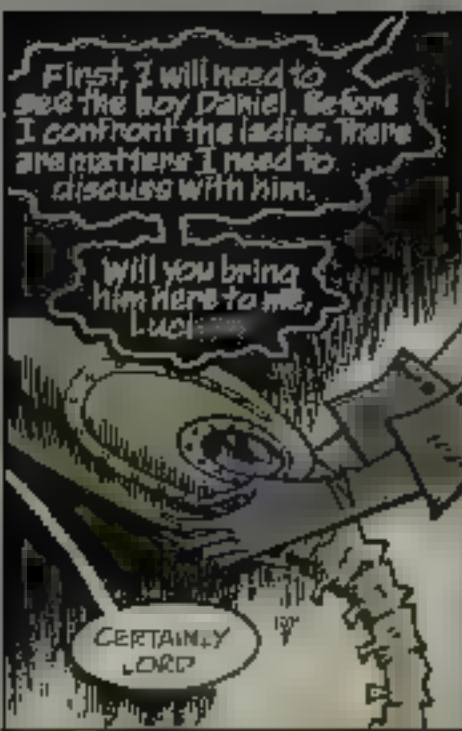
WHAT ARE YOU  
GOING TO DO  
NOW, LORD?

Do?

I am going  
to do whatever  
I can do.

I will  
do what I  
must.

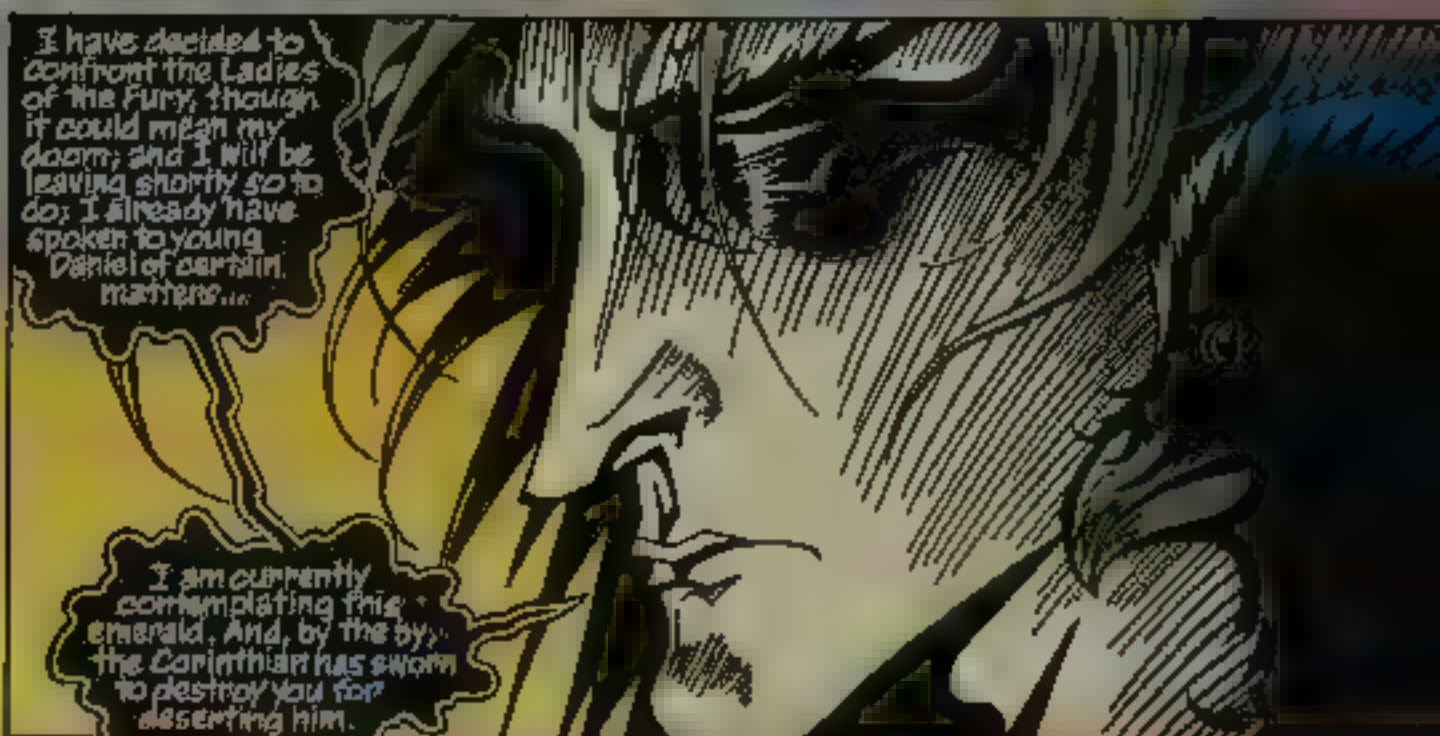
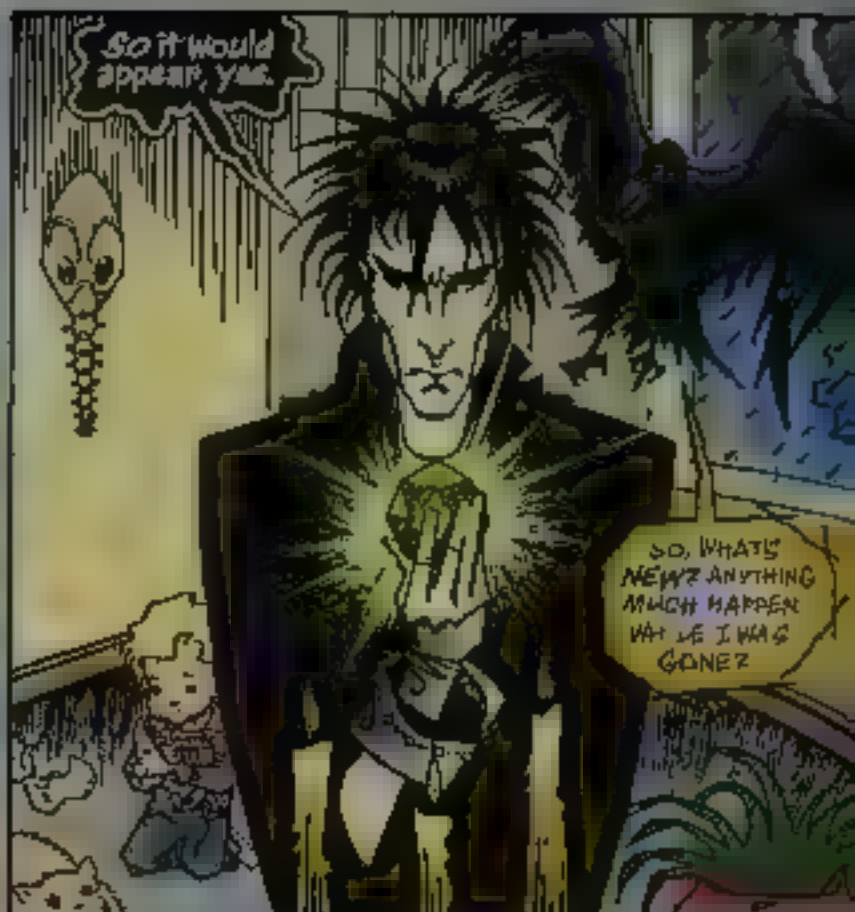
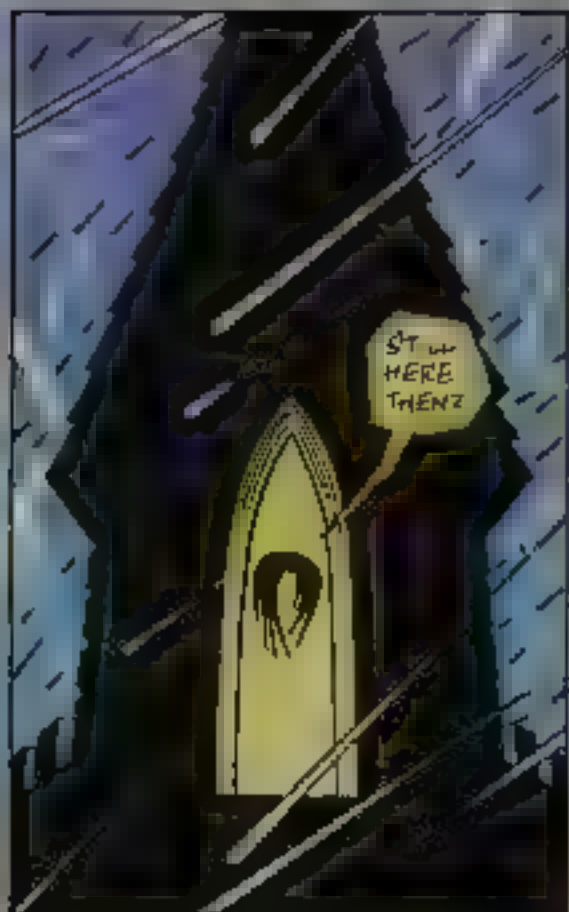




Part  
TWELVE

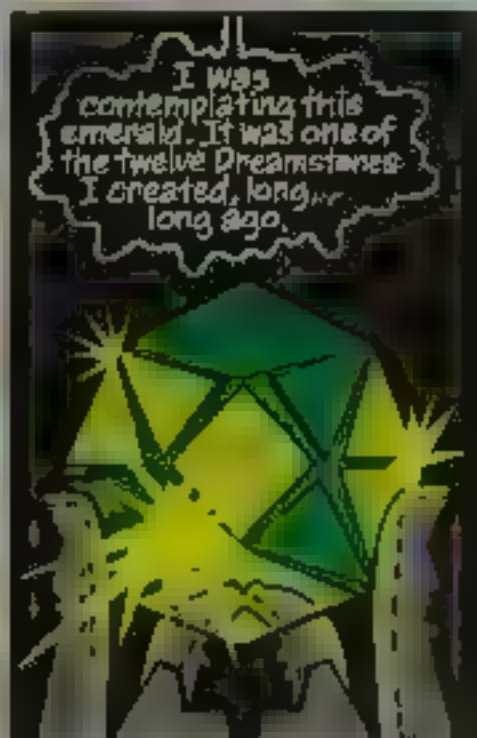
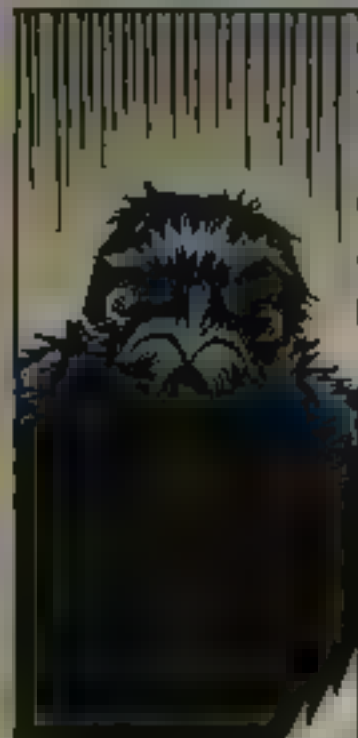




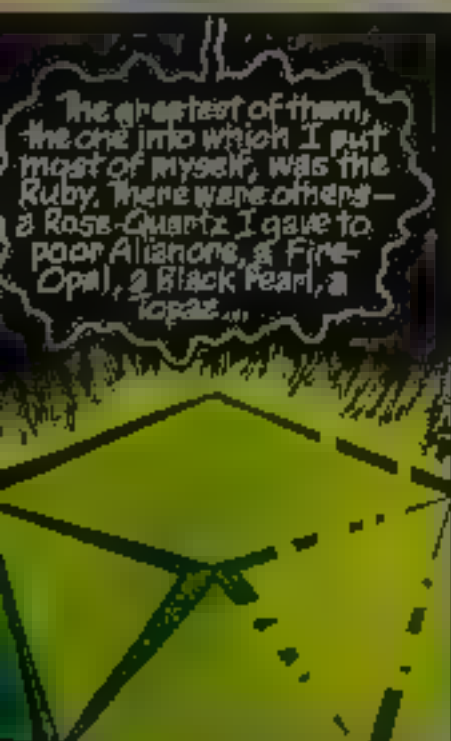




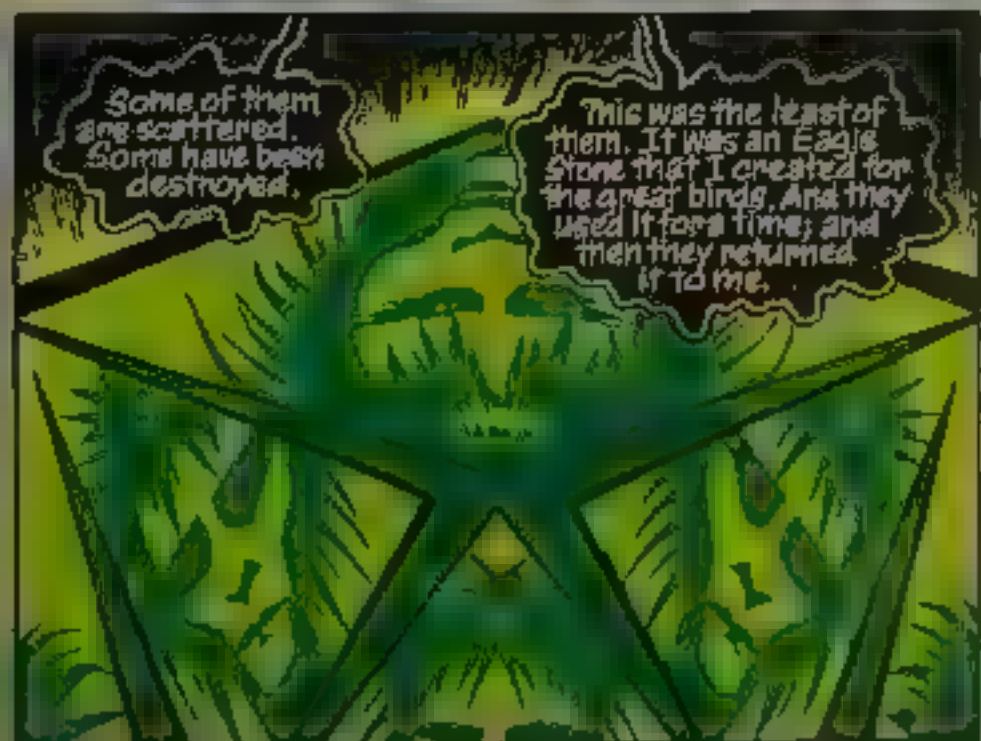
I can tell him, yes.



I was contemplating this emerald. It was one of the twelve Dreamstones I created, long, long ago.



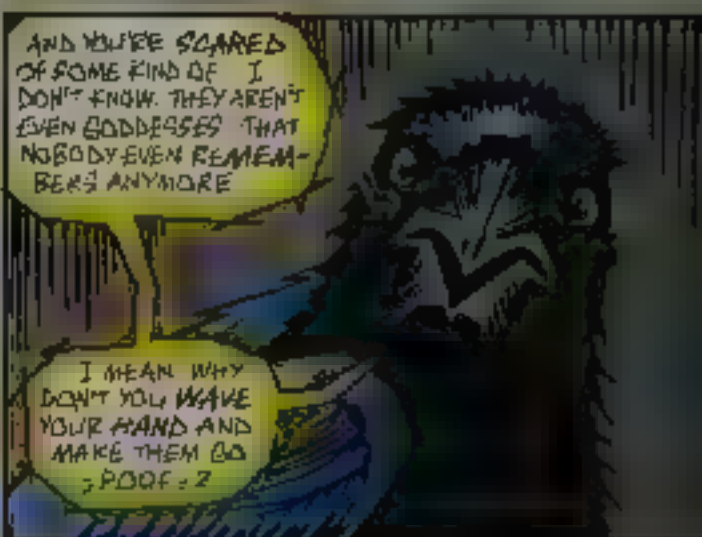
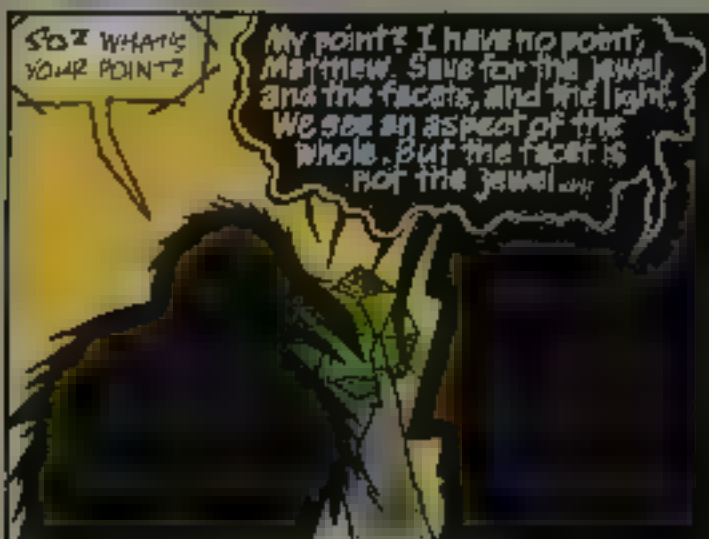
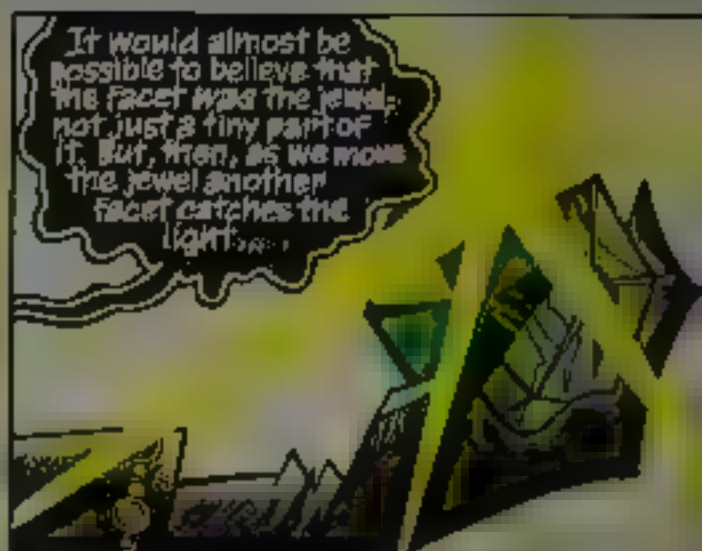
The greatest of them, the one into which I put most of myself, was the Ruby. There were others—a Rose-Quartz I gave to poor Allione, a Fire-Opal, a Black Pearl, a Topaz...



Some of them are scattered. Some have been destroyed.

This was the least of them. It was an Eagle Stone that I created for the great birds. And they used it for a time; and then they returned it to me.



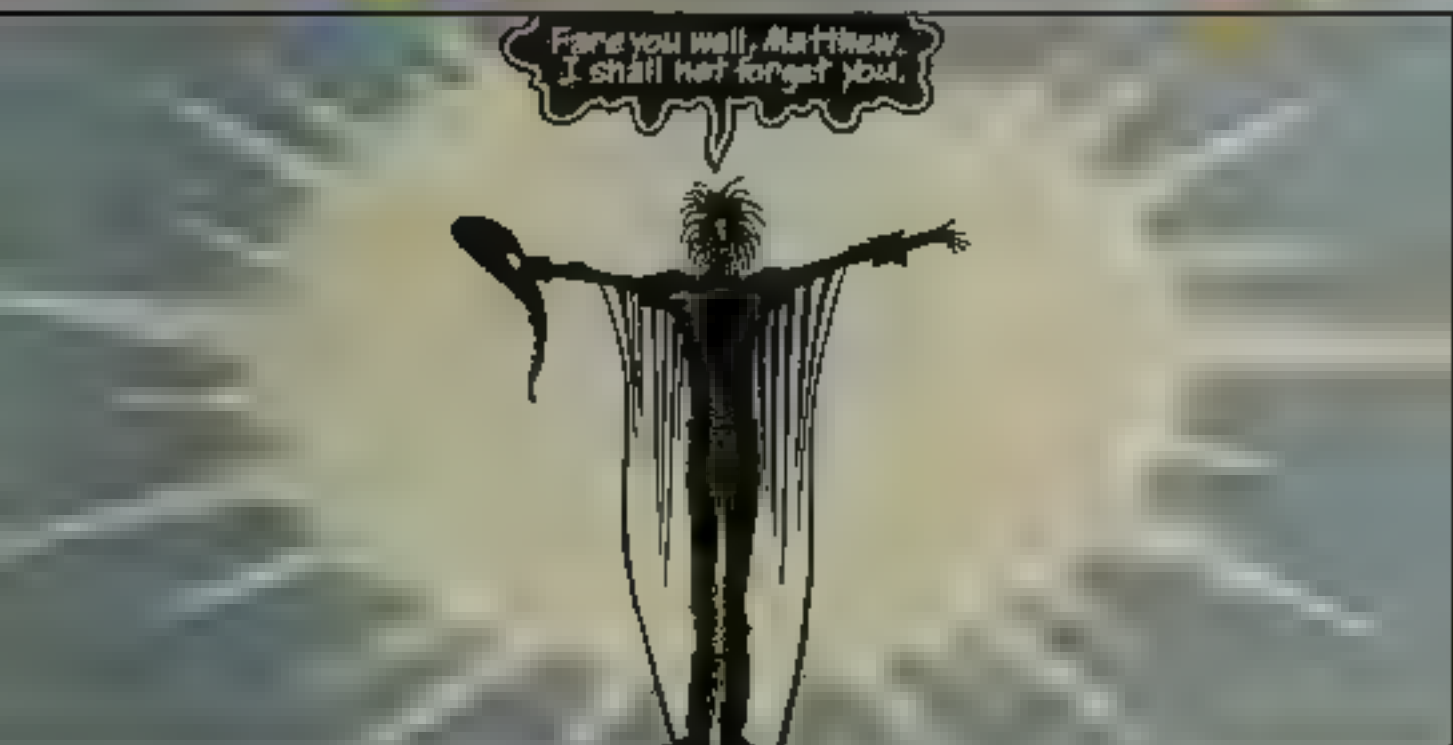




GO WHAT  
NOW?



Now, I bid farewell  
to you, and the boy,  
and the emerald, and  
the castle. I shall  
send you away. And  
I shall go and do  
what needs to be  
done with the  
- ladies -



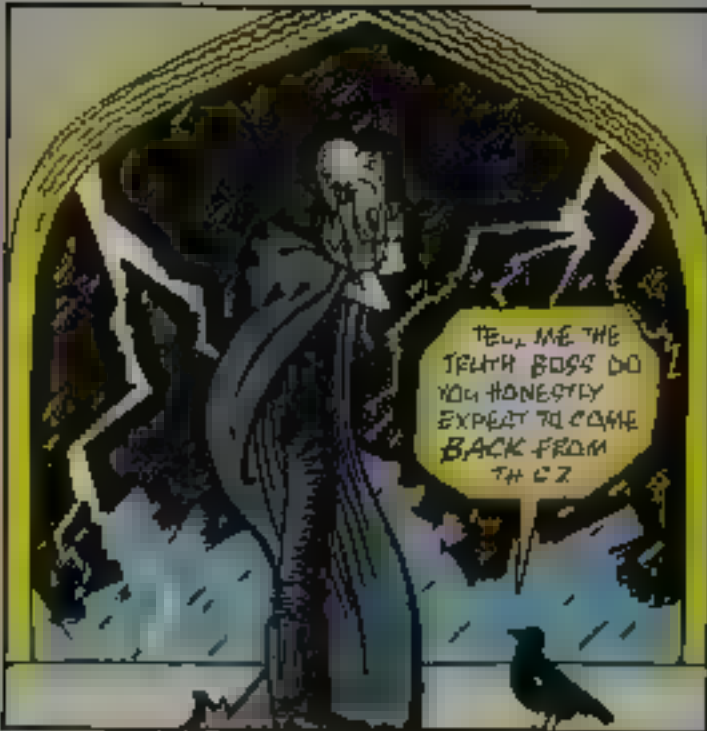
Fare you well, Matthew.  
I shall not forget you.



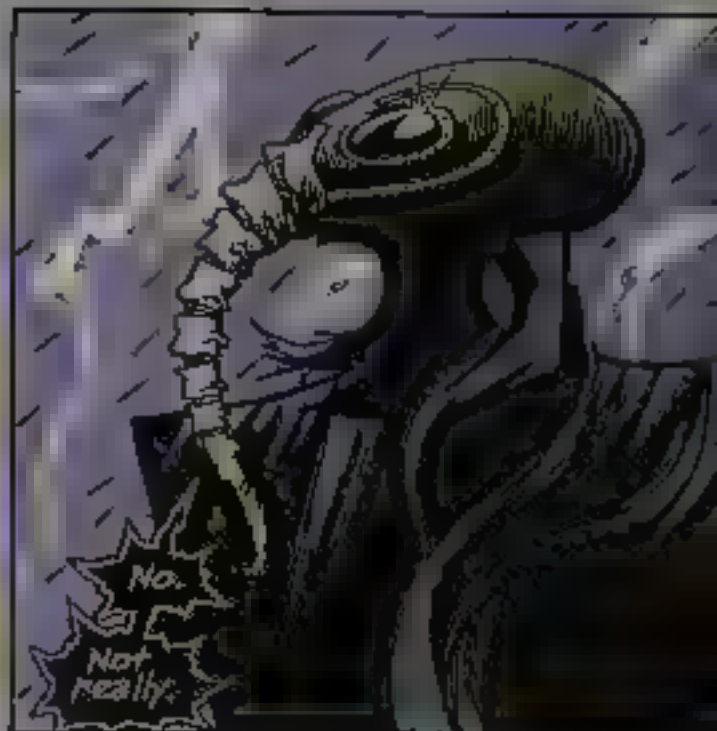
Matthew?  
I sent you  
away.

NOT IF I DON'T  
WANT TO GO IT'D DN'T  
WORK THE LAST TIME  
REMEMBER? SOMETIMES  
I THINK IT'S ALL I  
GOT LEFT NOT  
GOING

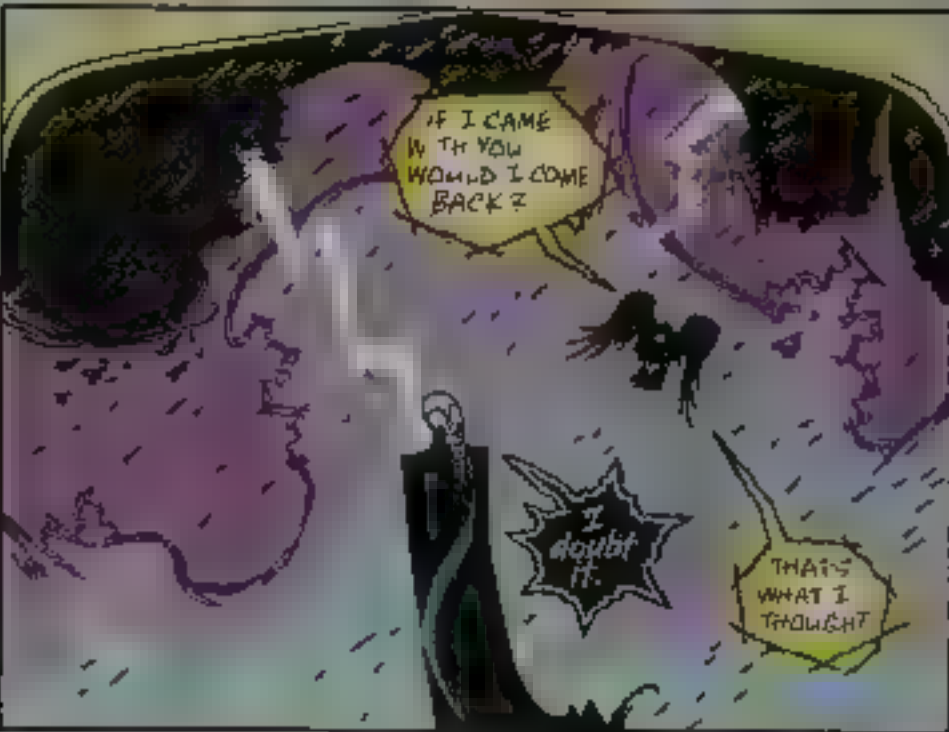




TELL ME THE  
TRUTH BOSS DO  
YOU HONESTLY  
EXPECT TO COME  
BACK FROM  
THAT?



No.  
Not  
really.



IF I CAME  
W/TH YOU  
WOULD I COME  
BACK?

I  
doubt  
it.

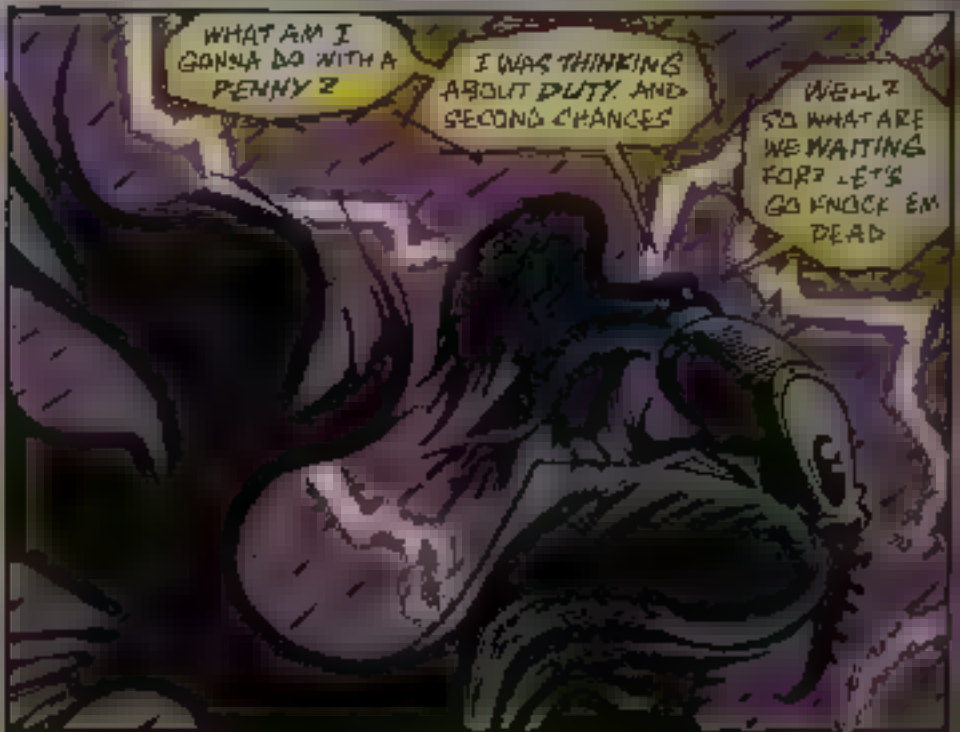
THAT'S  
WHAT I  
THOUGHT



TEH:  
TEH:  
CAAARRR:  
TOK-TOK-TOK



A penny for your  
thoughts, Matthew.



WHAT AM I  
GONNA DO WITH A  
PENNY?

I WAS THINKING  
ABOUT DUTY AND  
SECOND CHANCES

WELL?  
SO WHAT ARE  
WE WAITING  
FOR? LET'S  
GO KNOCK EM  
DEAD

# THE KINDY ONES: 12

LUX

WRITTEN BY  
NEIL GAIMAN  
DRAWN BY  
MARC HEMPEL PP. 1-12 19-24  
INKS BY  
RICHARD CASE + PENCILS 13-18  
LETTERED BY TODD KLEIN  
COLORED BY DANIEL VOZZO  
EDITED BY KAREN BERGER  
ASSOCIATED BY SHELLEY ROEBERG

SANDMAN CHARACTERS CREATED  
BY GAIMAN, MIETH & DRINGENBERG

DOWN THE ROAD I  
GO. I AM FOLLOWING  
MY FISHIE ♪♪

LA LA  
LA AAA

BECAUSE MY  
FISH KNOWS  
WHERE TO GO



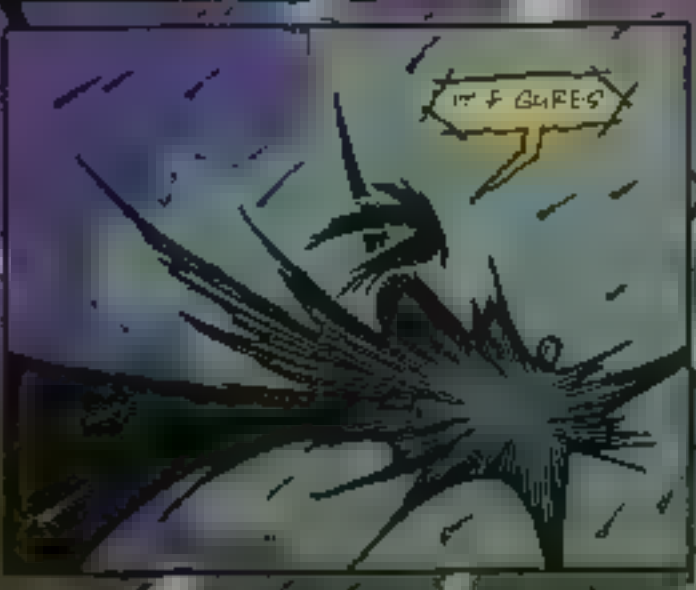
I AM SO CLEVER  
LA LA LA AAA  
SE ♪

IT KNOWS MANY  
THINGS MIES. THE  
BORGHAI RANTIPOLE  
THAT IS AND NOW  
IS INCONSPICUOUS  
TOO AS WE ♪

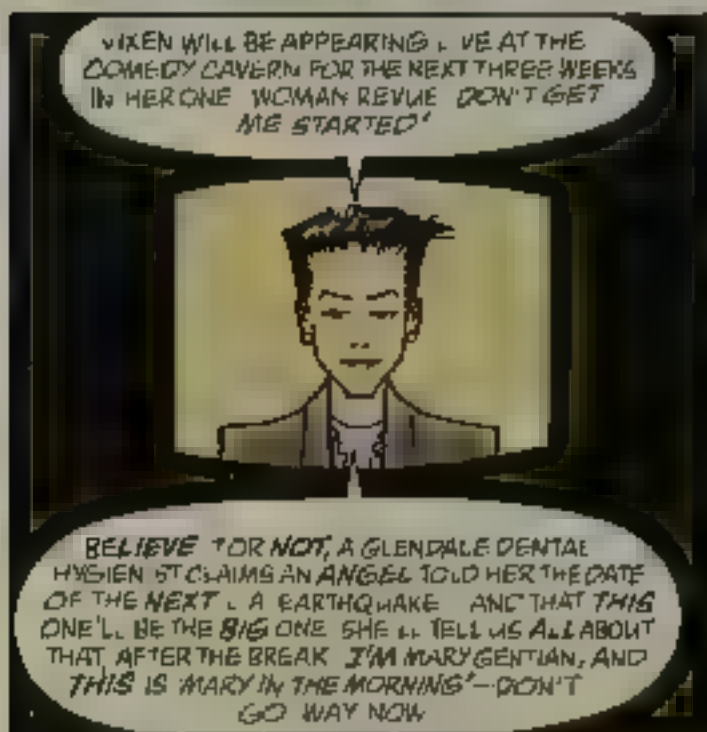
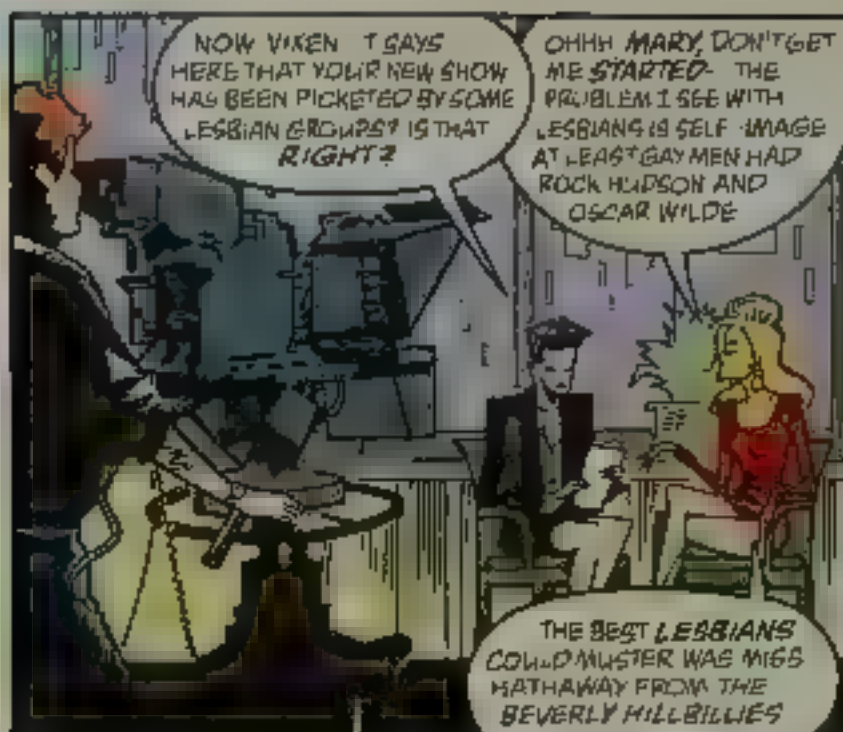
LA LA LA I AM  
FOLLOWING MY FISH

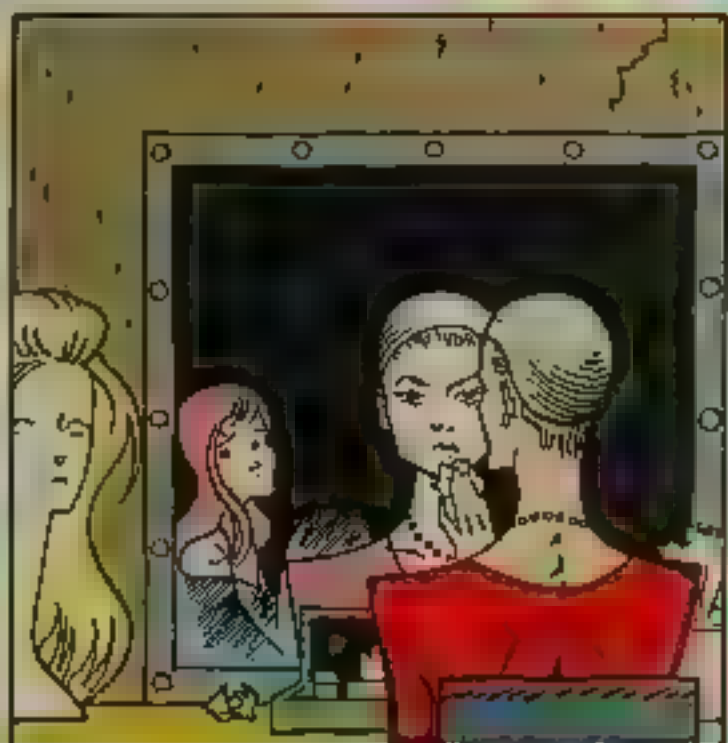
















WELL ZELDA ISN'T PLUSH NG UP THE DAISES -YET THE FUNERAL'S TOMORROW

YOU WERE HER ONLY OTHER FR END.

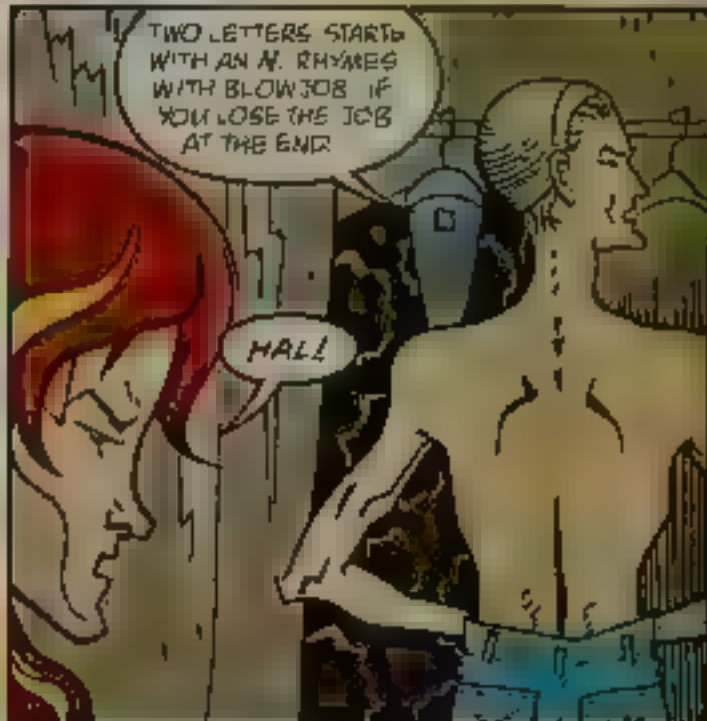


I THOUGHT THAT THIS MIGHT BE AN OPPORTUNITY TO LET Y'KNOW, BYGONES BE BYGONES. BETWEEN US, AND W TH WHATEVER HAPPENED BETWEEN YOU AND CHANTAL AND ZELDA



SHE'S GOT NO FAMILY IF YOU DON'T COME, I'M GOING TO BE THE ONLY ONE AT THE SERVICE

SO, WHAT DO YOU SAY?



TWO LETTERS STARTS WITH AN N. RHYMES WITH BLOWJOB IF YOU LOSE THE JOB AT THE END

HALL

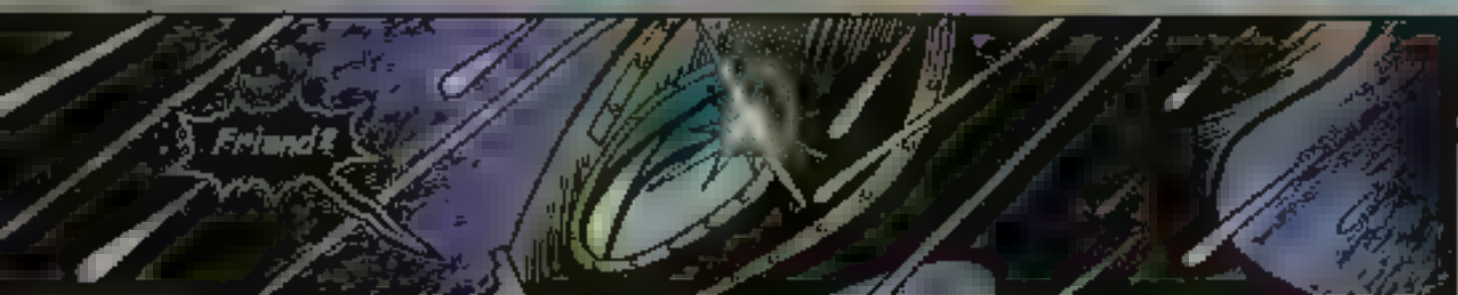
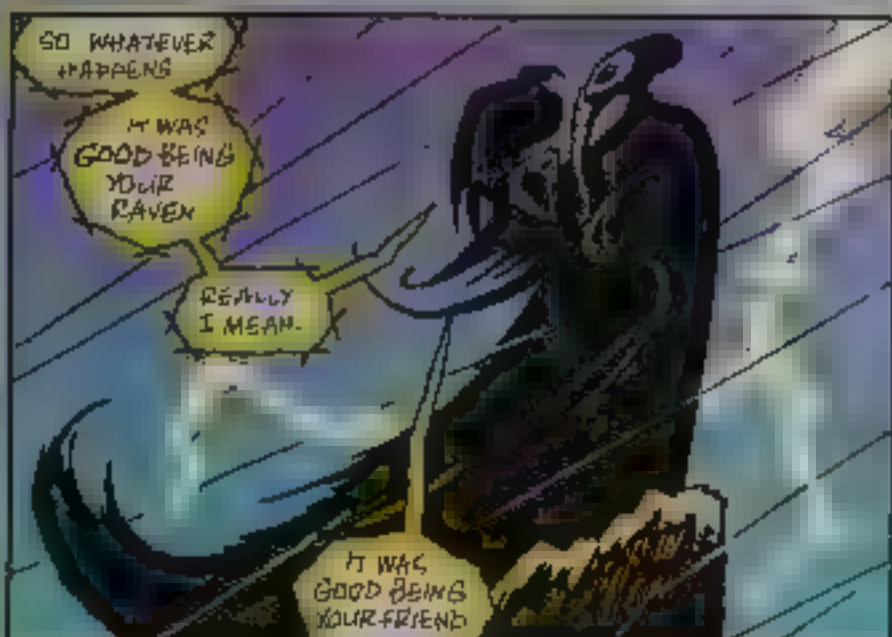


SORRY, SWEETHEART I DON'T DO FUNERALS LIFE IS, AS THEY SAY, TOO SHORT

AND I CAN'T WEAR BLACK I'M AN AUTUMN



ASSHOLE HAI THE WORD YOU'RE LOOKING FOR IS ASSHOLE











WHERE  
ARE  
THEY?

They will  
be here soon,  
Matthew.

Y'KNOW YOU  
NEVER ANSWERED  
MY QUESTION

Which  
question  
would  
that be?

I WANTED TO KNOW WHAT  
HAPPENED TO YOUR OTHER  
RAVENS. BEFORE IN  
THE END

I remember

NEED

What happens at  
the end? Different things,  
Matthew. Some ravens have  
tired of their existences...

...and I sent them  
at their request, to my  
Sister's realm, and what  
happened after is none  
of your concern.

One of them I returned to  
humanity. It was what he  
wanted. Two of  
them have stayed in the  
Dreaming, in other roles.

Luzien is one of those,  
he was the first Raven  
of them all.

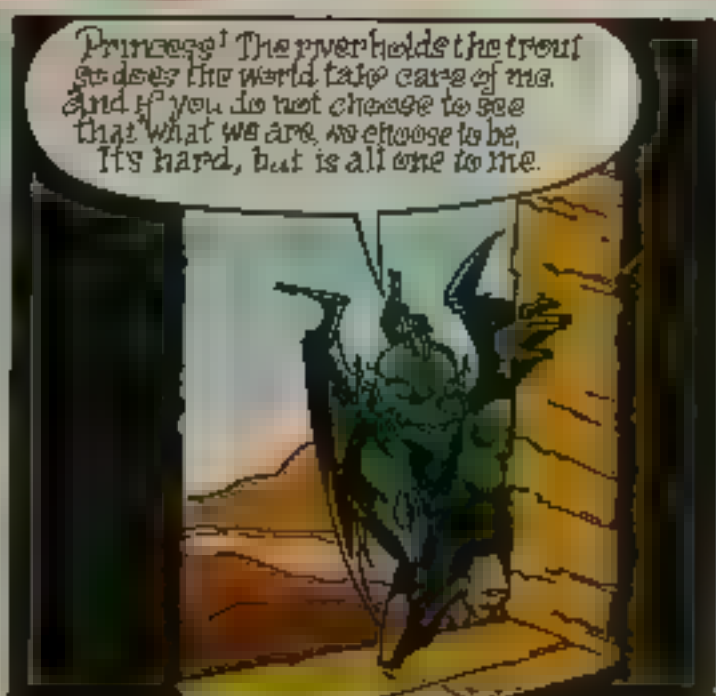
NO SHIT! BUT  
HE SAID HE DIDN'T  
REMEMBER HIS  
EARLY DAYS

AND  
WHAT  
ABOUT  
ME?

WE ARE HERE  
DREAMLORD



Ahem lady  
To conclude my  
poem, the Envoi



Princess! The pver holds the trout  
as does the world take care of me.  
and if you do not choose to see  
that what we are, we choose to be,  
It's hard, but is all one to me.



The rule is cruel, but there's  
no doubt  
I'll dream tonight of  
storms at sea  
Be sure your song  
will find  
you out



There That's my  
poem done lady

Well?

Well?  
What did  
you  
think?





I DO NOT CARE FOR YOUR POETRY ELURACAN

NEITHER FOR YOUR SILLY MODE OF DE. VERY



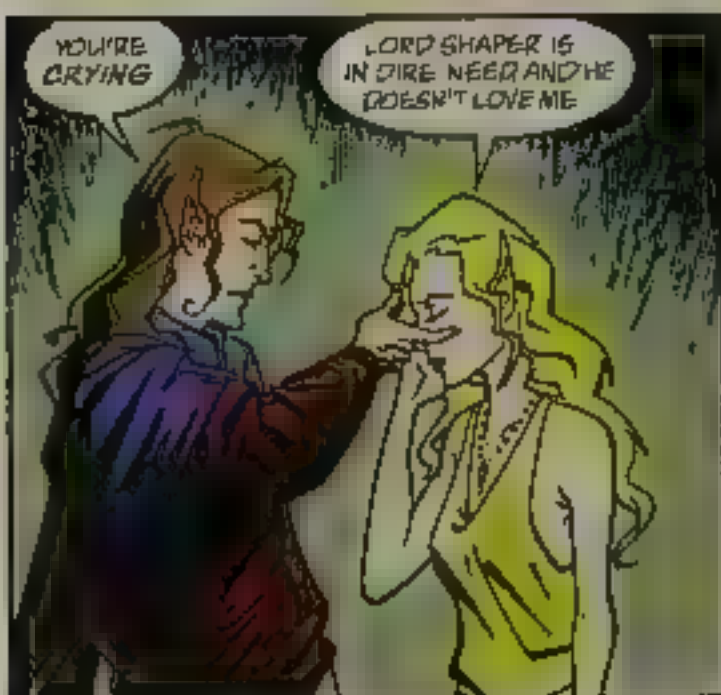
HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS ME?



THE POETRY SOUNDED LIKE YOURS. AND YOU'RE VAIN ENOUGH TO WANT TO SEE THE REACTION OF YOUR INTENDED AUDIENCE

YOU'RE MY BROTHER, FOR OUR LADY'S SAKE IT'S THE KUHND OF STUPID THING YOU'D DO.

NOW GO AWAY



YOU'RE CRYING

LORD SHAPER IS IN DIRE NEED AND HE DOESN'T LOVE ME



WOULD IT BE BETTER IF HE WAS IN DIRE NEED AND DID LOVE YOU?

AND LOOK AT ME

THIS IS WHAT YOU MADE ME



I SAVED YOU FROM BANISHMENT OR WORSE YOU COULD HAVE BEEN SENT AWAY

YES SHAPER

THANK YOU FOR THE POEM



ELURACAN? WILL YOU GIVE ME MY TRUE SHAPE BACK, FOR MY JOURNEYS?

..JOURNEYS?



AS YOU SAID IN YOUR SILLY POEM WHAT WE ARE, WE CHOOSE TO BE

I CHOOSE TO LEAVE

BROTHER? WILL YOU GIVE ME BACK MY FACE?

SO, YOU HAVE  
COME TO RECKON  
WITH US

Yes.

I want you  
to leave my  
realm.

I want you to  
stop harassing the  
entities who live  
here under my  
protection.

WE WILL DO WHAT WE  
SHALL DO EH, DREAMER?

WE WILL DO WHAT  
WE MUST

AND WE CANNOT  
LEAVE UNTIL OUR  
TASK IS DONE

THIS WOULD  
BE ONE OF THOSE  
BLUE DEALS  
AGAIN, WOULDN'T  
IT?

Hush,  
Matthew.

And if I fought  
you? And if I took a  
stand, hence what  
then?

THEN NOTHING WOULD  
CHANGE, DREAM. KING HOW  
WILL YOU FIGHT US? YOU  
CANNOT EVEN TOUCH US.

TAKE YOUR STAND WE ARE NOT  
WE WILL CONTINUE TO RIP APART  
YOUR WORLD, BIT BY BIT  
SHRED BY SHRED.

YOUR SON'S BLOOD  
IS ON YOUR HANDS

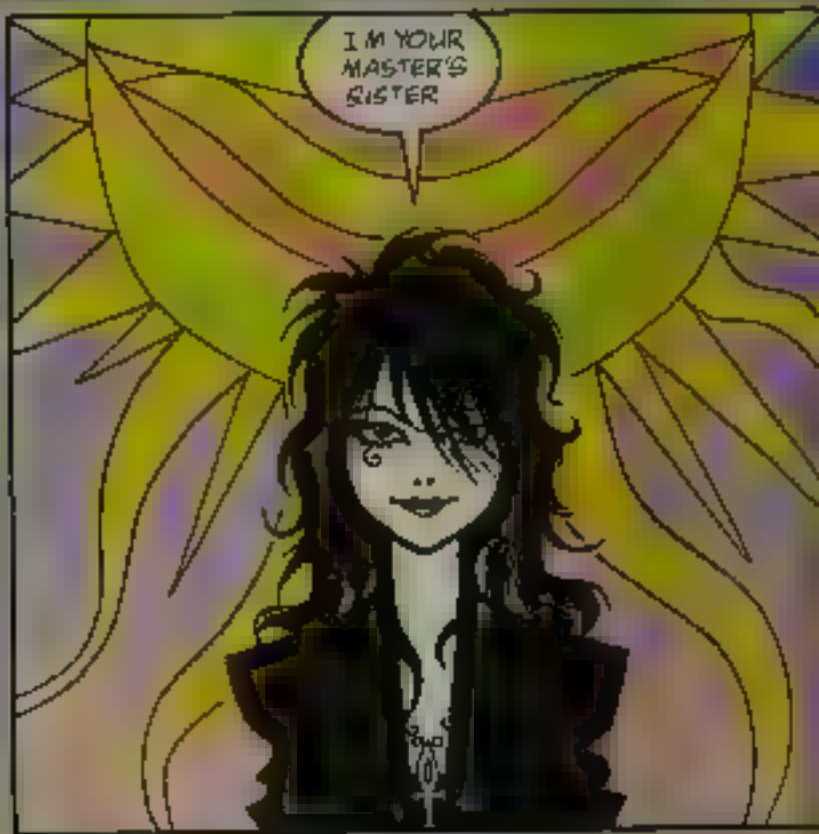
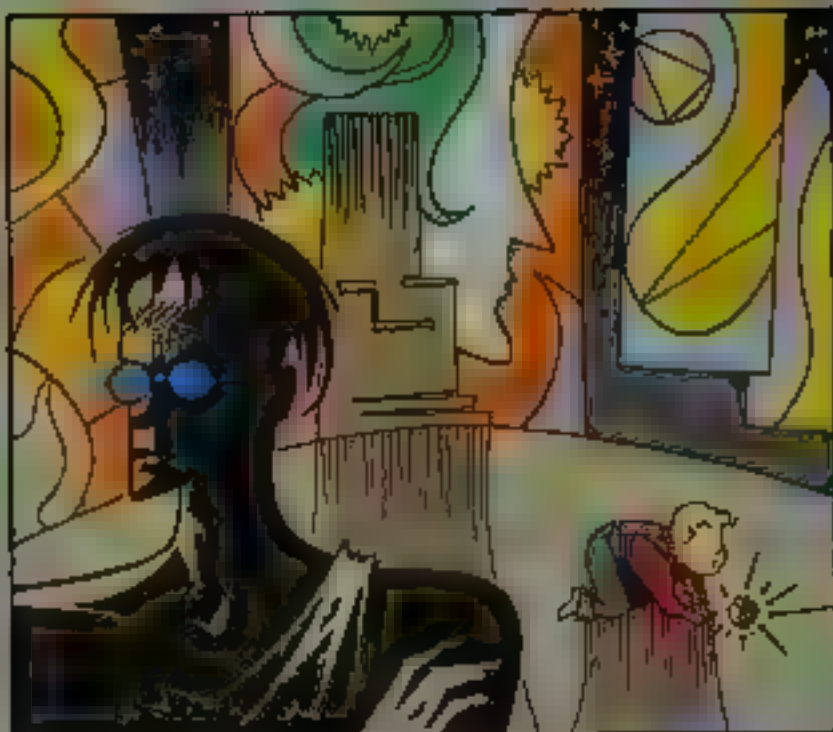
As you say. So, you  
will not be satisfied with  
anything less, then?

WHAT DO  
YOU THINK?

LESS THAN  
WHAT? WHO  
ARE THEY  
ASKING?

Hush, Matthew; hush.  
That is none of your  
concern.







OUR LORD  
'S WITH THE  
LADIES,  
MADAM



THANK YOU,  
LUCIEN

UM

I LIKED  
THE LAST  
BOOK YOU  
GAVE ME



MISS MIRRELES  
HERSELF WAS MOST  
FOND OF THE BOOK AS  
WELL YOU KNOW SHE WOULD  
THINK ON IT FOR *HOURS*  
BEFORE SHE WENT TO SLEEP  
AT NIGHT BUT SHE NEVER  
*WROTE* MORE OF IT  
THAN A COUPLE OF  
PARAGRAPHS

I ALSO HAVE  
HER SEQUELS TO  
A FLY IN AMBER  
SOMEWHERE, A BIT  
DRY, OF COURSE NOT  
FICTION, BUT IF  
YOU'RE INTERESTED  
I COULD DO  
AND



NOT NOW,  
LUCIEN

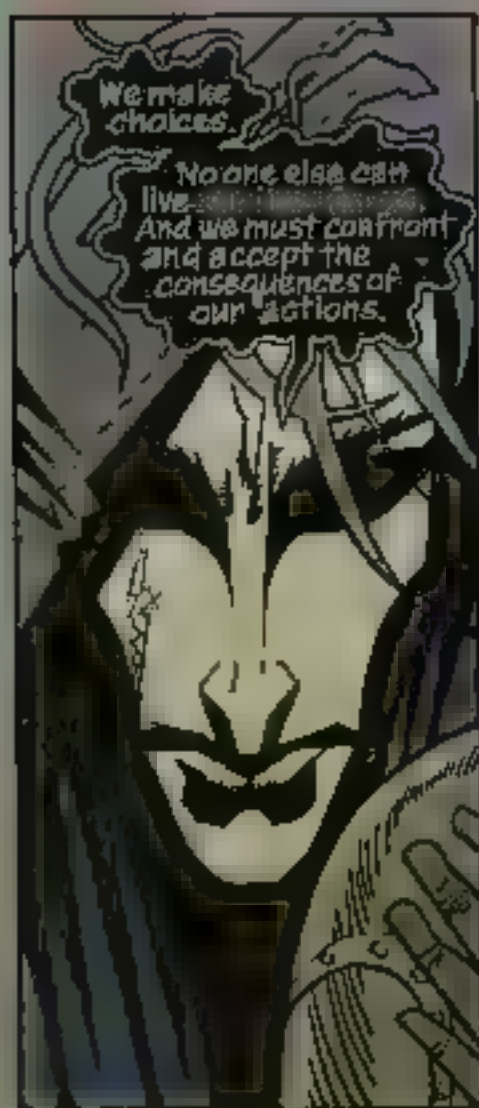
I'M SORRY  
BUT ON  
EDGE

WE  
ALL  
ARE



WELL I  
CAN WAIT









# past THE RETURN

74



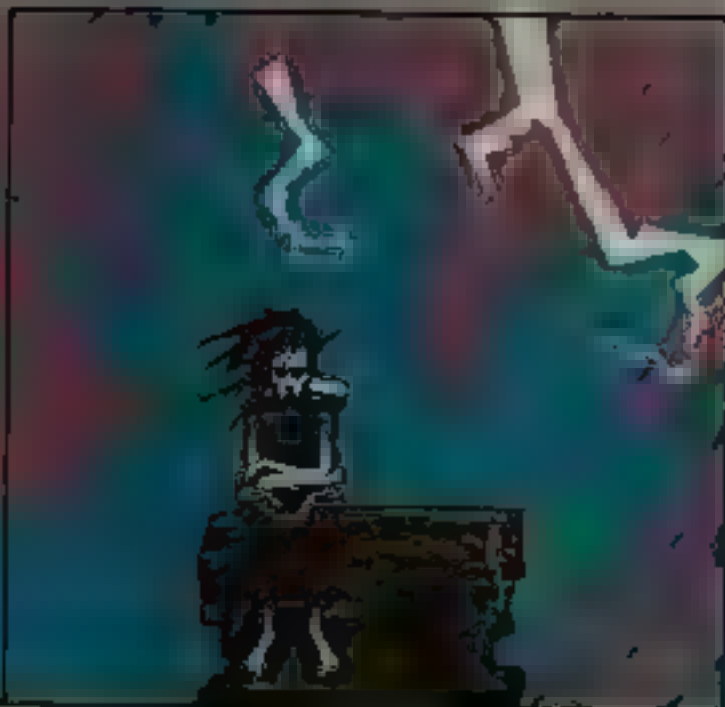
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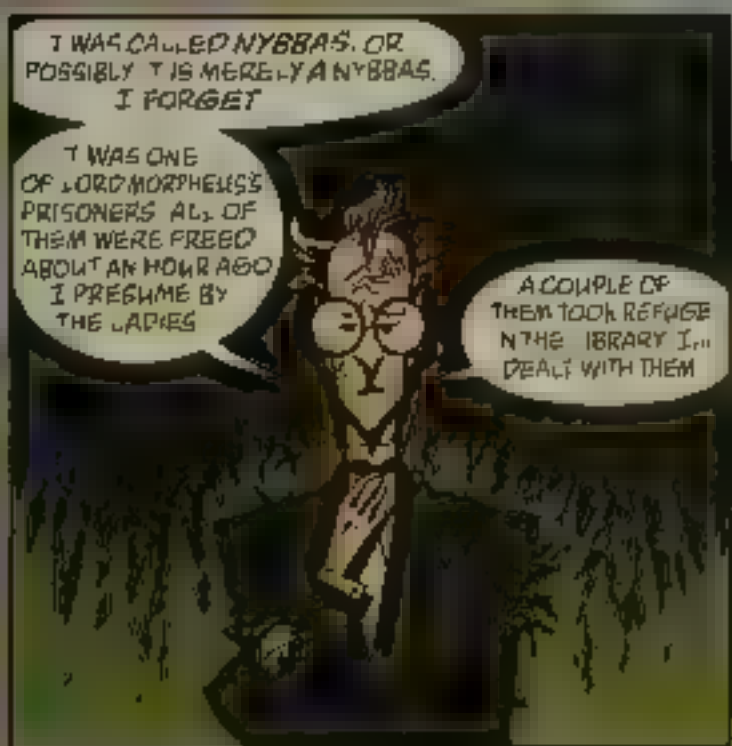
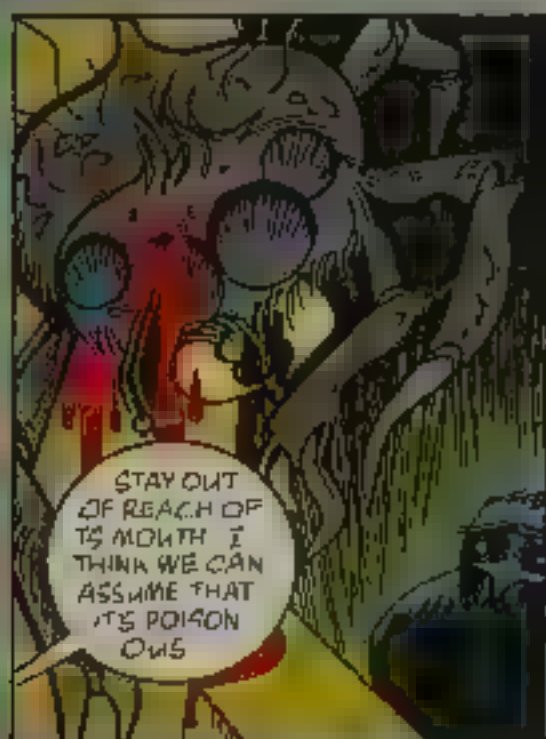
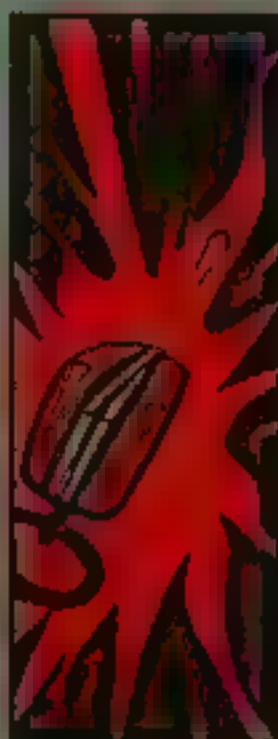
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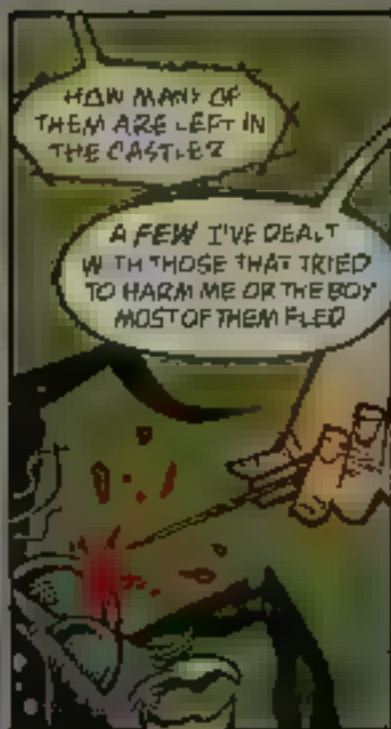






SHIT  
THEY'RE  
ALL  
FREE?

THE ONES  
THAT WERE IN  
DARKNESS THE  
THINGS HE PUT IN  
THE CHEST ARE  
STILL SAFE



HOW MANY OF  
THEM ARE LEFT IN  
THE CASTLE?

A FEW I'VE DEALT  
WITH THOSE THAT TRIED  
TO HARM ME OR THE BOY  
MOST OF THEM FLED



YOU AND YOUR SWISS  
ARMY KNIFE TAKE ON  
THE WORLD, HUH?

SO YOU  
GOING TO TRY  
AND KILL ME  
NOW?

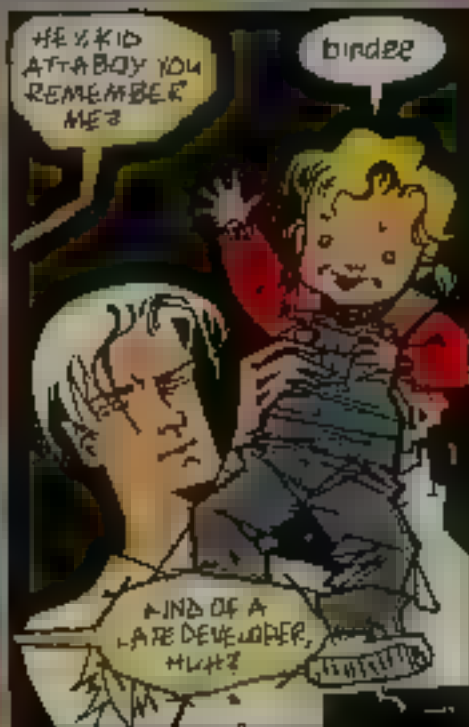
I OUGHT  
TO BUT HE'LL  
BIRD LIFE'S TOO  
SHORT

WELL  
THANKS. I  
THINK



SO WHERE'S THE  
BOY? WHERE'S DANIEL?  
HE OKAY?

HE'S FINE  
SAY IT TO MATTHEW  
DANIEL



HE'S KID  
ATT-A-BOY YOU  
REMEMBER  
ME?

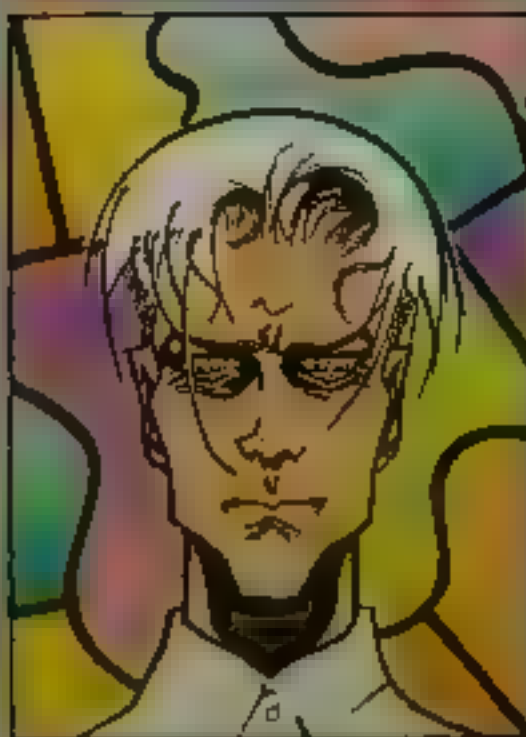
birdie

MIND OF A  
LATE DEVELOPER,  
HUH?



MATTHEW?  
WHAT HAS  
BEFALLEN OUR  
LORD, EH? HOW  
CROAKS THE  
RAVEN?

HE'S OFF ON THE BORDERS  
OF NIGHTMARE HE SENT ME  
BACK HERE WITH SOME OF HIS  
STUFF TO WAIT WITH IT,  
UNTIL HE COMES BACK

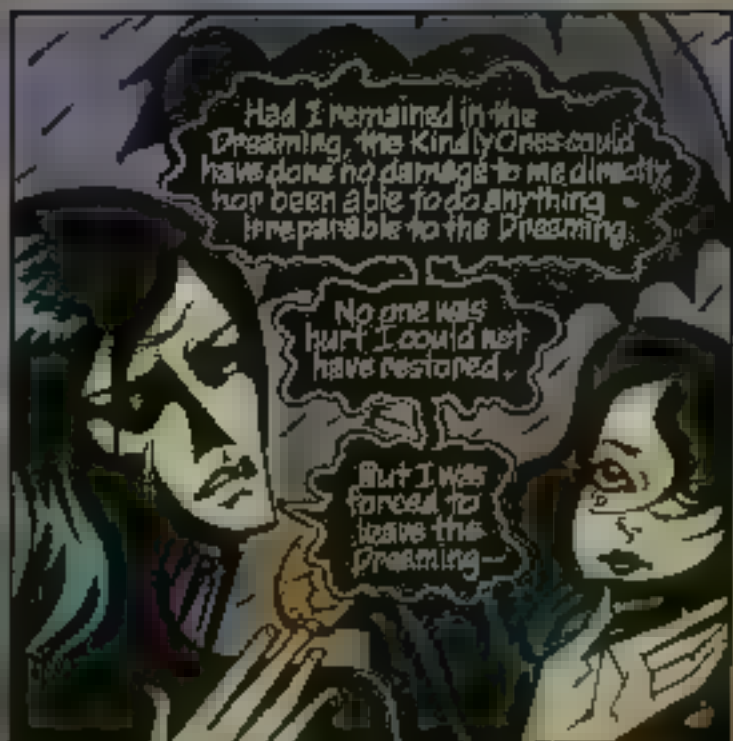
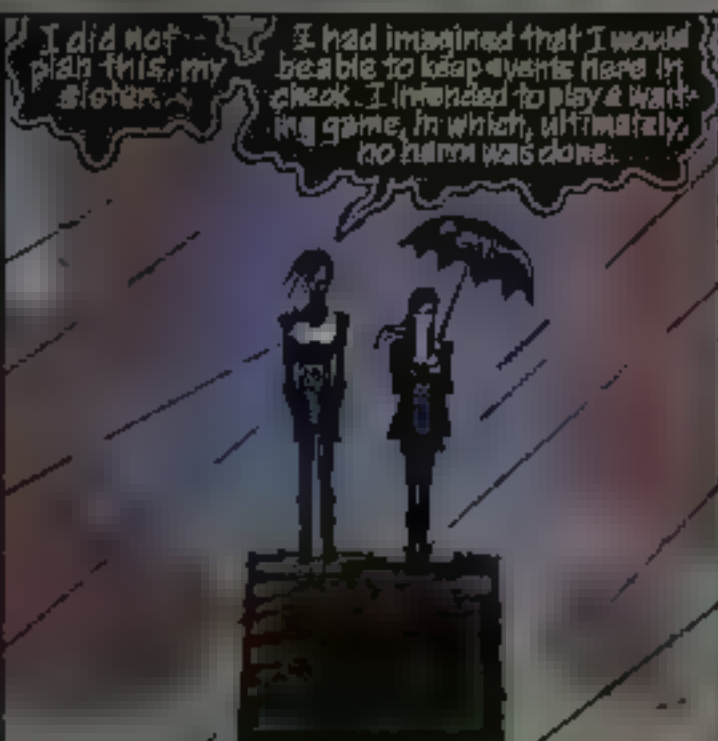


HOW  
DOES IT  
GO...

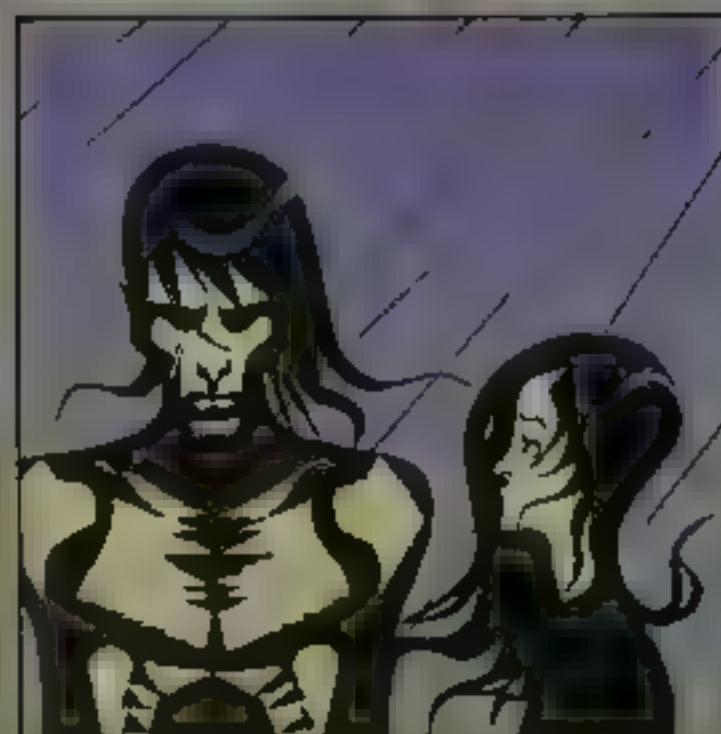
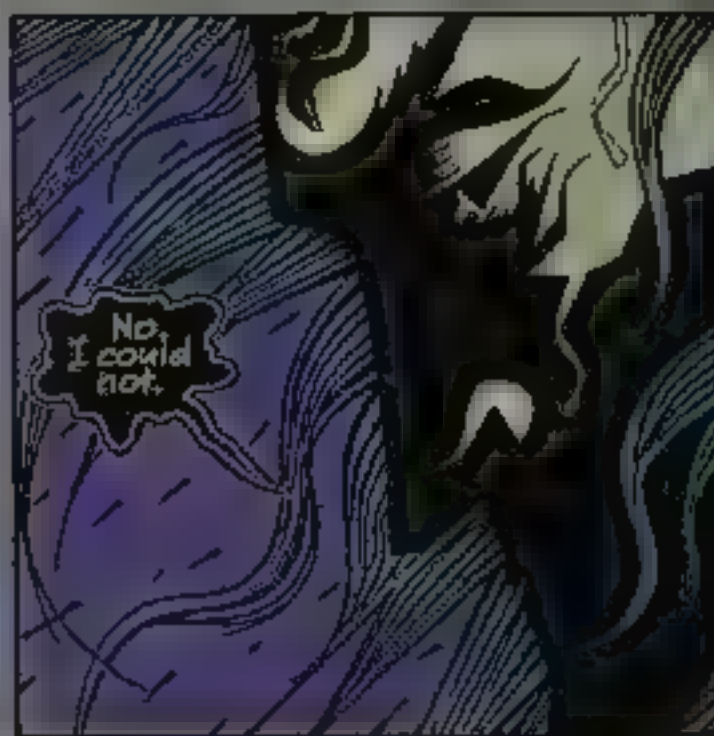
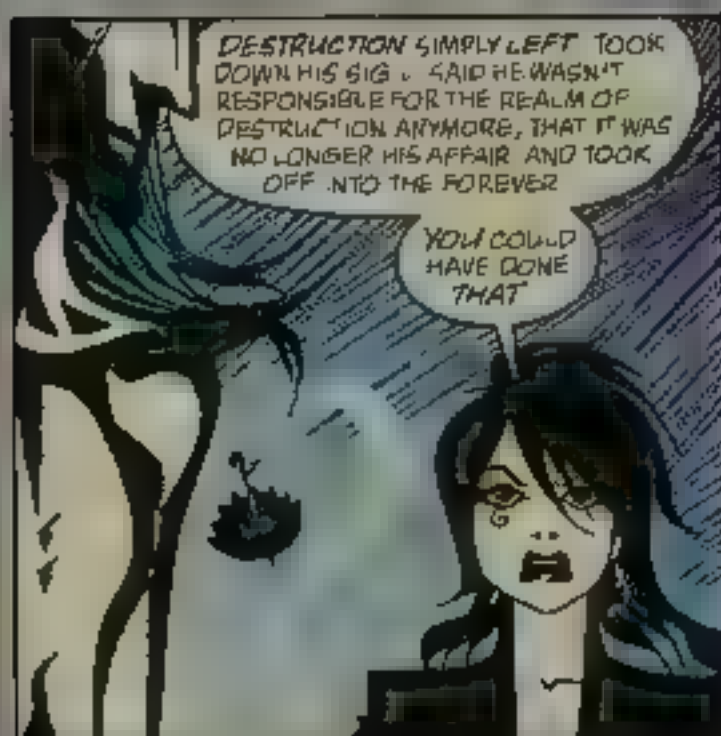
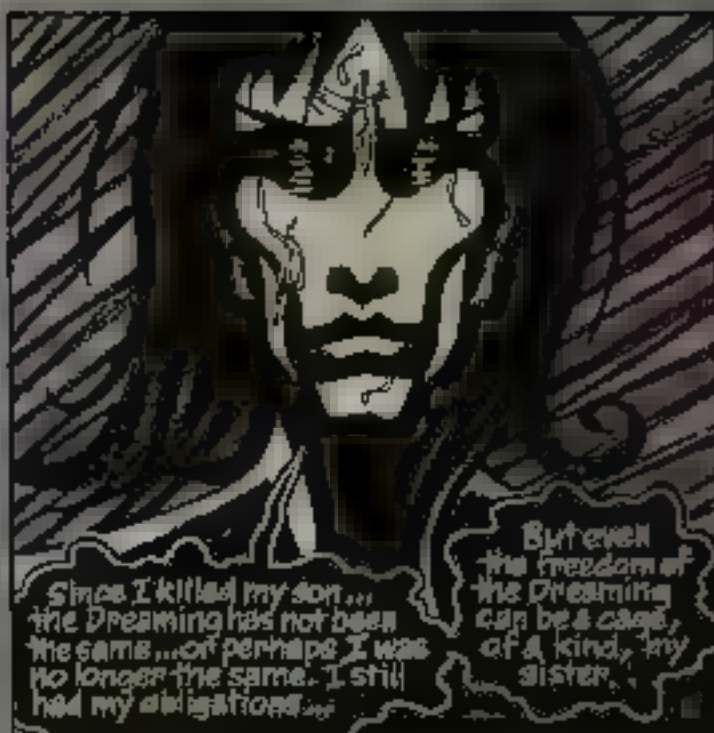
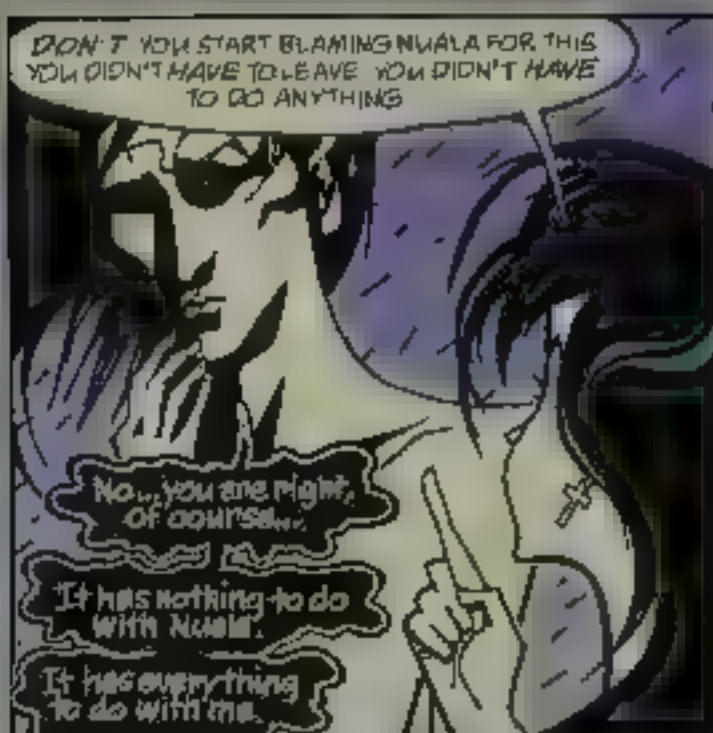
"THERE'S BUT THREE  
FURIES FOUND IN SPACIOUS HELL,  
BUT IN A GREAT MAN'S BREAST  
THREE THOUSAND DWELL."

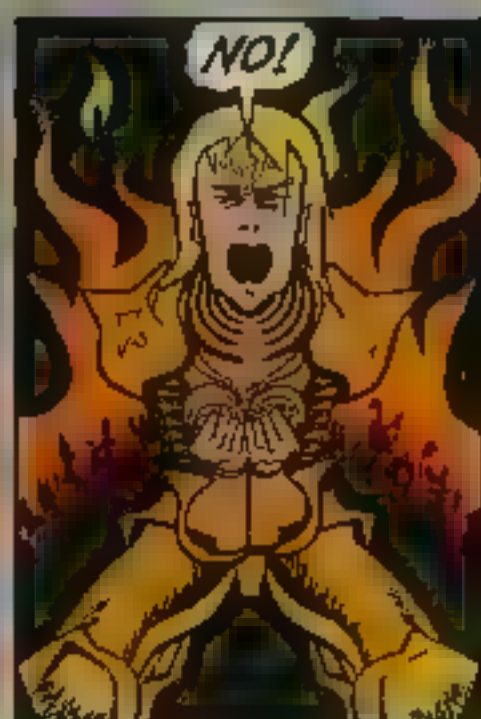
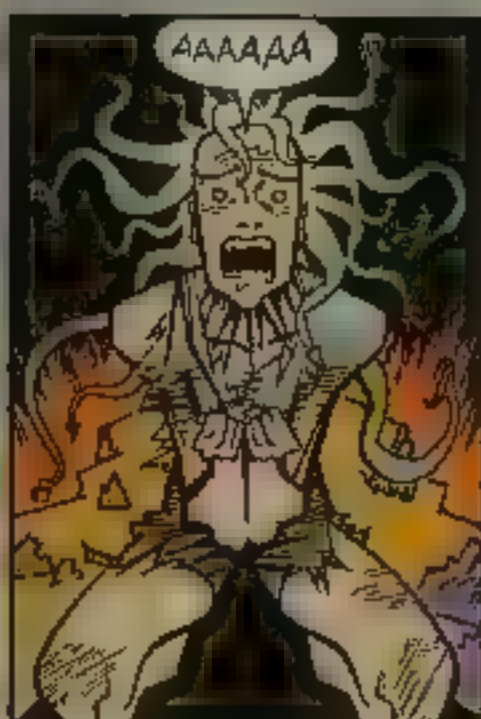


WHATEVER











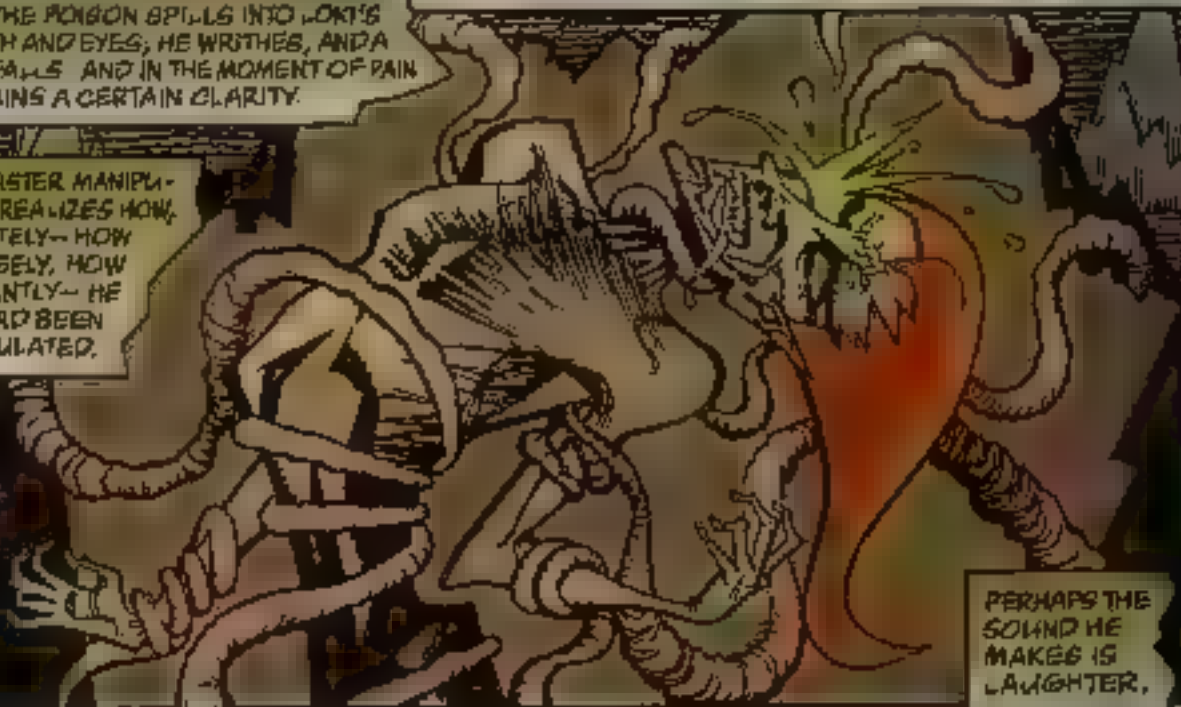
AND NWALA SPIES THE HILL-PORTAL  
AND URGES HER PONY TOWARD IT, AND  
THE WIND IS ICE IN HER FACE

AND THIS IS PASSING  
STRANGE IN FAERIE,  
WHERE IT IS ALWAYS  
MOST CLEMENT AND  
GENTLE



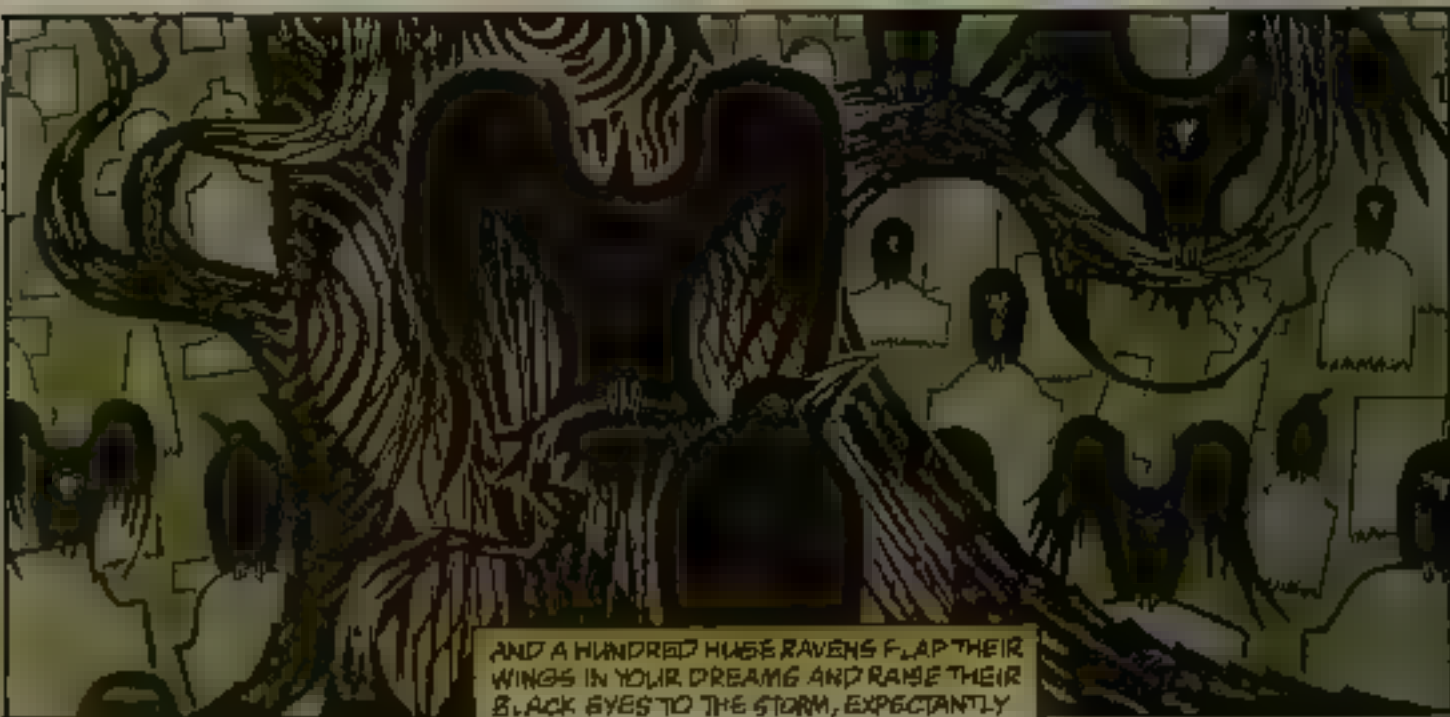
AND THE POISON SPILLS INTO LOKI'S  
MOUTH AND EYES; HE WRITHES, AND A  
CITY FALLS AND IN THE MOMENT OF PAIN  
HE GAINS A CERTAIN CLARITY.

THE MASTER MANIPU-  
LATOR REALIZES HOW,  
ULTIMATELY-- HOW  
STRANGELY, HOW  
ELEGANTLY-- HE  
TOO HAD BEEN  
MANIPULATED.



PERHAPS THE  
SOUND HE  
MAKES IS  
LAUGHTER.

AND A HUNDRED HUGE RAVENS FLAP THEIR  
WINGS IN YOUR DREAM AND RAISE THEIR  
BLACK EYES TO THE STORM, EXPECTANTLY



DID YOU FEEL  
THAT DREAM  
KING?

WE ARE RPPING  
YOUR WORLD APART

I  
felt  
it.

WE HAVE  
FREED THE  
POWERS  
THAT YOU  
HAD CAGED.

I know.

DREAM-KING WE ARE DESTROYING  
THE DREAMING CAN YOU NOT FEEL IT?

Yes, I  
can.

WHAT WILL  
YOU DO, TO  
STOP US?

WHAT CAN  
YOU DO?

ENOUGH!

I HAVE  
HAD QUITE  
ENOUGH OF  
THIS

WE ARE  
MERELY  
PERFORM-  
ING OUR  
FUNCTION,  
LADY

LEAVE US  
ALONE THIS IS  
BETWEEN ME  
AND MY BROTHER

THERE



WELL WHAT  
ARE WE GOING  
TO DO WITH  
YOU?

They are  
destroying the  
Dresning. What  
else can we do?

I have  
made all the  
preparations  
necessary.

HMM YOU'VE  
BEEN MAKING THEM  
FOR AGES YOU JUST  
DIDN'T LET YOURSELF  
KNOW THAT WAS WHAT  
YOU WERE DOING

If you  
say so.

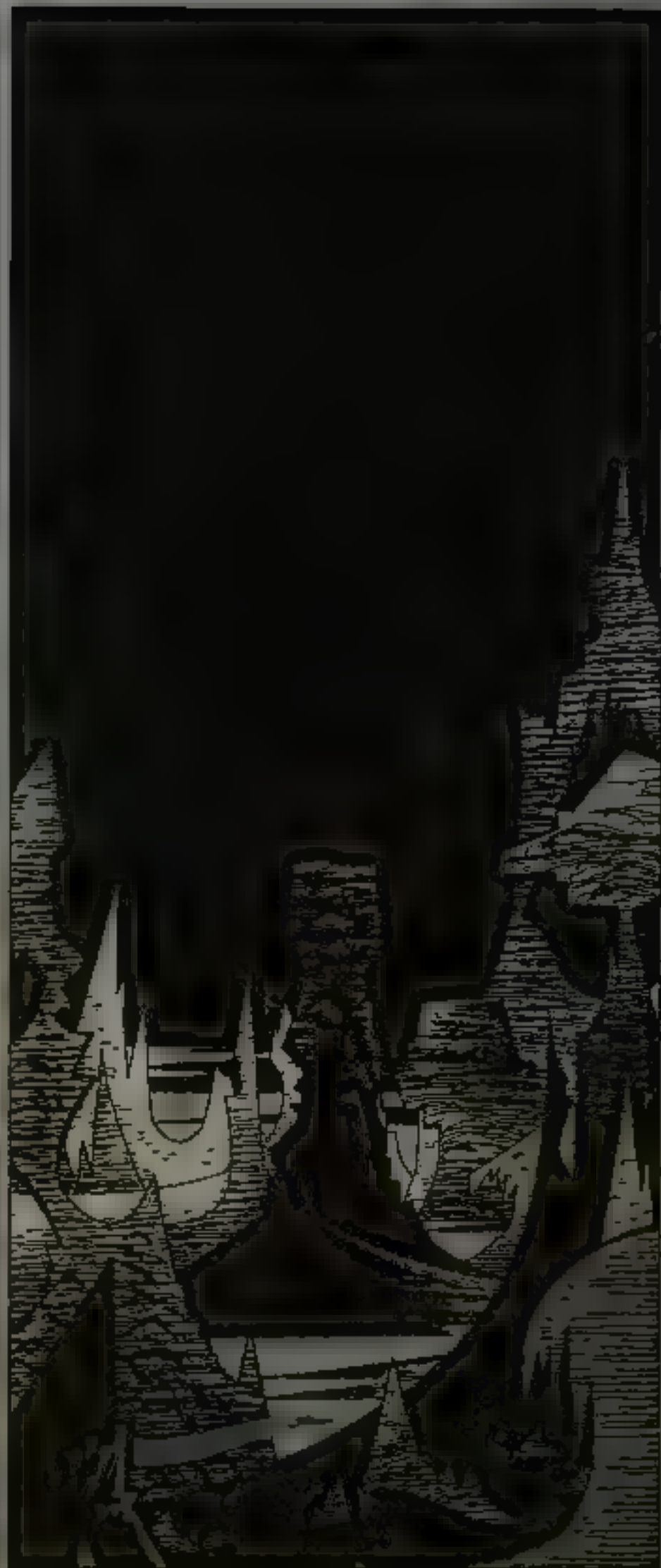
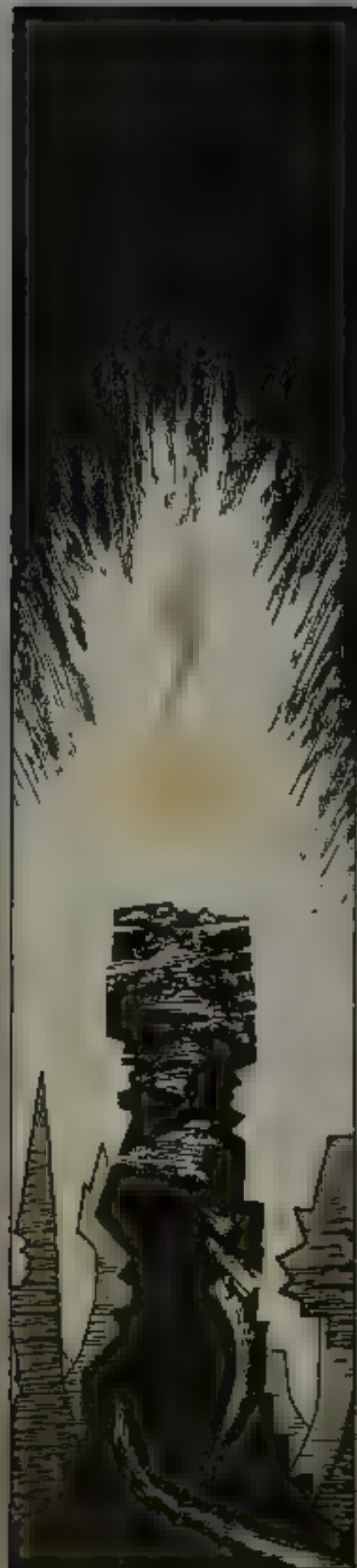
DREAM?

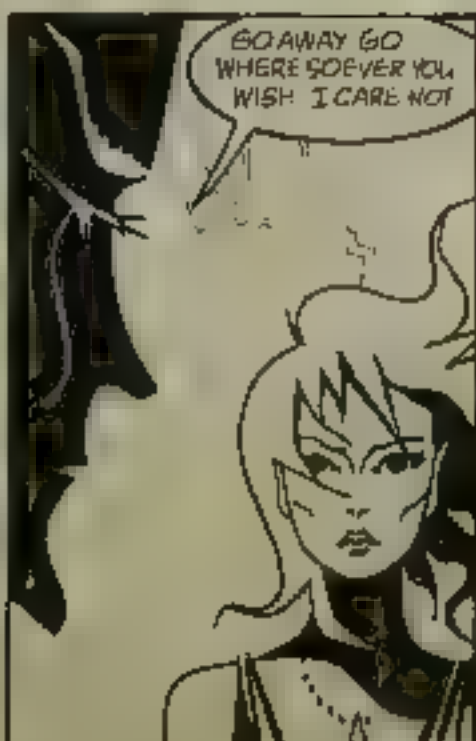
GIVE  
ME YOUR  
HAND.



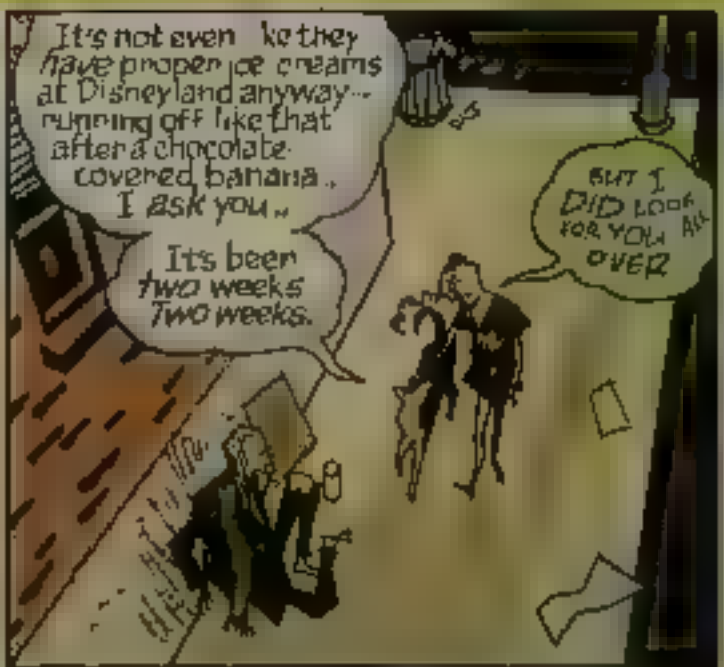
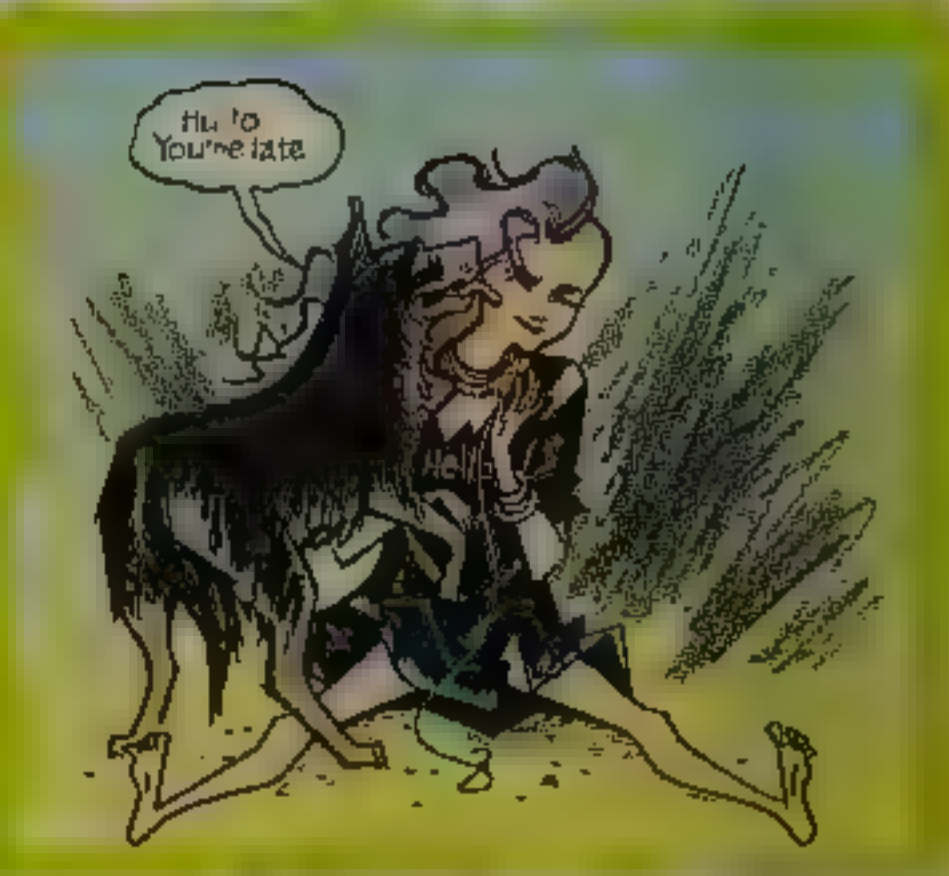


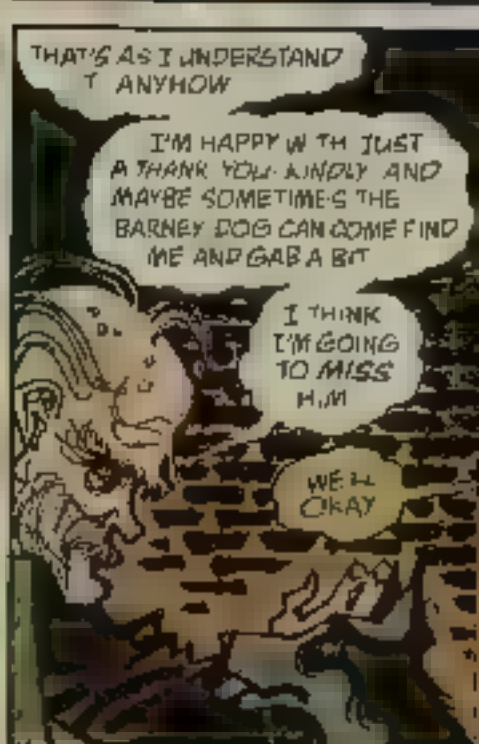






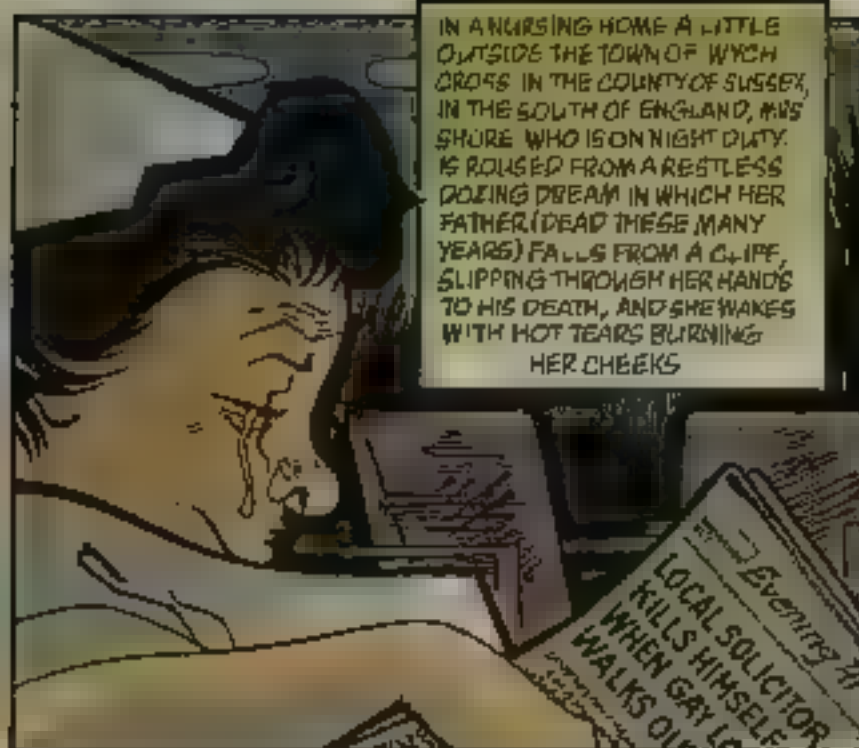




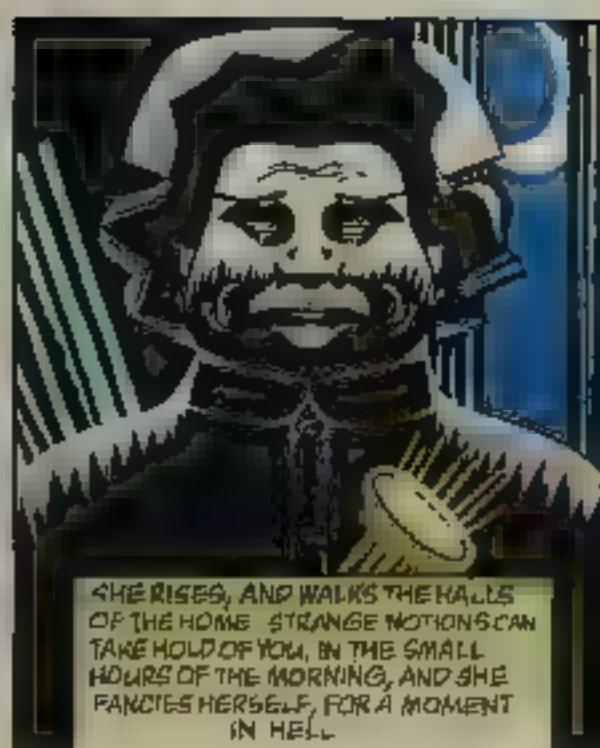








IN A NURSING HOME A LITTLE OUTSIDE THE TOWN OF WYCH CROSS IN THE COUNTY OF SUSSEX, IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND, MRS SHORE WHO IS ON NIGHT DUTY, IS ROUSED FROM A RESTLESS DOZING DREAM IN WHICH HER FATHER (DEAD THESE MANY YEARS) FALLS FROM A CLIFF, SLIPPING THROUGH HER HANDS TO HIS DEATH, AND SHE WAKES WITH HOT TEARS BURNING HER CHEEKS



SHE RISES, AND WALKS THE HALLS OF THE HOME. STRANGE NOTIONS CAN TAKE HOLD OF YOU, IN THE SMALL HOURS OF THE MORNING, AND SHE FANCIES HERSELF, FOR A MOMENT IN HELL



PERHAPS IT IS SIMPLY THE FULL OF THE MOON, SHE THINKS, BUT THE HOWLS AND THE MOANS THAT ASSAIL HER FROM EVERY ROOM ARE MORE THAN MERE LUNACY

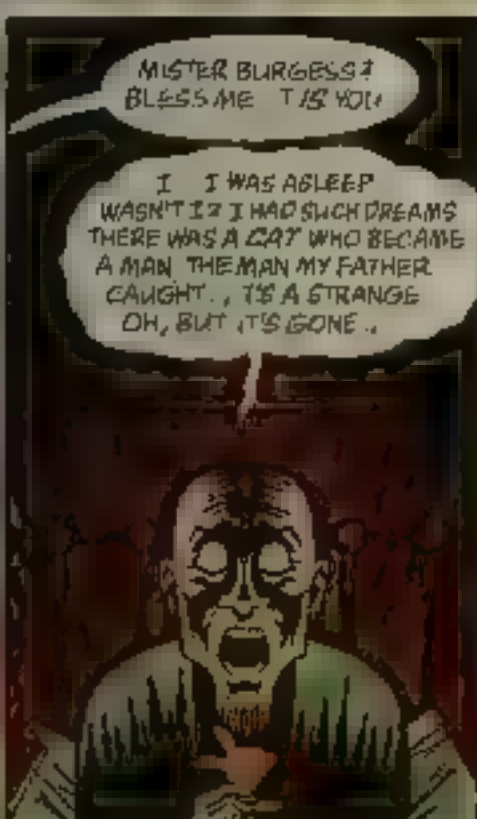
THEY HOWL IN THEIR SLEEP LIKE FURIES, SHE THINKS. LIKE BANSHEES, LIKE



SHE CONFIRMS FOR HERSELF THAT THEY STILL SLEEP, THOUGH THEY WHISPER AND MOAN LIKE WOMEN POSSESSED.

THEN SHE HEARS A VOICE, RUSTY AND HOARSE WITH DISUSE, PLEADING THROUGH THE SHADOWS

TELL 2 NURSE I PAUL'S HELLO 5 ANYBODY THERE?



MISTER BURGESS? BLESS ME 'T IS YOU

I I WAS ASLEEP WASN'T I? I HAD SUCH DREAMS THERE WAS A CAT WHO BECAME A MAN THE MAN MY FATHER CAUGHT, 'T IS A STRANGE OH, BUT IT'S GONE..

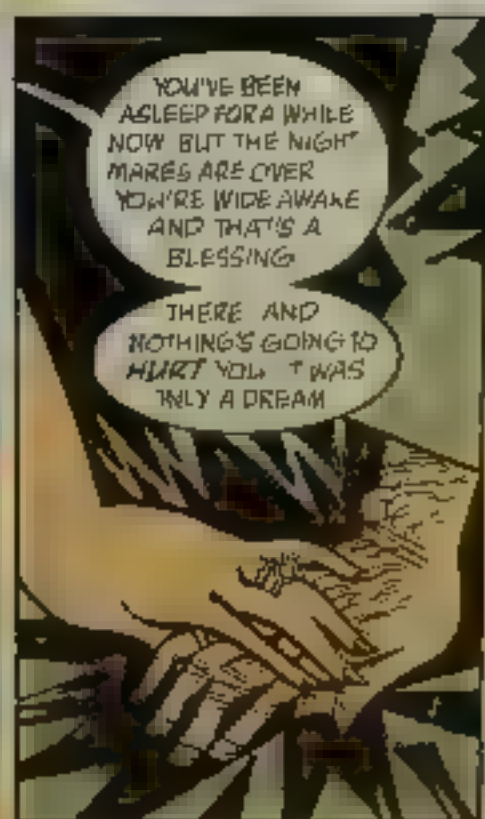


WHERE'S PAUL?

YOU MUST BE A NEW NURSE I DON'T KNOW YOU I DON'T

PAUL? IS 'THIS ANOTHER NIGHTMARE? IS 'T A BAD DREAM?

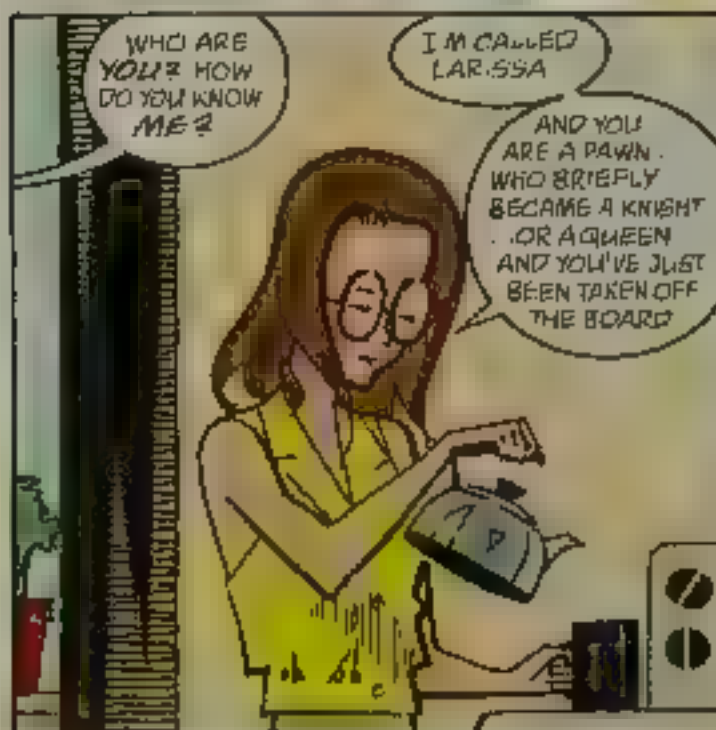
HUSH NOW DEARIE

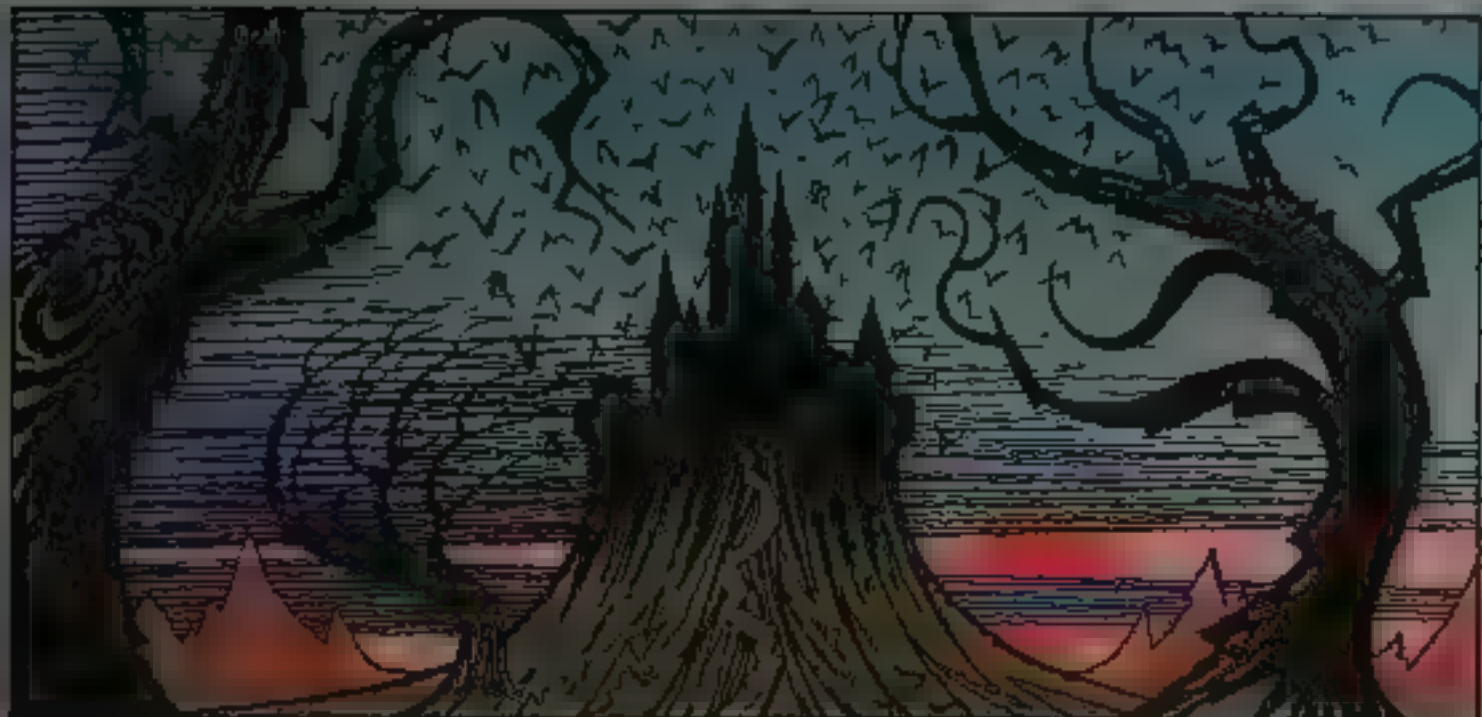


YOU'VE BEEN ASLEEP FOR A WHILE NOW BUT THE NIGHT MARES ARE OVER YOU'RE WIDE AWAKE AND THAT'S A BLESSING

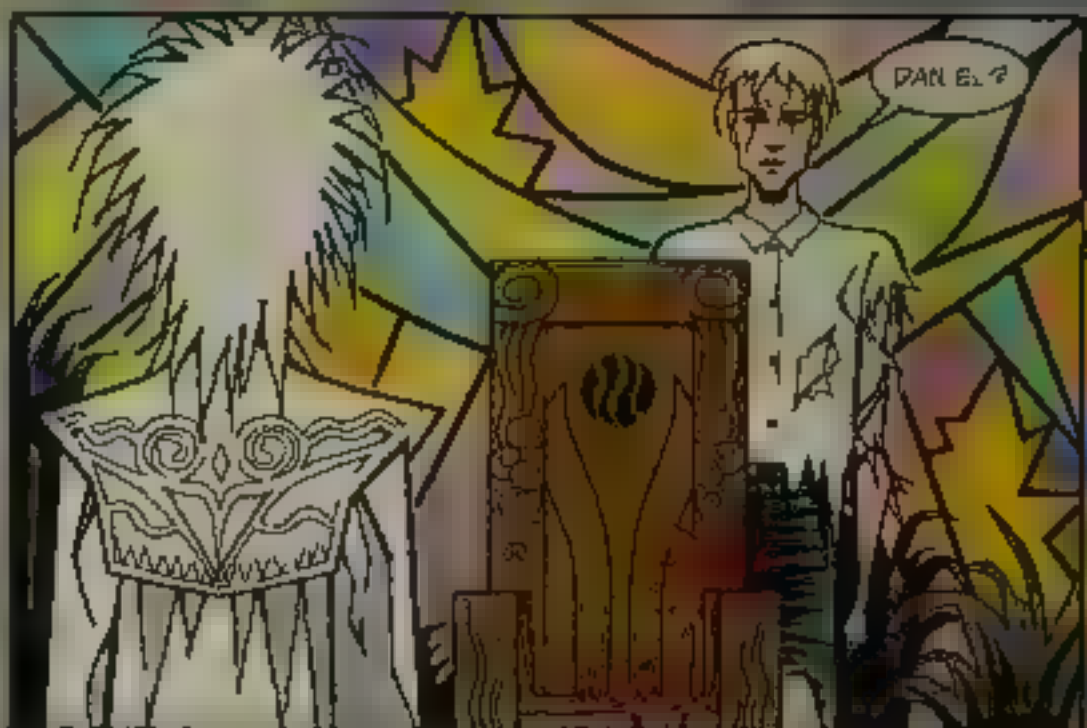
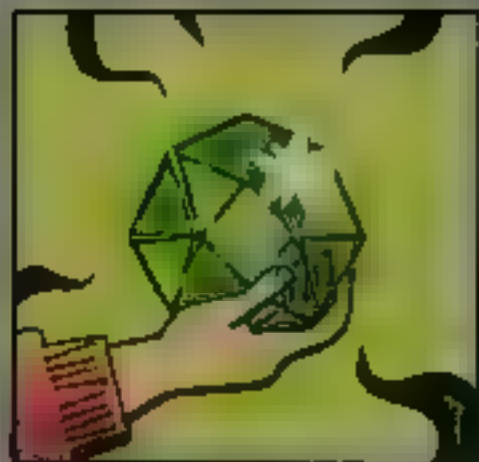
THERE AND NOTHING'S GOING TO HURT YOU 'T WAS ONLY A DREAM













SO IT'S  
FINISHED.

YES



WHAT DID WE MAKE?  
WHAT WAS IT IN  
THE END?

WHAT I ALWAYS  
IS A HANDFUL OF  
YARN A LITTLE  
WEAVING AND STITCH  
ING, SOME EMBROIDER  
ING PERHAPS A FEW  
LOOSE ENDS BUT  
THAT'S ONLY TO BE  
EXPECTED



IT'S THE SAME OLD  
STORY WHATEVER IT TURNS  
INTO ON THE WAY. WHATEVER IT IS  
YOU ORIGINALLY UNDERTAKE TO  
SPIN OR KNIT OR WEAVE KEEP IT  
GOING LONG ENOUGH AND, IN  
THE END, MY LILIES. IT'S  
ALWAYS A WINDING SHEET..



ARE YOU  
SATISFIED?

NIMINY PIMINY  
MY PIGEON, REFLECT  
AND HOW COULD I  
EVER BE SATIS  
FIED?

IT'S LIKE WE TOLD  
THAT YOUNG LADY I  
TOLD HER. I SAID  
YOU'VE MADE YOUR  
BED AND NOW YOU  
MUST EAT IT



E.H WELL

NO REST FOR  
THE WICKED

HERE WE  
GO TEA FOR  
THREE I FOUND A  
FLORENTINE A  
FORTUNE COOKIE  
AND A SHIP'S  
BISCUIT WHO'S  
FOR WHAT?

I'LL HAVE THE  
FLORENTINE

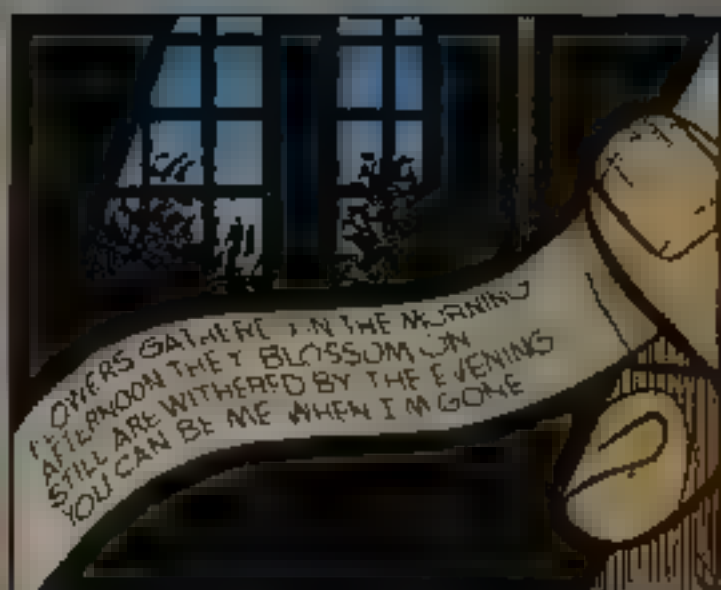
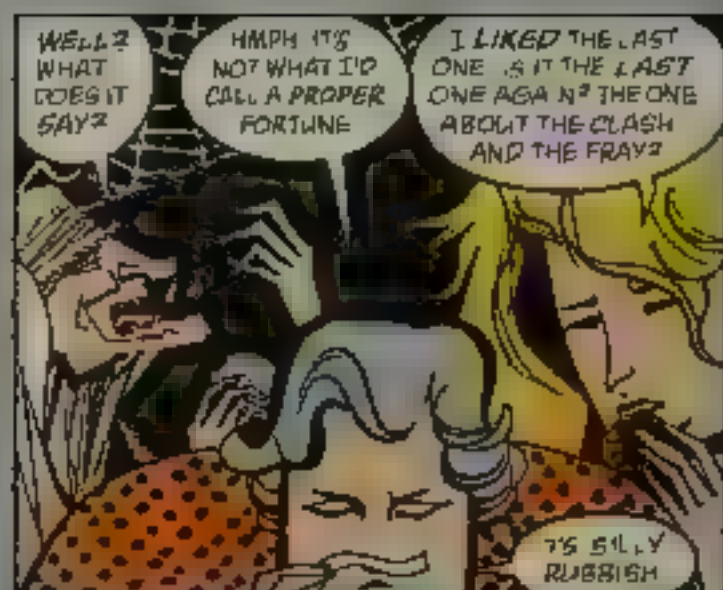
I'LL HAVE  
THE SHIP'S  
BISCUIT THERE'S  
MAGGOTY PROTEIN  
IN THERE. GOOD  
FOR EYES AND  
TEETH



AND THERE WAS  
DAYS WHEN WE'D  
BUT A SINGLE EYE  
AND A TOOTH BETWEEN  
US OR WAS THAT  
US? I DON'T  
REMEMBER

I'LL TAKE  
THE FORTUNE  
COOKIE MY  
CORACLE AND  
HAVE DONE  
WITH IT





## THE KINDLY ONES

WRITTEN BY  
NEIL GAIMAN

ART BY  
MARC HEMPEL

LETTERED BY TODD KLEIN  
COLORED BY DANIEL VOZZO  
SEPS BY ANDROID IMAGES  
EDITED BY KAREN BERGER  
ART BY SHELLEY ROEBERG

SANDMAN CHARACTERS  
CREATED BY GAIMAN  
KIEH & PRINGENBERG

# "Was it a bear, or a Russian, or what?"

I have planned originally to use this page to list the unanswered questions raised by the books since all the answerable ones (like who who, bolt and rock actually working like, and what was Kermit's problem anyway?) and the unanswerable (like how could anyone play for almost win, and stuff) and that Brexigold's game of draughts (a.k.a. checkers)? or even to write that really nifty to the best!

but you can make your own list.

Some of your questions may be answered in the last sandwich book, the Wake, which follows this, and others may be answered in the earlier seven sandwich collections. And for those that haven't answered anywhere, all I can do is quote game quoting Robert Brexigold's quoting and several others. It is the mystery that lingers; they have all told us at one time or another, and not the explanation.

this was the longest of all the sandwich stories, and it was in many ways the hardest to write, through everything, really having got pages out of me and out of the artists, and saw them through the production process, she was always there, and I cannot thank her enough.

thanks to the artists: Mike Gemel, Richard Case and Kenneth Glyn Dillon, Brian Robinson, Penny Kishchewski, and Charles Vess, thanks to Kevin Nowlan,

thanks to Larry Voss for the colors, and to Tom Klein for making everyone talk, and even and above it all, thanks to Dave Mackay for the covers, the design, and being a sane friend in a delightfully crazy world.

Then Roger went on high like Jane, and Joe Kasper scuttled around in the depths like a fish, hammering the tin can syndrome of the story into the perfectly golden, relatively good-bye volume you hold in your hands. Together they are the best of the best.

thanks to Paul Levitz and Jennie Kahn for letting me know the book was, thanks to John Westek for seeing the skull beneath the skin, and to Matthew the Raven for being the king of fictional characters, and to the very best.

still, I do not know how successful the book was, how close I got or how far I came from what I set out to say, still, it is the heaviest of all of these volumes, and this, inasmuch as least, must undoubtedly be true to turn a struggle which was always necessary definition of real art.



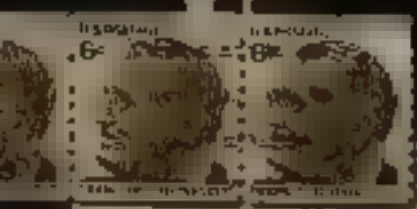


# Who Who

## PICTURES



No Future (but in that time)



Put the knife down, Daddy



Our little professor





The Nice Kid boy



Small Dave with bobble hat



Small David  
brief exile  
following the shaving cream incident.



Small Glyn hurt his arm



Master Case could reach  
marble and manage to smile







Serious hair and drums, Dean



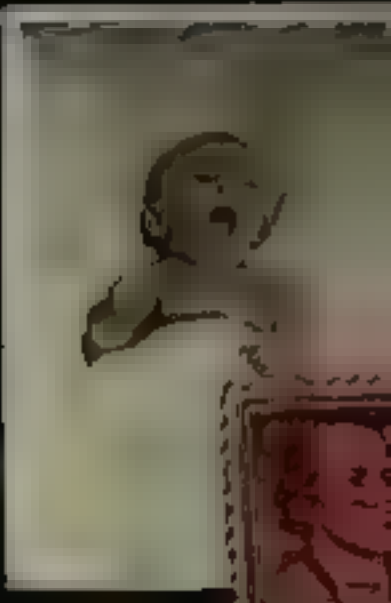
Young man does the shining



Is that Kevin on the right?



Young man singing



Who knows



Young Todd - lovely penmanship.



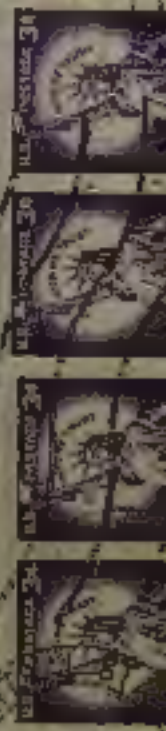
"One scoop or seven, Bob"



Keeps coloring things in



Little Miss Roeborg  
tap-dances her way  
into yr hearts.





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a comics masterpiece." —PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

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BRIEF LIVES

THE SANDMAN VOL. 8:  
WORLDS' END

THE SANDMAN VOL. 9:  
THE KINDLY ONES

THE SANDMAN VOL. 10:  
THE WAKE

THE SANDMAN:  
ENDLESS NIGHTS

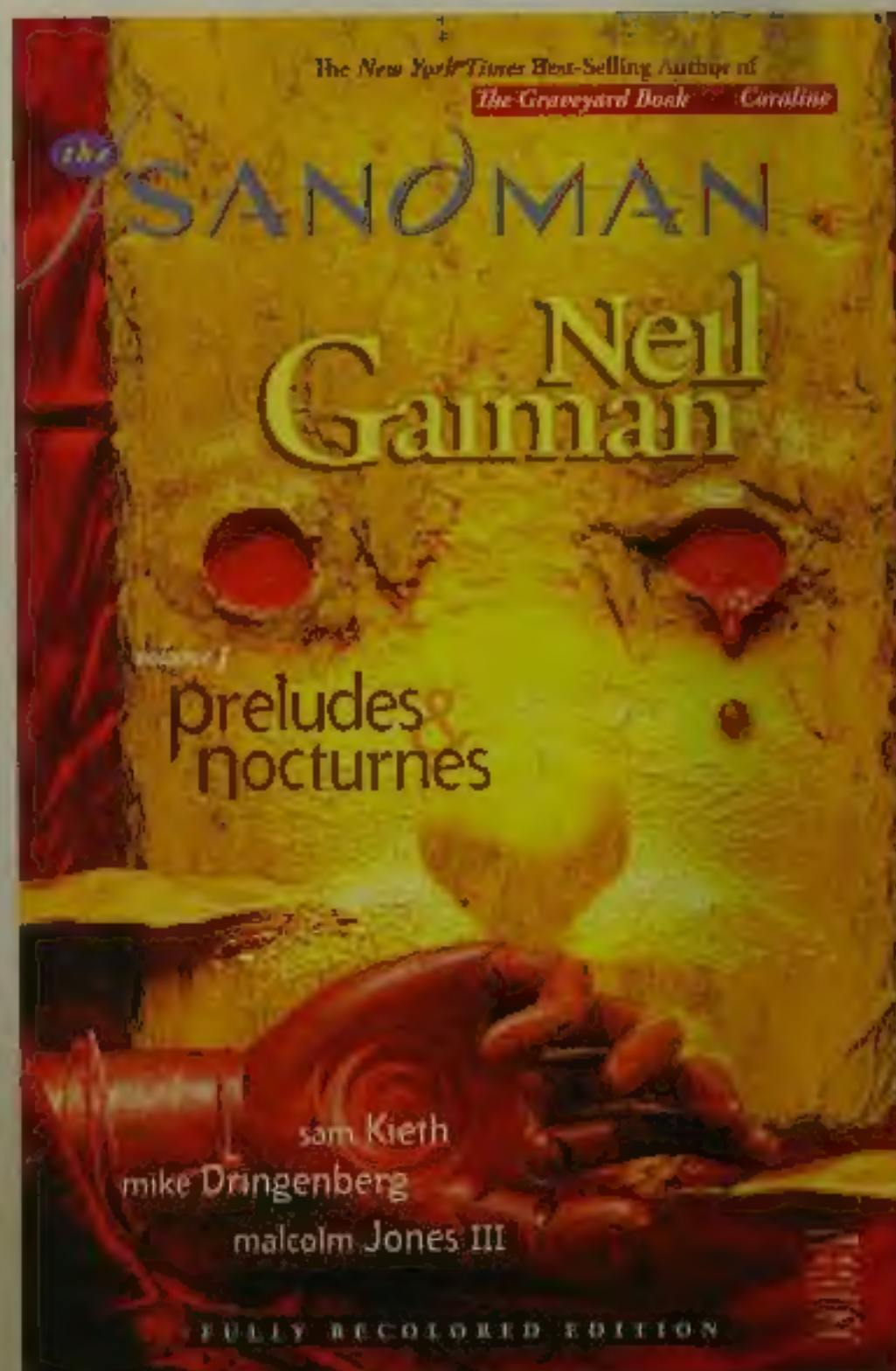
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# NEIL GAIMAN

## THE SANDMAN







# Neil Gaiman

is the *New York Times* best-selling author of the Newbery Medal-winning *The Graveyard Book* and *Coraline*, the basis for the hit movie. His other books include *Amulet*, *Beats*, *Neverwhere*, *American Gods*, and *Smoke and Mirrors* (winner of the American Library Association's Alex Award as one of 2000's top novels for young adults) and the short story collections *At Its for Magic* and *Smoke and Mirrors*. He is also the author of *The Wolves in the Walls* and *The Day I Traded My Dad for Two Goldfish*, both written for children. Among his many awards are the Eisner, the Hugo, the Nebula, the World Fantasy and the Bram Stoker. Originally from England, he now lives in the United States.

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Introduction by Frank McConnell

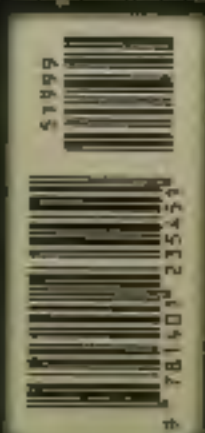
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